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A. T. BLEDSOE, LL. D., Editor,  
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APRIL, 1874.

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*Πάντα δοκιμάζετε, τὸ καλὸν κατέχετε.*

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# THE SOUTHERN REVIEW.

No. XXX.

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APRIL, 1874.

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**ART. I.—*Literature and Dogma: an Essay Toward the Better Apprehension of the Bible.*** By Matthew Arnold, D. C. L., formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, and Fellow of Oriel College. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873. Pp. 316.

This book is associated in our minds with many melancholy reflections. We had, before its perusal, known very little about its author. Indeed, we knew nothing at all, beyond the bare facts, that he was a son of the celebrated Dr. Thomas Arnold, that he had been ‘Professor of Poetry’ in the University of Oxford, and that his views in theology were not considered very sound. Such was the state of our knowledge, or rather ignorance, when a learned doctor of divinity in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, proposed to prepare for the *Southern Review* an article on the subject of his *Literature and Dogma*. He assured us that he had read the book through ‘three times,’ and every time with increasing admiration and delight. He pronounced it ‘one of the very greatest works of the age,’ and assured us that it had done him a ‘great deal of good.’ Our curiosity was excited. The more so, because, partly from a slight personal acquaintance, and partly from the eulogies of those who had heard him preach, we had formed a most favorable opinion of the learned doctor by whom the praises of the book had been so eloquently sounded. Accordingly we

made haste to procure this hitherto unknown production, and read it for ourselves. But what was our surprise—nay, our astonishment; for, instead of the learning, the genius, and the piety, which we had been led to expect to find in the book, we found the exact opposites of these high qualities. The *Literature and Dogma* of Matthew Arnold is, in our opinion, one of the most conceited and shallow atheistical performances which this or any other age has produced. This language, however sweeping it may appear, is indeed carefully measured, and may be easily verified. But the reader shall hear and judge for himself.

We cannot express the mortification and regret which the reading of this book caused us. What! such a book recommended by a Methodist preacher, and a doctor of divinity! and that, too, as one which had done him ‘a great deal of good’! We had never imagined, indeed, that a man could be so cold as to derive a sensation of warmth from contact with an iceberg. Much less had we ever supposed for a moment that a live Methodist could read such a book without being chilled, repelled, and disgusted. We did not—indeed, we could not—keep our profound mortification and most painful impressions to ourselves. Accordingly, we sought an interview with the learned gentleman by whom the book had been recommended to us, as well as to many others, and conveyed to him, most distinctly and emphatically, our impressions of the work in question. We expressed to him, as earnestly and tenderly as possible, the deep and unfeigned sorrow of heart which troubled us, that our branch of the Israel of God should have a leader who could be led by such a book. We have hoped and prayed that the solemn interview may do him good. It is more likely, however, that it will make him an enemy for life. Be this as it may, it is certain that the man who cannot oppose such heresies, or withstand their advocates to the face, had better beg pardon of all flesh for being in the world, and disappear as soon as possible from the armies of the living God.

• The professed object of the author of *Literature and Dogma* is to restore ‘the religion of the Bible.’ If, however, instead

of avowing this design, he had left us to gather it from the book itself, we should have inferred, most confidently, that it is to overthrow that most holy religion, root and branch, and to cover it with ridicule and contempt.

The Christian Churches of all ages, and all nations, and all names, have imagined that 'the religion of the Bible' has its roots in the being of a personal God. They have even imagined, indeed, that they could say, without any nonsense or impiety, 'Our Father who art in heaven.' But our learned author has discovered that all this is a gross mistake! He just comes—this professor of poetry—with his new broom and sweeps the earth clear of all such ignorance, error, and superstition! He just brushes it all away as a silly dream of the past!

Out of the hundred passages, which we might adduce to prove this sublime achievement of the author, we shall select only one. Let the reader listen, and ponder, and be astonished: 'With all this agreement, both in words and in things,' says he, 'when we behold the clergy and ministers of religion lament the neglect of religion, and aspire to restore it, how must one feel that to restore religion as they understand it, to re-enthrone the Bible as explained by our current theology, whether learned or popular, is *absolutely and forever impossible!*—as *impossible as to restore the predominance of the feudal system, or of the belief in witches.* Let us admit that the Bible cannot possibly die; but then the Churches cannot even conceive the Bible without the gloss they at present put upon it, and this gloss, as certainly, *cannot possibly live.* And it is not a gloss which one church or sect puts upon the Bible, and another does not; it is the gloss they *all* put upon it, and call the substratum of belief common to all Christian churches, and largely shared with them, even, by natural religion. It is this so-called axiomatic basis which *must go*, and it supports all the rest; and if the Bible were really inseparable from this and depended upon it, then Mr. Bradlaugh would have his way, and the Bible would go, too, for *this basis is inevitably doomed.* For whatever is to stand must rest upon something which is verifiable, not unverifiable. Now, the assumption

with which all the Churches or sects set out, that *there is “a great personal First Cause, the moral and intelligent Governor of the universe,” and that from the Bible derives its authority, can never be verified.*’

The Professor of Poetry decrees, and, lo! hereafter there is no *personal* God, no Father in heaven, and no rational worship upon earth. The foundation of all the Churches is swept away, and the living God is doomed. Why, the Paines, the Voltaires, the Volneys, the Rousseaus, and other enemies of the Bible in times past, were pious theists when compared with this *professed* ‘friend of the Bible.’ He does not reason, he merely raves. He does not even pretend to convince of error; he just condemns and consigns to oblivion all the Churches of the past, great and small, as *profoundly ignorant of the Bible!* Into the same dark waters, also, he just sweeps, with his poet’s wand, all the great teachers and theologians, who have appeared on the face of our benighted globe. Benighted, at least, until Mr. Matthew Arnold’s advent, who came to chase all superstition from the face of the earth, and illuminate the universe. Great man! Wonderful genius! How do all the mighty minds of the past, whether poets, or philosophers, or divines, or statesmen, pale in the presence of thy sublime intelligence! Nay, how do they go out, one and all, like most small stars, before this new sun of the old universe! Most assuredly, old things have passed away, and all things, whether they be things in heaven or things in earth, have become new, at the almighty fiat of this Professor of Poetry, and Doctor of Civil Laws. Now, we should like to know, who had all the sense in the world, this man or his parents, that he was born with such a marvellous insight into all things? Who gave him that omniscient glance of his, which, ere it had learned to spell, read the universe aright, and poured a flood of light on the darkness of the world? If it was a *personal* God who endowed him thus, and sent him into this world of dolts, or anti-Darwinians, then his faith is wrong. If, on the other hand, it was a personal devil, then his descent was unfortunate.

Pouring ridicule and contempt, as this man does, on the idea of ‘a *personal* God,’ he yet has a *thing* which he calls

‘God.’ As this *thing* is not a person, it has no intelligence, no will, and delivers no laws. It is a very great thing, however, and has many wonderful properties; but it has, and can have, no claim whatever to our gratitude, love, or worship. We invite the reader to look, for a moment, into the mysteries of this new-fangled God, and into this new ‘*religion of the Bible*.’

Our poet divides the universe, according to the most approved modern fashion, into ‘the me’ and ‘the not me,’ or into ‘the ego’ and ‘the non-ego.’ Aspiring, however, after originality in all things, and disdaining to tread in the footsteps of *any* one, he calls this ‘not me,’ or this ‘non-ego,’ by the new name of ‘the not ourselves.’ Now, this ‘not ourselves’ is his God. It is not a ‘person,’ it is only a thing, or mass of things; but it is, nevertheless, his God. It is not ‘an intelligent First Cause,’ nor a ‘Governor.’ It is only the poet’s God. He is always quoting the words of Goethe, that ‘*man never knows how anthropomorphic he is,*’ and so greatly does he fear being a little too anthropomorphic, or like the rest of mankind, that he will not have anything in the least resembling a man, or a person, or a maid, for his God, but only a great *It*. It is a very great *It*, for all out-of-doors is his God, and in this great *It* there are a great many little *its*. Some of these are gods, and some are devils, but all, taken together, make up his great God, or *It*.

Now, the attributes of this great God, or *It*, he calls ‘aspects,’ or ‘streams.’ It has a ‘scientific’ aspect, a ‘poetical’ aspect, a ‘sensualistic’ aspect, and ever so many more aspects or attributes. The poet, for his own part, decidedly prefers the scientific aspect. Viewing him, or rather *It*, under this aspect, he says, ‘*for science, God is simply the stream of tendency by which all things fulfill the law of their being.*’ (p. 61.) He says of this, his own definition, ‘Certainly it is inadequate; certainly it is a less proper phrase than, for instance, “Clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his seat.” But then it is, in however humble a degree, and with however narrow a reach, a *scientific* definition, while the other is not.’ No, the other is

poetical, and the poet will have, in his idea of God, and in his religion, nothing which is poetical, but only what is rigidly *scientific*. The common definition of God, says he, ‘attempts far too much; if we want here, as we do want, to have what is admittedly certain and verifiable, we must be content with very little.’ With very little, indeed, if, for our idea of God, we must part with only so much as is verifiable for his mind or apprehension. For, in such case, we must content ourselves with an *it*, in the place of the great God of heaven and earth, with a great ‘stream of tendency,’ in which there are as many little streams as there are beings in the universe. He calls this science. To our minds, it looks more like the very sorriest kind of all sorry kinds of poetry.

It is, of course, very ridiculous to speak of such a ‘God as one Lord.’ Hence, our author is called upon to account for Israel’s supposed belief in one God. We invite the particular attention of the reader to this wonderful feat of the grand *littérateur* of the nineteenth century. Israel did say, it is true, and repeat in thousands of ways, that ‘the Lord our God is one Lord.’ Mr. Arnold quotes this language, and then adds: ‘People think that, in *this unity of God*—this monotheistic idea, as they call it—they have certainly got metaphysics at last. *It is nothing of the kind.*’ (p. 57.) No, indeed, it is nothing of the kind. It is not metaphysics, and it is not *fact*; it is merely a poetical way of speaking which Israel had. All the world, prior to the advent of the Professor of Poetry, imagined that Israel really believed in one God; but he—wonderful man!—has exploded all that monotheistic nonsense, and brought mankind down to the ‘literal fact and science’ of Israel’s real belief. ‘It is,’ says he, ‘nothing of the kind. The monotheistic idea of Israel is simply *seriousness*.’ The italics are his. Hence, when Israel declares that ‘the Lord our God is one Lord,’ he does not teach the unity of God at all. All the universe has, for many thousand years, been grossly mistaken on that point. For, when Israel says, in apparently plain and emphatic language, that there is one God, and one only, he ‘simply means *seriousness!*’ In order to make good this new science of his, and show the absurdity of the monothe-

istic idea that there is but ‘one God,’ our very learned author continues: ‘There are, indeed, many aspects of the *not ourselves*,’ but Israel regarded one aspect of it only, that by which it makes for righteousness. He had the advantage, to be sure, that with this aspect three-fourths of human life is concerned. But there are *other aspects which may be taken*. “Frail and striving mortals,” says the elder Pliny, *in a noble passage*, “mindful of its own weakness, has distinguished these aspects severally, so as for each man to be able to attach himself to the divine by this or that part, according as he has most need.” A noble passage, truly! How glorious the thought, that each and every man may attach himself to that part of the divine—to the *not ourselves*—which best suits his need or prevailing taste! One may throw himself into ‘the stream of tendency’ which ‘makes for righteousness’; another into that which makes for licentiousness; a third into that which makes for money, and yet all be equally in the great, many-sided God of Matthew Arnold, late Professor of Poetry, and present teacher of theology to the universe. Truly has he said of ‘the noble passage’ of Pliny, ‘that it is *an apology for polytheism, as answering to man’s many-sidedness*.’ (p. 57.)

‘Does not Ovid say,’ he continues, in excuse for the immorality of his verses, that the sight and mention of the gods themselves—the rulers of human life—often raised immoral thoughts? And so the sight and mention of all aspects of the *not ourselves* must. Yet, how tempting are many of these aspects! Even at this time of day the grave authorities of the University of Cambridge are so struck by one of them—that of pleasure, life, and fecundity—of the *hominum divomque voluptas, alma Venus*—that they set it publicly up as an object for their scholars to fix their minds upon, and to compose verses in honor of. That is all very well at present; but with this natural bent in the authorities of the University of Cambridge, and in the Indo-European race to which they belong, where would they be now if it had not been for Israel, and the stern check which Israel put upon the glorification and divinization of this natural bent of mankind, this attractive aspect of the *not ourselves*? Perhaps going in procession, Vice-

Chancellor, beadles, masters, scholars, and all, in spite of their Professor of Moral Philosophy, to the temple of Aphrodite! Nay, and very likely Mr. Birks himself, his brow crowned with myrtle, and scarcely a shade of melancholy on his countenance, would have been going along with them!'

Mr. Arnold has, it must be admitted, succeeded in getting away sufficiently far from the thing his soul abhors—the unity of God and metaphysics. If, at the same time, he had got as far away from all impiety and nonsense, he would have been the wisest and best man that ever lived. But if impiety and nonsense have ever shown themselves anywhere more luxuriantly than in his *Literature and Dogma*, we know not where the wonderful spectacle may be witnessed. His plea for polytheism, as a doctrine of the Bible, is surely one of the most marvellous things in the history of literature. How wonderful! He undertakes to restore 'the religion of the Bible,' and finds, in this year of grace, 1873, that it accords most perfectly with the polytheism of Pliny! Strip that religion, says he, of the language of poetry and oratory in which it was decked out by Israel and the Oriental imagination, and take, as we should do, only its scientific basis, and we discover, for the first time in the history of the world, that the God of the Bible is simply 'the *not ourselves*'! Not a person at all, but merely a thing, or a collection of things!

The book before us should have been entitled *Literature versus Dogma*. For dogma is, from beginning to end, the one object of his mortal antipathy and hate. But how, in reality, can any man get rid of dogma? He may deny that there is 'one God,' but then when he asserts that 'the *not ourselves*' is God, does he not put forth a dogma? Does he not merely substitute one dogma for another? Again, he may ridicule the notion of a 'First Cause,' and resolve into 'the language of figure and feeling' the solemn declaration of the Bible, that 'in the beginning God created the heavens and earth,' which has no foundation whatever in 'literal fact and science.' But, then, is it not evident that when he substitutes for this exploded tenet, the doctrine that Nature has produced all things—men and angels included—he again falls into a dogma of his own,

or of Mr. Darwin? The truth is, that he only runs against the dogmas which have been received by the wise and good of all ages, while he embraces those which have been rejected by them. A man can, indeed, no more get rid of dogma than he can shake off the power of thought, for every proposition, whether it relate to God, to man, to angels, or to devils, is a doctrine or dogma. Hence it is, that while our author wages a fierce war against the dogmas of the Church, he pets, and patronizes, and caresses the dogmas of her enemies. To the sublime dogma, that there is one God, the great Father of spirits, he prefers the silly dogma, that all-out-of-doors is the only true God, to the various parts of which all men may, like leeches, cling for existence.

'He that cannot watch,' says Mr. Arnold, 'the God of the Bible, and the salvation of the Bible, gradually and on an immense scale discovering themselves and *becoming* (the italics are his), will insist on seeing them *ready made*, and in such precise and reduced dimensions as may suit their narrow minds.' (Preface, p. xii.) It is the doctrine of Hegel, that the universe is in a state of *becoming*, and is, on an immense scale, gradually developing itself into a veritable and living God. This seems to be, also, the dogma of Dr. Arnold. The *not ourselves*, or nature, always in a state of *becoming*, has already produced men and angels, and will, sooner or later, give birth to God; that is to say, to the pantheistic God of Hegel, or 'the Bible God' of Mr. Arnold. As for poor, narrow-minded Christians, they must, according to Mr. Arnold, have a God 'ready made,' as being too weak for such waiting and watching the developments of the universe. With his permission, however, we would infinitely prefer, as our God, the unmade Maker of all things.

Is it not wonderful how great minds run together? Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet, held the same dogma of development which constitutes the glory of an Arnold and a Hegel, with this difference only, that he believed 'the God of the Bible' had already been made. In the last sermon he preached, he showed his followers how God had *become* what he is, and each one of them might also *become* gods. Joe

Smith is, therefore, the most 'advanced philosopher' of the illustrious trio. Whether Mr. Arnold agrees the more nearly with the German philosopher, or with the Mormon prophet, he has not furnished us with the means to determine. But his system, in so far as he has enabled us to see, appears to be a motley mixture of Hegelism, and Mormonism, and Darwinism, and Arnolddism.

There is no topic to which our author more frequently returns, and on which he more emphatically dwells, than the importance of *culture*. This is his great hobby. He gives himself out, indeed, as the apostle of culture. And it is his superior, his wonderful *culture*, which enables him to sweep away all the theological rubbish of past ages, and restore to light the buried 'religion of the Bible.' Let us then consider, for a few moments, some of his profound utterances on the subject of culture, as well as his lofty aims to clear up the darkness of all past ages, and to enlighten the universe for all ages to come.

His grand aim to discover, for the benefit of mankind, the religion of the Bible, 'we cannot seek,' says he, 'without coming in sight of another aim, which we have often and often pointed out, and tried to recommend: *culture*, the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world, and thus with the history of the human spirit.' (Preface, p. xi.) 'As far as the people are concerned, the old traditional scheme of the Bible is gone, while neither they nor the *so-called educated classes* have yet anything to put in its place. And thus we come back to our old remedy of *culture*—knowing the best that has been thought and known in the world; which turns out to be, in another shape, and in particular relation to the Bible: *getting the power, through reading, to estimate the proportion and relation in what we read*. If we read but a very little, we naturally want to press all; if we read a great deal, we are willing not to press the whole of what we read, and we learn what ought to be pressed, and what not. Now, this is really the very foundation of any *sane criticism*.' (p. xiii.) Hence, for the want of this marvelous power, or of the *culture* by which it is given, the world has been

filled with insane notions respecting the *personality* and *unity* of God. ‘Our mechanical and materializing theology, with its *insane* license of affirmation about God, its *insane* license of affirmation about a future state, is really the result of the poverty and inanition of our minds.’ (p. xii.) Is really the result, in other words, of the world’s want of *culture*. It is *culture*, and *culture* alone, which can cure all this *insane* license of affirmation, on the part of theologians, and open the eyes of the universe to the true ‘religion of the Bible.’ ‘Now, simple as it is, *it is not half enough understood*, this reason for *culture*.’ (Ibid, p. xvi.) ‘Difficult, certainly, is the right reading of the Bible, and true culture, too, is difficult. For true culture implies, not only knowledge; but right tact and delicacy of judgment, forming themselves by knowledge; without this tact it is not true culture. Difficult, however, as culture is, it is necessary. For, after all, the Bible is *not* a talisman, to be taken and used literally; neither is any existing church a talisman, whatever pretensions of the sort it may make, for giving the right interpretation of the Bible. Only true culture can give us this; so that if conduct is, as it is, inextricably bound up with the Bible, and the right interpretation of it, then the importance of culture becomes unspeakable. For, if conduct is necessary (and there is nothing so necessary), culture is necessary.’ (p. xxvi.)

These few extracts, taken from the Preface, are fair specimens of the kind of stuff with which the body of the volume itself is replete. But where, after all, shall we find this *culture* that is so indispensable for ‘the right reading of the Bible’? In England? No, replies Mr. Arnold, by no means. Poor England is in a sad way. ‘To be able,’ says our author, ‘to control what one reads, by means of the *tact coming*, in a clear and fair mind, from a *wide experience*, was never, perhaps, so necessary as in the England of our own day, and in theology, and in what concerns the Bible.’ (p. xix.) Most necessary, indeed, for ‘the old traditional scheme of the Bible’ —the religion of the past—‘*is gone*,’ and ‘the so-called educated classes,’ theologians and all, have nothing to put in its place; only look on, and stand aghast, as they behold the

universal reign of atheism. Poor England, in this awful emergency, in which her *culture* utterly fails her, flies to Germany for assistance. ‘To get the *facts*, the *data*, in all matters of science, but notably in *theology and Biblical learning*, one goes to Germany. Germany, and it is her high honor, has searched out the *facts* and *exhibited* them. And without knowledge of the facts, no clearness and fairness of mind can, in any study, *do anything*. Now, English religion (poor, blind thing !) does not know the *facts* of its study, and *has to go to Germany for them*. This is half apparent to English religion even now, and will become more and more apparent. And so overwhelming is the advantage given by knowing the facts of a study, that a student (as yet without *culture*), who comes to a man who knows them, is tempted to put himself into his hands altogether; and this we, in general, see English students do, when they have recourse to the theologians of Germany. They put themselves (poor weaklings !) *altogether into their hands, and take all that they give them, conclusions as well as facts.*’ (p. xx.)

‘But they ought not to use them in this manner, for a man may have the *facts* and yet be unable to draw the right conclusions from them. In general, he may want *power*.’ (Ibid.) Now, this is the sad condition of the Germans, and hence the English ought to do a little *thinking* for themselves, and not put themselves altogether, and blindly, into the hands of the Germans. For, after all, the Germans are not safe guides. ‘As one may say, of Dr. Strauss, for instance, that, to what is unsolid in the New Testament he applies the historic method ably enough, but that to deal with the *reality which is still left in the New Testament* requires a larger, richer, deeper, and more imaginative mind than his. But, perhaps, the quality specially needed for drawing the right conclusion from the *facts*, when one has got them, is best called *perception*—delicacy of perception. And this no man can have who is a mere specialist, who has not what we call *culture*, in addition to the knowledge of his particular study; and many theologians, in Germany as well as elsewhere, are *specialists*. And, even when we have added *culture* to special knowledge, a good for-

tune, *a natural tact, a perception*, must go with our culture, *to make our criticism sure*. And here is what makes criticism so large a thing—namely, that learning alone is not enough; *one must have perception, too*. “I, wisdom, dwell with subtlety,” says the wise man; and, taking subtlety in a good sense, this is most true. After we have acquainted ourselves with the best that has been known in the world, after we have got all the facts of our special study, *fineness and delicacy of perception*, to deal with the facts, is still required, and is, even, *the principal thing of all*.” (p. xx.)

Now, this ‘principal thing of all,’ is precisely what the Germans lack. ‘In the German mind,’ says the great apostle of culture, ‘as in the German language, there does seem to be something *splay*, something *blunt-edged, unhandy, and infelicitous*—some want of *quick, fine, sure perception*, which tends to balance the great superiority of the Germans in knowledge, and in the disposition to deal impartially with knowledge. For impartial they are, as well as learned, and this is a signal merit.’ (p. xxi.) But, ‘still, in quickness and delicacy of perception (which is the principal thing of all), they do seem to come short.’ (*Ibid.*) The German, then, in spite of all his knowledge of facts, and his disposition to deal fairly with them, still lacks the one thing needful for ‘the right reading of the Bible.’ His mind is too *splay*, too deficient in that ‘*fineness and delicacy of perception*’ which is necessary, to seize the real sense of Scripture, that has hitherto been concealed from all churches, and all theologians, and for the want of which the religion of the Bible is fast sinking into universal contempt. His book is full of this. It is the one wail which, whether real or only mock-heroic, resounds through all his pages.

What, then, in such an awful emergency, is the universe to do? Evidently only one alternative is left: either the universe must lose the religion of the Bible altogether, and so sink into hopeless and helpless darkness, or else fall back on Matthew Arnold for support and instruction. For he, and he alone, has the *culture* which is necessary to save the religion of the Bible from a total eclipse. The English theologian is

unable ‘to do anything,’ because he is ignorant of the very *facts* of his study, and has to go to Germany for them. And so deficient is he, moreover, in the necessary *culture*, that, like a poor baby, he puts himself altogether into the hands of his German teacher, not only for his *facts*, but also for his *conclusions*. The German theologian is, in like manner, not at all qualified to save the religion of the Bible from destruction. For, with all his knowledge of *facts*, and of *language*, he lacks that ‘firmness and delicacy of perception,’ without which ‘the right reading of the Bible’ is impossible. It ‘requires a larger, richer, deeper, more imaginative mind than his,’ to reach and reveal the true sense of Scripture. How merciful, then, was the great God—even the *not ourselves*—to vouchsafe, in the very nick of time, such a teacher to the universe as Mr. Matthew Arnold! Otherwise, it had surely fared badly with the poor universe, for the want of some one man with sufficient culture to deliver it from the darkness of all former schools, and churches, and theologians, and reveal to it the real light of the Bible.

Now, all this, as well as much more to the same effect, in the volume before us, seems to say, as plainly as if it were uttered in so many words, ‘I, wisdom, dwell with Matthew Arnold. Come to me, therefore, all ye benighted nations, and churches, and theologians of the earth, and, from his lips, I will reveal to you the revelation of God, which has so long been hid from your eyes. I will remove all the gross interpretations of the Bible, which have hitherto misled, darkened, and confounded the universe, and restore the true religion to the good graces of mankind.’

Well, this religion has already been restored, and now, after all, what is it? Why, if we know any one thing from another, it is just exactly no religion at all. Religion consists in the duties we owe to God. But we owe no duties to the God of Mr. Arnold, and he does not even pretend that we owe any. For him God is not a person—that is, not a mind, or being endowed with intelligence and will. It is simply ‘the *not ourselves*;’ or, in other words, it is merely all-out-of-doors. The sun, moon, and stars above our heads are parts of

his God ; and so are the stones, mud, and stocks beneath our feet. We cannot, then, owe any duties to such a God, for he has no eyes, no ears, no heart, no mind, no will. He is just as senseless as any stock or stone which forms a part of his being. No gratitude, no love, no prayer, no praise, no thanksgiving, is due from us as rational beings to such a thing, or mass of things. Accordingly, in ‘the religion of the Bible,’ as restored by Mr. Matthew Arnold, none of these duties are prescribed. It is, wonderful to relate, a ‘religion of the Bible’ without prayer, or praise, or thanksgiving !

Mr. Arnold is, of course, driven to deny the distinction between religion and morality. They differ, he says, not *in kind*, but only *in degree*. ‘What is ethical,’ says he, ‘agrees *in kind*’ with what is religion. ‘But is there, therefore, no difference between what is ethical, or morality, and religion ? There *is* a difference—a difference of degree. Religion, if we follow the intention of human thought and human language in the use of the word, is ethics heightened, enkindled, lit up by feeling ; the passage from morality to religion is made, when to morality is applied emotion. And the true meaning of religion is thus not simply *morality*, but *morality touched with emotion.*’ (p. 46.) The italics are his. The new religion, then, is no religion at all, *in any sense* which the benighted churches and theologians of the past have attached to the word ; that is to say, it recognizes no duties as due to God. It is merely ‘*morality touched with emotion.*’ The duties which we owe to ourselves, or to our fellow-men, constitute morality ; and this, when touched with emotion, is the new religion of Mr. Arnold. Morality, stirring with emotion, and decked out in the ‘language of figure and feeling,’ is religion ; but this religion, be it forever remarked, has not the slightest foundation whatever in ‘literal fact and science.’ Religion is, in other words, nothing but morality running wild in the regions of poetry, and indulging in all that ‘insane license of affirmation about a God,’ which has deceived all the churches, and all the theologians, and all the poets, in the universal world, except Mr. Matthew Arnold.

Surely, then, you must set a poet to catch a poet. For who

else beside a poet, would ever have suspected that the poets of the Old-Testament did not believe in a personal God, or Supreme Mind and Ruler of the world? When, for example, they declare, in so many thousand ways, that ‘the Lord our God is *one* Lord,’ who but a poet could have seen through the universal illusion, not to say cheat, and discover, for the benefit of mankind, that all this means, not to proclaim the unity of God, but ‘simply seriousness’? Who but the poet, with his wonderful *culture*, with his ‘fineness and delicacy of perception,’ can sufficiently penetrate the language of poetry, by which all other mortals have been deceived, to make such astounding discoveries? Indeed, if the language of poetry had been invented on purpose to deceive mankind, or to lie with, then, if Mr. Arnold is right, it must be admitted that it has been most admirably made to serve the object of its existence, not only by the poets of Israel, but also by her prophets, priests, kings, lawgivers, and historians. For they certainly do, one and all, unite in proclaiming the one God, who in the beginning created the heavens and the earth. He must be a great poet, then—much greater than all other poets put together, and more deeply versed than all other poets in the mysteries of the craft, and blessed, too, at the same time, with a *culture* far surpassing that of every other theologian and philosopher, whether English or German, who has been able, single-handed and alone, to detect and expose the stupendous lie. We hold this—the achievement of Mr. Matthew Arnold—to be the most wonderful discovery which has ever been made by the literature of this or of any other age. He, for the first time in the history of the world, has shown ‘how large a thing’ criticism is, and how, for its comprehension, it ‘requires a larger, richer, deeper, and more imaginative mind’ than was ever before possessed by poet, philosopher, historian, or divine. Surely it would take many Shakspeares and Milttons, many Bacons and Newtons, to make the poet and the genius whose culture has, after the stupid blundering of so many ignorant ages, at last brought to light ‘the true religion of the Bible.’

Let us, then, taste the rich repast, the glorious entertain-

ment, which this wonderful genius has set before us. Let us see and examine for ourselves some of 'the best that has been thought and said in the world' on the subject of theology. We look over the table, and, lo! to our dull apprehension how many of the very worst things 'that have ever been thought and said in the world' are spread out before us, and few of 'the best'! Let us, however, by way of a little relief, begin with some of *his* best.

Of the Greek word '*metanoia*' he says, 'We translate it *repentance*, a mourning and lamenting over one's sins, and we translate it wrong. Of "*metanoia*," as Jesus used the word, the lamenting one's sins was a small part; the main part was something far more active and fruitful, the setting up an immense new movement for obtaining the rule of life. And "*metanoia*," accordingly, is *a change of the inner man.*' (p. 175.) Now this is good, so far as it goes—very good, indeed, for Mr. Matthew Arnold. He might have learned this, however, from Bishop Ellicott, or from Archbishop Trench, in his *Essay on the Revision of the New Testament*. But he might have learned a much better thing respecting '*metanoia*' from Dr. George Campbell, who is not only a *theologian*, but also that abhorrence of Mr. Arnold's soul, a *dissenting theologian*.

In his great work on the *Four Gospels*, Dr. Campbell says, that whenever repentance is laid down as a duty, or a condition of salvation, in the New Testament, the word '*metanoia*' is used, and means a radical or permanent change of mind *for the better*. 'When this change of mind,' says he, 'is inculcated as a duty, or the necessity of it mentioned as a doctrine [or dogma] of Christianity, the terms are *invariably metanoeo and metanoia*.'<sup>1</sup> When, on the contrary, a feeling of regret, sorrow, or remorse is intended, the word '*metamelomai*' is employed. Thus, in the case of Judas, whose remorse or horror of conscience drove him to commit the crime of self-murder, the word *metamelomai*, and not *metanoia*, is used by the inspired writer. But this important distinction, which is invariably observed with such beautiful precision in the Greek of

<sup>1</sup> *The Four Gospels, with Notes.* By George Campbell, D. D. Dissertation VI.

the New Testament, is obliterated by the English translation which renders both terms, *metanoia* and *metamelomai*, by the same word *repentance*.

This is the more to be regretted, because the confusion produced by the obliteration of the distinction in question has been the occasion of no little error. Even Dr. Adam Clarke, strange to say, seemed inclined to believe that Judas was saved, because it is said that he 'repented.' Our Savior, it is true, said of Judas, that 'he hath a devil,' and the Word declares that 'he went to his own place.' But, still, if he really *repented*, how could he be lost? In the original, there is no ground whatever for such a question, or for doubt respecting the fate of Judas Iscariot. Mr. Arnold will not believe, of course, that his fate was a very terrible one, for he denies that there is any such thing as a devil, or a hell, except in the poetry of the Bible. They have no foundation whatever, he believes, in 'literal fact and science.' Nor do we see how, in this life at least, he is ever likely to be convinced of his mistake, inasmuch as it is the fixed and fundamental principle of his method, that he will believe nothing, until it is 'verified by *experience*.' But we hope he will think better of this principle, which is everywhere announced by him as the foundation of his theological method, ere his eyes be opened by an actual *experience*. It will then be too late, and the discovery will not be sufficiently valuable to justify so dreadful an experiment.

Another of his best things—nay, the fountain from which all his best things proceed—is set forth in these words: 'To understand that the language of the Bible is fluid, passing, and literary, not rigid, fixed, and scientific, is the first step toward a right understanding of the Bible.' (Preface, p. xii.) Yet, whenever it suits his purpose, he just tramples under foot, with imperial scorn and contempt, this most admirable canon of criticism. Witness, for example, the following passage, in which it is his object to convict the writers of the New Testament of the most glaring self-contradiction and error:

'So, to profit fully by the New Testament,' says he, 'the first thing to be done is to make it perfectly clear to one's self

that its reporters both could err and did err. For a plain person, an incident in the report of St. Paul's conversion—which comes into our minds the more naturally as this incident has been turned against something we ourselves have said—would, one would think, be enough.' (p. 131.) Let us see, then, this incident in the conversion of St. Paul which is enough to convince any 'plain person,' that the writers of the New Testament 'both could err and did err.' 'We had spoken,' he continues, 'of the notion that St. Paul's miraculous vision, at his conversion, proved the truth of his doctrine. We related a vision which converted Sampson Staniforth, one of the early Methodists, and we said that just so much proving force, and no more, as Sampson Staniforth's vision had to confirm the truth of anything he might afterward teach, St. Paul's vision had to establish *his* subsequent doctrine. It was eagerly rejoined that Staniforth's vision was but a fancy of his own, whereas the reality of Paul's was proved by his companions hearing the voice that spoke to him. And so, in one place of the Acts, we are told they did ; but, in another place of the Acts, we are told, by St. Paul himself, just the contrary : that his companions did *not* hear the voice that spoke to him. Need we say that the two statements have been "reconciled?" They have, over and over again, *but by one of those processes which are the opprobrium of Bible criticism*, and by which, as Bishop Butler says, *anything can be made to mean anything.*" There is, between the two statements, a contradiction as clear as can be. The contradiction proves nothing against the good faith of the reporter, and St. Paul undoubtedly had his vision ; he had it as Sampson Staniforth had his. What the contradiction proves is : *the incurable looseness* with which the circumstances of what is called and thought a *miracle* are related, and that this looseness the Bible relaters of a miracle exhibit just like other people. And the moral is, what an unsure stay, then, must miracles be ! ' (p. 132.)

We have quoted this long passage, partly because we are anxious to do the author exact justice, by allowing him to speak for himself, and partly because it is so fair a specimen of his style of *reasoning*. It is very seldom, in fact, that he

condescends to reason at all. Indeed, he says of himself: ‘Our object in this essay has never been to argue against miracles.’ (p. 214.) No, indeed; and why should he argue against them, or against anything else, when he can so easily wipe out whatever comes in his way, by the might and majesty of his simple *ipse dixit?* Why should he condescend to argue, or reason, who can, with a strong hand, put down all churches and all theologians, as ‘one having authority’? Why, in other words, should he condescend to reason, who can, in the following magisterial way, dispose of the miracles of Jesus Christ? ‘Even with Lourdes and La Salette before our eyes,’ he says, ‘we may yet say that *miracles are doomed; they will drop out, like fairies or witchcraft, from among the matters which serious people believe.*’ (p. 214.) In the meantime, let us return to our long extract, in which he discovers so gross and glaring a contradiction between Acts ix. 7, and Acts xxii. 9.

In the account of St. Paul’s conversion, given by St. Luke, it is said that the men who journeyed with him ‘stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man; and in the one given by St. Paul himself, it is said they ‘saw, indeed, the light, and were afraid, but they heard not the voice of him that spoke to me.’ Now, it must be admitted that these two passages, taken from the discourses of two different men, which were delivered on two different occasions, do, indeed, directly and flatly contradict each other, *provided* that the language of the Bible is so ‘rigid’ and so ‘fixed’ that the same word cannot possibly have two meanings. But if, in the popular use of language, the same word can have two meanings, then, after all, there may be a perfect agreement between St. Luke and St. Paul, and that, too, without supposing the language of the Bible to be quite as ‘fluid and passing,’ or unfixed and changeable, as it is according to the *theory* of our author. Let us, then, see how this is.

The Greek word which, in both statements, is translated ‘voice,’ is *phone*. In lexicons of the Greek language its significations are thus given: ‘*Φωνή*, a sound, a voice, a word, a song, speech, language.’ Its primary meaning is, then, simply ‘a sound.’ Our word *phonetic* comes from it, and means, con-

formably to the primary sense of the Greek, spelling according to the *sound* of words. Thus, says Trench, ‘the attempt to introduce *phonetic* spelling . . . has been several times made, once in the sixteenth century, and again some twenty years ago, in France.’ Webster says ‘phonetic’ is from the Greek ‘*φωνή*, a sound, tone.’ We may, then, with perfect propriety, translate St. Luke’s statement thus: ‘the men who journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing a *sound*, but seeing no man.’ In this rendering the Greek word is merely given its primary, nay, its ordinary, signification, without the least conceivable strain put upon the language of the original.

But this, unless we are determined to make the word as rigid and fixed as cast iron, is no reason why St. Paul may not be understood to use the same word in another of its well known meanings. Indeed, the connection in which the word stands, as used by St. Paul, requires it to be understood as meaning ‘a voice,’ or a sound uttering articulate words. He heard the voice, the articulate sounds, the words, and he repeated them; but he says that the men who were with him ‘heard not the voice of him *that spake to me*,’ the articulate sounds, or the words, or the ‘*language*’ (for this is also one of the meanings of *phone*<sup>1</sup>) which he had heard and repeated. Where, then, we fearlessly ask, is there the least contradiction, or the least shadow of contradiction, between the statement of St. Paul and that of his companion, St. Luke?

Why, the fact is, that the author of Acts just went along telling the truth, and leaving his *apparent* consistency to take care of itself. Is it any wonder, then, that, in the minor details of his history, he should have left behind him an *apparent* discrepancy for little, mousing critics to nibble at? In our boyhood, when only ten years of age, we used to hear, from one of our little infidel schoolmates, this very objection of the great Dr. Arnold. We regarded it then, and we regard it now, as a perfectly contemptible cavil. But, alas! that we should have ever seen this cavil, this very objection, urged by a full-grown man, whose ‘culture’ is so large, so rich, so deep, and so sublime as that of Dr. Matthew Arnold!

1 See Donnegan.

By our style of criticism, says he, 'anything can be made to mean anything.' Nay, we reply, the declaration of the Bible, that there is 'one God,' cannot be made to mean 'simply seriousness'; and the words, 'our Father who art in heaven,' cannot be made to mean no father at all, nor even a person, but only *all-out-of-doors*. 'What the contradiction proves is,' says he, 'the incurable looseness with which [by St. Luke] the circumstances of what is called and thought *a miracle* are related.' Nay, we reply again, it only proves that the very man, whose 'incurable looseness' regards the whole language of the Bible as 'fluid, passing, and literary, not rigid, fixed, and scientific,' can, nevertheless, when it serves his turn, regard it as in the highest degree absurd to suppose that one of its words has two meanings. Now it is all the language of poetry, as fluid and fleeting as the rainbow; and anon it is the language of science, as rigid and fixed as a rock of adamant.

We proceed to one more of our author's 'best.' He does not tell by whom it was first 'thought and said.' But it has come down to us from one of the most learned and eloquent fathers of the early Church, and yet, in spite of all his learning and eloquence, he does sometimes most egregiously blunder in the interpretations of Scripture. Only one person besides Mr. Arnold has, so far as we know, ever possessed sufficient *culture* to appreciate this 'best' of the learned father, and to reflect its light on a benighted world. It is a criticism on Gal. iii. 16, and is in the following words:

'And not only were the New Testament writers thus *demonstrably* liable to commit, like other men, mistakes in fact; they were also *demonstrably* liable to commit mistakes in argument. [Here comes the demonstration.] As before, let us take a case which will be *manifest and palpable to every one*. St. Paul, arguing to the Galatians, that salvation was not by the Jewish law, but by Jesus Christ, proves his point from the promise to Abraham, having been made to him and his *seed*, not *seeds*. The words are not, he says, "to *seeds*, as of many, but as of one; to thy *seed*, which is Christ." Now, as to the point to be proved, we all agree with St. Paul; but his argument is

that of a Jewish Rabbi, and *is clearly both fanciful and false*. The writer in Genesis never intended to draw any distinction between *one* of Abraham's seed and Abraham's seed *in general*. And even if he had expressly meant what Paul says he did *not* mean, Abraham's seed in general, he would still have said *seed*, and not *seeds*. This is a good instance to take, because the Apostle's substantial doctrine is here not at all concerned. As to the root of the matter in question, we are all at one with St. Paul. *But it is evident how he could, like the rest of us, bring a quite false argument in support of a quite true thesis.*' (p. 133.) *Quod erat demonstrandum!* How perfectly 'manifest and palpable to every one'!

But hold; not quite so fast! Let us look a little while before we send the great Apostle whirling through the air with a flipp of our finger. Perhaps there is, or may be, some slight mistake somewhere in the argument of the puissant author himself. St. Paul is not alone in his argument. The same reasoning had been previously employed by St. Peter in Acts iii. 25, 26: 'Ye are the children of the prophets, and of the covenant which God made with our fathers, saying unto Abraham, And in thy *seed* shall the kindreds of the earth be blessed. Unto you first, God having raised up his son Jesus sent *him* to bless you, in turning away every one of you from his iniquities.' But what cares our author for St. Peter any more than he does for St. Paul? Was he not also a Jewish Rabbi, and therefore capable, like the rest of us, of bringing 'a quite false argument in support of a quite true thesis'? Nay, of bringing an argument *manifestly and palpably* 'both fanciful and false,' as well as a Darwinian Rabbi, or Huxleyite? 'Very well, then, let us examine the Rabbis a little, and see, if we can, just where the fault lies.

Mr. Arnold says that 'reading is *culture*.' We beg pardon; reading is the smallest part of culture, if, indeed, it be any more than the means which culture uses to procure its raw material. Sheep take in grass and turn out wool; bees gather pollen and elaborate it into wax; in like manner, culture collects 'the best that has been thought and said in the world,' and works it up into wisdom. But there is a culture, so-called,

which, from works of science, philosophy, religion, and poetry, gathers all sorts of things—good, bad, and indifferent—and then turns out nonsense. Now, if we are not very greatly mistaken, the above passage was produced by this last sort of culture.

In the first place, the author has mistaken ‘the thesis’ of St. Paul, or the point he is arguing to establish. He is not trying to prove ‘that salvation was not by the Jewish law, but by Jesus Christ.’ The word *salvation* does not once occur in the whole of his Epistle to the Galatians. His theme is *justification*, which is by no means identical with *salvation*; and he aims to prove that we are justified, not by ‘the *works* of the law,’ but by ‘*faith* in Jesus Christ.’ This is the one grand ‘thesis’ of his Epistle to the Galatians. Now, instead of being ‘at one with St. Paul’ on this subject, Mr. Arnold repudiates, as one of the very worst things ‘that has been thought or said in the world,’ the *dogma* of justification by faith in Christ, and not by works of righteousness which we have done. He has no sort of comprehension, not even the most dim or distant, of the divine beauty, and grandeur, and power of this soul-regenerating dogma. By no Socinian, skeptic, Catholic, infidel, or atheist, is this great Pauline doctrine of the Reformation more contemptuously rejected than it is by Mr. Arnold. We mark, then, as mistake number one, the assertion that he and St. Paul are at one respecting the thesis of the third chapter of Galatians.

‘Reading is [not] culture.’ It would be much nearer the truth, though still not the truth, to say that reasoning is culture. Now, the very first step in reasoning is to ascertain the precise point at issue, and to keep the eye fixed on *that*, as an indispensable safeguard against wandering, confusion, and error. Let us, then, come a little nearer to the precise point which Paul has in hand in the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of Galatians.

He is there aiming, not to establish his own thesis *directly*, but to refute an objection raised by the Jews. The Jews contended that the blessing of the nations in Abraham’s seed was to be accomplished by themselves, because they were his seed

to whom the promise related. ‘Wherefore,’ as Dr. Macknight says, ‘*to overturn that false notion*, the Apostle reasoned in the following manner: Even a human covenant is not set aside or altered, after it is ratified, except by the contracting parties. Ver. 15. But the promises of the covenant, concerning the counting of the faith of the nations for righteousness, were made, not only to Abraham, but to his seed; particularly this promise, “In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.” He does not say, “and in seeds,” as speaking concerning a multitude of children, but as concerning one person only, ‘and in thy seed, who is Christ? Ver. 16.’ Thus did he insist, that the prophetic words ‘in thy seed’ related, not to the Jews in general, but to the *one seed*, Christ Jesus.

It is asserted by our author that ‘the writer in Genesis never intended to draw any distinction between *one* of Abraham’s seed and Abraham’s seed *in general*.’ Suppose he did not (it is certain that he has drawn no such distinction), and the word *seed*, as it stands in Genesis xxii. 18, is ambiguous. It may mean one seed or many, for it is used in Scripture to signify *one*, as well as a multitude, of offspring. Thus, in Genesis iii. 15, it is said: ‘I will put enmity between thy seed and her seed. *It* shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise *his* heel’—a passage in which the word *seed* is, by universal consent, understood to refer to Christ. Again, in Genesis iv. 25, Eve, speaking of Seth, says, ‘God hath appointed me another seed, instead of Abel, whom Cain slew.’ Thus, as is evident from her calling Seth ‘another seed,’ Eve had two seeds in her two sons. Once more, in Gen. xxi. 13, it is said, ‘Of the *son* of the bond-woman will I make a nation, because *he* is thy seed.’ The word of prophecy being, as usual, left ambiguous, it could not be known, beforehand, whether it referred to *one* seed or to many. It remained to be interpreted, and its precise meaning determined, by the event, by Providence. What does it signify, then, that the writer himself did not understand it, as used by him in Genesis xxii. 18? It is admitted by all persons, even by the prophets of the Old Testament themselves, that they did not always understand the exact meaning of their own words. But this is no reason why

a Paul, or a Peter, should not understand them, especially after they had been explained by the event, the appearance of Christ to bless all nations.

As the word was ambiguous, so it was natural that the Jews should attach that meaning to it which was most agreeable to their pride. Did it not become St. Paul, then, as the great Apostle to the Gentiles, to take the conceit out of them and proclaim Christ as *the seed*, in whom, according to the promise, all nations should be blessed? Or, in other words, if the term *seed* really referred to Christ, who had already come in the flesh to bless all nations, is it wonderful that St. Paul should have endeavored to 'overturn the false notion' of the Jews?—a notion which Mr. A. himself admits to be false.

But it is alleged, that if the writer in Genesis had expressly meant 'seed in general, he would still have said *seed*, and not *seeds*.' There was, we reply, no necessity for any such ambiguity. For, if he had meant 'seed in general,' and had wished to deliver his message free from all ambiguity, he might have said *sons* instead of *seed*. Or, if nothing else would have served his purpose, he might have said *seeds* in Hebrew, just as we do sometimes in English, although it is a little irregular *in form*. Why should a Hebrew prophet, even more than a precisionist of the present day, sacrifice the *sense* of his message to the *sound* of a word, or the substance of it to the form? The thing is incredible. Hence we believe, with St. Paul, that if the writer in Genesis had chosen to say *seeds* in Hebrew, he could have done so with perfect propriety. Not, perhaps, with a perfect *grammatical* propriety, but then there are some things in the universe of greater importance than perfect precision in the use of a word. Why, even Homer and Milton could, when necessary, despise such precision; and yet we are told that a Hebrew prophet could not possibly have said *seeds*, even supposing that would have conveyed his exact message, free from all ambiguity!

St. Paul believed, as is evident from his argument, that the writer in Genesis might have said *seeds* if he had chosen to do so, and we believe that St. Paul was right. Who are we, indeed, that we should presume to sit in judgment on the Great

Apostle to the Gentiles? There is, in the world, only one book—the Old Testament—which is written in the ancient Hebrew. It does not follow, therefore, that, in no case, would the Hebrew word for *seed* admit of a plural form because such a form nowhere occurs in that one volume. St Paul, who was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, was, in our humble opinion, a better judge of his own language than is even Mr. Arnold himself, with all his wonderful *culture*.

Nay, in our opinion, it was his ignorance, and not his knowledge, of the Hebrew language which led St. Jerome to perpetrate the criticism in question. St. Jerome, says Dr. Macknight, ‘who is followed by La Clerc, *foolishly allegeth* that the Apostle, by an argument of this kind, *meant to impose on the simplicity of the Galatians.*’ Neander, the great historian of the Church, has well said that the descent from the Apostles to the early fathers of the Church is immense. We seem, indeed, to have got among a different race of men. It was, in fact, just because Jerome could, at times, quibble so egregiously himself, that he was capable of suspecting St. Paul of so dishonest a trick. We could as soon suspect him of stealing a horse or of telling a downright lie, as of attempting such a fraud on the simplicity of the Galatians. Mr. Arnold, we are glad to see, does not question the honesty or good faith of the Apostle. But then he would give him a lesson, not only in logic, but also in the use of his own language. He was only a ‘Jewish Rabbi,’ whose argument ‘is clearly both fanciful and false.’

As Mr. Arnold repudiates all miracles, so he denies the resurrection of Christ, and he explains, in a very few words, how this ‘legend,’ this myth, gained credence with the Apostles. (p. 215.) The thing is done so easily, and in so few words, that one stands amazed at the exhibition of such wonderful genius. He insists, also, that Jesus never pretended to work miracles, and yet, in spite of his protestations to the contrary, his disciples would believe that he did work them. He could not undecieve them on this point; so hopelessly credulous were they on the subject of miracles, that even Christ himself could not open their eyes to the great truth that he never pretended

to work them ! We have not the space, in this paper, to expose his wretched sophistry on this subject. If, indeed, he had not been ignorant of one of the great principles which governed Christ in the working of miracles, or in dispensing the light of evidence to a sin-stricken and rebellious world, he might have understood the facts and words of Christ out of which he has contrived to make some little show of proof that he disclaimed the credit of working miracles. But, for the present, we must let these things pass, as well as a hundred more of his 'best' views of the religion of the Bible. In our humble opinion, instead of being 'the best,' they are among the very worst things which have ever been 'thought and said in the world.' To expose all the mistakes, and sophistries, and misrepresentations, and blunders contained in his little work, would require a much larger volume than itself.

In his book is revealed, in one of its most extreme and extravagant forms, one of the great prevailing tendencies of the religious thought of the present age—namely, a mortal antipathy to all the great doctrines of the Christian religion. There is, however, a certain tendency at work which seems very strange, and that is, while the divinity of Christ and his resurrection are denied, his personal character is idolized and all but deified. We see this in Renan's *Life of Jesus*, and in *Ecce Homo*, as well as in *Literature and Dogma*. The only chapter—in this book which we have read with any sort of pleasure is the one that treats of 'The Testimony of Jesus to Himself.' (pp. 164, 213.) This chapter, like the infidel work of Renan, contains some very fine things; but the English poet must, after all, yield the palm of eloquence to the French 'apostle of free thought.'

It was this portion of his work which, as we suppose, led the President of a Northern college to greet Mr. Arnold as a brother, because 'he loves Jesus.' He does seem, indeed, to be deeply impressed with a sense of the ineffable sweetnes, and majesty, and divine beauty of the personal character of Jesus. But how can he reconcile this immeasurable superiority of Jesus, of the humble Nazarene, to all the poets, and

philosophers, and divines, and moralists, who have ever appeared on earth, with the hypothesis that he was merely a man, is more than we are able to conceive. It is, to our minds, one of the most conclusive, and satisfactory, and even enrapturing proofs that he was indeed 'God with us.'

One word more, and we have done with *Literature and Dogma*. We have noticed it at so great length, not only because it was so highly recommended by a doctor of divinity, but also because it proceeds from a great religious movement of the age—the movement, namely, to discredit, demolish, and scatter to the winds the dogmas of our most holy religion. But we do, nevertheless, contemplate, with a calm and immovable satisfaction, the sublime analogy which subsists between the word and the work of God. If the sun, moon, and stars were all broken up, ground to powder, and scattered, in dim, nebulous clouds of star-dust, over the realms of space, these would then symbolize those views of the spiritual universe or Christian cosmos, which are so unfixed, so fluid, and so passing in the imagination of modern dreamers. But there they are, those great worlds of light, standing out, in bright and beautiful relief, from the boundless background of a fathomless sky, and they are likely to remain. In the Christian cosmos, likewise, there stand the great, solid doctrines of our religion, like fixed stars, beaming from an infinite background of impenetrable mystery. He who is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and forever,' hath said, 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my Word shall not pass away.'

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ART. II.—*The Depths of the Sea.* By E. Wyville Thomson,  
LL.D., F. R. S., London and Edinburgh, etc., etc. New  
York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

Nearly three-fourths of the surface of our globe lie under the waters of the ocean, and yet almost nothing was known of these sea-depths until within the last few years, either in their physical or biological aspects. 'The popular notion was,' says

Wyville Thomson, 'that, after arriving at a certain depth, the conditions became so peculiar, so entirely different from those of any portion of the earth to which we have access, as to preclude any other idea than that of a waste of utter darkness, subjected to such stupendous pressure as to make life of any kind impossible, and to throw insuperable difficulties in the way of any attempt at investigation.' This 'popular notion' was not without the sanction of men of science. The first careful, systematic investigation into deep-sea life was made by Edward Forbes in the Ægean Sea. His observations upon the geographical dispositions of life in the ocean's bed were correct for the locality in which they were made; his mistake lay in making a generalization from a too limited range of facts. The latest dredgings in the Mediterranean confirm his observation, that no life exists in the depths of that sea; but this fact is due to conditions which do not exist in the great oceans.

The idea of an azoic waste at the bottom of the deep sea was so generally entertained that any evidence to the contrary received little attention. Deep casts of the sounding-line occasionally brought up clinging organisms; but these, it was assumed, had become entangled in the line as it was drawn through the surface water, or else the observation had been careless, and the line had never reached the depths. Any suggestion was welcomed which did not conflict with the foregone conclusion of a lifeless waste at the sea-bottom. There is no doubt that the earlier methods of investigation were liable to error, and that their results could not be unquestionably accepted; and yet they gave intimations which one would think could not fail to suggest a suspicion of the truth to a mind not committed to the opposite view. The difficulties in the way of such investigations are undoubtedly very great. A man may ascend the high mountains of the globe to such an elevation that the atmospheric pressure shall be reduced to one-half that which is ordinarily exerted, without serious inconvenience; but a diver cannot descend to a depth greater than about one hundred and twenty feet, and there the weight of the superincumbent water produces a pressure equal to that of

four atmospheres, which, in addition to the ordinary atmospheric pressure, makes seventy-five pounds on every square inch, or about one hundred and fifty thousand pounds upon the whole body.

Yet it was strange, in spite of all these difficulties, that no attempt was made to penetrate the mystery of life under the waters. The world is especially eager for new fields of research. The whole tone and spirit of the scientific world tells of its eagerness to pursue physical truth at any cost. No conservatism blinds its eyes or ties its hands. Its tendency is rather to reverse all the verdicts of the past; it is all alive to the recognition of new truth and the renunciation of old error. And this is quite as true in the department of physical geography as anywhere else. In determining the questions bearing upon this subject, no effort has been spared, no sacrifice withheld; the most consummate energy and untiring patience have been given in every direction, except in the solution of the problem of deep-sea life. ‘Every gap,’ our author goes on to say, ‘in the noble little army of martyrs, striving to extend the boundaries of knowledge, in the wilds of Australia, on the Zambezi, or toward the North and South Poles, was struggled for by earnest volunteers, and still the great ocean, slumbering beneath the moon, covered a region apparently as inaccessible to man as the *mare serenatis*.’ (p. 2.)

The restless intellect of man, which, ages before, had sought to solve the riddle of the universe, to penetrate the mysteries of the stars, to make tributary to itself all time and all space, scarcely cast a glance of interest toward the great world of life under the waters. Soundings, dignified by the title of ‘deep-sea soundings,’ had, it is true, been made; but the deepest of these only touched the summit, here and there, of a mountain peak beneath the waves, or penetrated the mystery of the life which existed in some lofty plain, lifted high and cradled in the arms of great submarine volcanic chains. Our knowledge of ocean life, with the exception of those forms to be found in the shallow belts everywhere fringing the land, was very limited. It was hardly so full, or so accurate, as that which some imaginary spirit of the interstellar ether would

obtain of our earth if he could let down, through the dense and, to him, impenetrable air, nets and grappling irons which could only reach a stratum one-half a mile above the surface of the sea. He would obtain a very fair idea of the denizens of our earthly atmosphere, of the animal and vegetable life to be found on the high and barren table-land of Western America, in the valley of the Andes, on the great plateau of Thibet and Mongolia, and upon the summits of all the great mountain systems of the world.

If this spirit of the ether were to argue that the plains of Europe, and the eastern half of America, the wide stretches of Bengal and China, the extended lowland of Egypt and Nubia, being 'subject to such stupendous pressure as to make life of any kind impossible,' must, in consequence, be barren and sterile wastes, he would be quite in condition to shake hands cordially with his brother theorist on earth. No doubt their mutual congratulations upon the wonderful power of unaided reason to penetrate the mysteries of Nature would be truly edifying to hear. Man has one advantage over our imaginary spirit, and one less excuse for his blunder—the littoral region and the shallow water beyond has always lain open to his research, and this field he has not allowed to lie fallow. The fauna and flora of this belt of shallow water had already been observed, studied, and classified; their mode of existence, habits, and geographical distribution, had been carefully noted, and so a clue to the simpler, but no less wonderful, life of the deep sea lay in the hand of the naturalist.

The line which marks the relative depressions of the ocean's bed is not very unlike that which indicates the elevations of the land. Deep gorges and valleys correspond with mountain peaks and chains. Occasional low plains occur in the depths of the sea, as occasional high plateaus are found upon the earth's surface. There is, also, a sort of inverted analogy in regard to the types of life on land and in the sea-bottom. The types become fewer in both as we recede from the sea-level, and the conditions are more severe. This is, however, true only in regard to the variety of animal organisms, not at all in regard to their extent.

The idea of deep-sea dredging had long been entertained as a possibility by the scientific world, but the motive for the effort, as well as the means for its accomplishment, were wanting. If the unknown country, lying at the depths of the sea, was only a waste of darkness and desolation, why should it be conquered at so vast an expense of labor and money? The first demonstration of the feasibility of deep-sea exploration came in answer to a practical, not to a scientific, demand. The commercial interests of the world required some more speedy mode of communication across the great ocean than any hitherto in use. Telegraphs had been successfully used on land; and now the project of a submarine cable was discussed, the nature of the ocean's bed was examined, and its topography and physical peculiarities ascertained. Practical ingenuity, which is always the loyal handmaid of practical energy, was ready at its bidding. Many ingenious devices were suggested and put into use, in order to reach the buried facts. The difficulties which had, until now, appeared insuperable, melted away before the unconquerable energy of the commercial world.

The Mediterranean telegraph was laid in 1857, and continued in successful operation for several years. In the year 1860, in consequence of some unknown injury, communication was stopped. Careful examination discovered a rupture to have occurred in seventy fathoms of water, and about two miles from land. After long and laborious fishing for it, the sea end of the cable was secured and brought to the surface. Much of the cable, which had lain in very deep water, was found covered with marine animals, which, however, were quite innocent of the injury done to the wires. A list of the adherent organisms—with the respective depths at which they were living—was made out by Dr. Allman, this depth varying from seventy fathoms to a mile and a half. The first certain news from the depths of the sea was, thus, a telegraphic message. All previous modes of reaching the facts of deep-sea life had been liable to error. The animals brought up, clinging to a sounding-line, might live at any depth in the water in which it had been cast;

there was no possible way of ascertaining whether they came from the bottom or not. Besides this, the sounding-line could not be relied upon, as giving accurate information, beyond a certain limit, in regard to depth. Before laying a submarine telegraph, however, the depth of every part of the sea-bottom upon which it is to rest must be ascertained beyond a peradventure. Mistakes are not tolerated where the consequences involved are so serious. All the information gained in laying this Mediterranean cable was verified again and again, in fishing up the broken end, so that the various depths at which it lay were accurately known. The forms found adherent to the submerged wire thus gave testimony, not to be rejected, of organisms, many and wonderful, at those ocean depths assumed to be the abodes of darkness and death. The creatures brought up by the cable were not sticking loosely to it, but were cemented firmly to its outer covering. Many of them, from their very nature, must have become attached to it in the earliest stages of their existence, and have grown there.

These facts, thus brought to light, suggested to the scientific world the idea that explorations into submarine life were not, after all, attended with insuperable difficulties, and that, great as the difficulties might prove to be, a rich harvest awaited the investigator. The motive was supplied, the hope of successful achievement was born, but the means lay as far outside the range of apparent possibility as ever. Scientists are not generally men possessed of unlimited income or remarkable skill in sea-craft; and investigation into deep-sea life is, without the aid of both, impossible. But just here the British Government stepped in, and placed at the disposal of a corps of naturalists the vessels, seamen, and ordinary appliances necessary to put into execution their designs.

Ordinary dredging, previous to this time, had seldom extended below six hundred feet, but it was now found possible, by modifications and improvements upon the methods formerly employed, to reach much greater depths. 'We could work,' says Wyville Thomson, 'not with so much ease, but with as much certainty, at a depth of six hundred fathoms as at one hundred; and, in 1869, we carried the operation down to two

thousand four hundred and thirty-five fathoms—fourteen thousand six hundred and ten feet—nearly three statute miles, with perfect success.

'Dredging in such deep water,' he goes on to say, 'was doubtless very trying. Each haul occupied seven or eight hours; and during the whole of that time it demanded and received the most anxious care on the part of our commander, who stood, with his hand on the pulse of the accumulator, ready at any moment, by a turn of the paddles, to ease any undue strain. The men, stimulated and encouraged by the cordial interest taken by their officers in our operations, worked willingly and well; but the labor of taking upward of three miles of rope, coming up with a heavy strain from the surging drum of the machine, was very severe.' (p. 8.)

By these investigations the one hundred and forty million square miles of sea-bottom have been reclaimed from death. All that wide area, supposed to be barren of existence, is found to be teeming with rich and exquisite forms of life. The shallow water had hitherto been considered the seat and empire of submarine life; but the results of these last few years of exploration show in deeper waters a fauna no less varied and wonderful. Organisms, says our author, which are 'in many cases even more elaborately and delicately formed, and more exquisitely beautiful in their soft shades of coloring, and in the rainbow tints of their wonderful phosphorescence, than the fauna of the well-known belt of shallow water—teeming with innumerable invertebrate forms—which fringes the land.'

The problem of the geographical distribution of animal life at the sea-bottom has yet to be worked out. Thousands upon thousands of these laborious hauls must be made before anything like certainty can be reached. Each new season and each new day brings to light fresh wonders and beauties which are deeply interesting, not only for the aid they afford in the solution of the general problem, but also for their own intrinsic value. During the cruises of the 'Porcupine' and 'Lightning' fifty-seven hauls were made at depths exceeding three thousand feet, sixteen at depths exceeding six thousand feet, and in each case life was proved to exist. 'In 1869,' says Wyville Thomson,

'we took two casts. In both these life was abundant, and with the deepest cast, two thousand four hundred and thirty-five fathoms [nearly three miles], off the mouth of the Bay of Biscay, we took living, well-marked, and characteristic examples of all the five invertebrate sub-kingdoms. And thus the question of the existence of abundant animal life at the bottom of the sea has been finally settled, and for all depths; for there is no reason to suppose that the depth anywhere exceeds between three and four thousand fathoms, and if there be nothing in the conditions of a depth of two thousand five hundred fathoms to prevent the full development of a varied fauna, it is impossible to suppose that even an additional thousand fathoms would make any great difference.' (p. 31.)

The conditions which we should suppose unfavorable to the existence of animal life at such great depths are pressure, temperature, and absence of vegetation. The average depth of the great oceanic bodies is about two miles. Though there are abysses of much greater depth, they are not of frequent occurrence, nor of great extent. It is hardly surprising that animal existence should have been conceived to be impossible under the crushing weight of the water at any considerable depth. The density of water which might be supposed to influence animal life is not seriously affected by pressure. A volume of water, under the enormous pressure exerted at a mile below the surface, would be decreased by only  $\frac{1}{47}$  of itself; while an equal bulk of air would be decreased by about  $\frac{137}{147}$  of its original dimensions.

If we were to reason in a purely abstract way, we might conclude life to be impossible to ourselves when we consider that a man of ordinary size resists an atmospheric pressure of thirty thousand pounds. But life is dependent upon the adjustment of the internal and external forces, rather than upon any single condition. If these forces are balanced over against each other, existence is possible; but if either of the conditions of internal or of external pressure be removed, the consequences would be fatal. It would be as impossible for man to live with this enormous pressure removed as it would be for him to live with it indefinitely increased. His system is permeated

and penetrated with elastic fluids and gases which resist the external pressure. In a highly rarified atmosphere, blood will often start from those parts of the body, such as eyes, nose, and ears, where the tissues are delicate, the elastic forces within being uncompensated by outward pressure.

Perhaps the most fragile and delicate thing in nature is a soap-bubble, and yet one of ordinary size sustains upon its surface a pressure of several hundred pounds. The film is so exquisitely thin that it can accurately measure and record the minutest waves of colored light, the longest of which is about  $\frac{1}{1000}$  of an inch, and yet it can sustain a weight which an ordinary man finds difficulty in lifting. The reason of this is very simple. The bubble is filled with an elastic cushion of air, which power of resistance precisely balances the pressure from without. Between the two forces, the soft elastic pressure from within and the steady and equally soft pressure from without, its fragile existence is maintained; by a puff of air, a touch, or the weight of the tiny drop of accumulating water, the balance is destroyed, and the bubble is gone. In much the same way life is sustained in the animal world—the elastic force within is modified to meet increased pressure from without. ‘We sometimes find,’ says Wyville Thomson, ‘when we get up in the morning, by a rise of an inch in the barometer, that nearly half a ton has been quietly piled upon us during the night; but we experience no inconvenience, rather a feeling of exhilaration and buoyancy, since it requires a little less exertion to move our bodies in the slender medium.’ (p. 32.) If this half ton were of iron, it would crush out the life of the man upon whom it pressed; but being soft and elastic air, pressing equally and steadily in every direction, as well as penetrating the lungs and other portions of the body, no inconvenience is experienced.

In view of these facts, it is certainly quite conceivable that this condition of deep-sea life may be met, and the inner elastic forces compensate any additional external pressure. Because many of these organisms can live in profound ocean depths, is, however, no indication that they can be suddenly subjected to change of condition without serious or even fatal

results. Sharks are frequently taken from a depth where the pressure is equal to one thousand pounds to the square inch. Here we see the balance to exist which makes life possible, and that in a highly organized creature; but these very same deep-sea sharks invariably come up dead or dying, the removal of the external pressure having proved fatal. Dr. Percival Wright, who made these observations, remarked that he never, in a single instance, saw one of the surface-living sharks which had not huge gashes upon its head and caudal regions, given by fishermen as a necessary quietus, while those from great depths were incapable of motion when brought out of the water. The pressure which had been supposed to preclude all life at the sea-bottom is undoubtedly an unfavorable condition to highly-organized creatures. As we descend in our search, the types become fewer and the life simpler, but its extent is boundless.

The second condition of which we have spoken is temperature. The theory of oceanic temperature formerly held, assumed that the waters of the deep sea maintained a constant degree of heat. The surface, it was known, is subject to frequent mutations, in consequence of solar radiation, polar and equatorial currents, periodic and variable winds, etc.; but below the surface a uniform temperature was supposed to reign for all times, places, and seasons. This theory was founded upon the thermometrical observations made during the Antarctic expedition of Sir James Ross, when the effect of pressure upon temperature had not entered into the calculation. Later investigations are made by means of thermometers specially 'protected' from this influence, and, by means of these more guarded and accurate observations, new results have been reached. The water becomes colder as we descend in the ocean's depths, its mean temperature being  $0^{\circ}$  Cent., instead of  $4^{\circ}$  Cent., as was assumed by the earlier theory. These observations also prove that there is a general surface movement of warm water 'from the equatorial regions toward the poles, and a slow undercurrent, or rather indraught, of cold water from the poles toward the equator.' The force of these submarine currents is sometimes sufficient to produce a

decided modification of the bottom. Rolled pebbles, in some places, give their testimony to the existence of a current of appreciable strength, while a peculiar light and fleecy deposit, into which the sounding-lead sometimes sinks to the depth of several feet, gives no less emphatic evidence of perfect stillness in others. There is not only a difference of direction and velocity in these deep-sea currents, but there is also a great difference in their temperature. In some places, the water forms what is called a 'cold wall,' around which the warmer current flows. Side by side, in the North Atlantic Ocean, lie areas which exhibit temperatures differing from each other by several degrees.

This question of deep-sea temperature derives its importance from the fact, that upon it depend the forms of animal life existing in various parts of the ocean's bed. The geographical distribution of animal existence is quite as dependent upon temperature in the depths of the sea as it is upon the surface of the land, though the heat and cold are not determined in the former as they are in the latter, by latitude.

This cold stratum at the bottom of the sea must undergo constant renewal; the temperature of the earth, wherever it is removed from surface influences, stands at 50° Fahr. The lower stratum of water must, of necessity, be warmed by its contact with the earth—must become lighter, and rise, giving place to colder and denser water. This is a simple case of currents engendered by convection. A curious difference is observed between the temperature which prevails in the depths of the great oceans and that existing in the land-locked seas. The waters at the depths of the North Atlantic (even in inter-tropical latitudes), the Arabian Gulf, and the Indian Ocean, maintain a temperature very near the freezing point of fresh water, while the waters of the Mediterranean, at a depth of two miles, never falls below 54°; the Tulu Sea, 50°, and the Celebes Sea, 38° Fahr.

Fresh water, as is well known, attains its maximum density at about 39° Fahr., seven degrees above its freezing point. As the water becomes more and more chilled it expands and floats upon the surface, consequently the bottom of a fresh

water lake never falls lower than 39°. But with salt water the case is different: it continues to contract till crystallization sets in, its maximum density occurring when it has reached ° Fahr. This degree, therefore, marks the ordinary temperature of the deep sea. Repeated 'serial temperature observations' have confirmed the truth of this fact; but even this extreme cold is found to be not at all inconsistent with abundant and vigorous animal life.

The last condition, which seemed absolutely inconsistent with the existence of organic life in the abyssal regions of the sea, lies in the absence of all vegetation. The practical distinction made by naturalists between animal and vegetable existence lies in their respective powers of assimilation. Plants take in the inorganic elements presented to them and convert them into organic matter, while animals are nourished only by the matter thus converted. The process of vegetable assimilation always, so far as is now known, requires the presence of light, and down in these abyssal regions light never comes. The brightest ray of the noon-day sun is partially scattered by the superficial reflection at the water's surface, and then partially reflected by every atom of suspended matter in its path, as it seeks to penetrate deeper and deeper into the water. Part of each sunbeam is thrown back to the eye as sparkle and glitter, and part cast up from the waters as color; and long before the mighty oceanic depths are reached every vibration has returned upon its path or been absorbed by the suspended particles. Certainly, whatever the cause may be, no vegetable life exists at the bottom of the sea. Such organisms drift from the spots where they have grown and sink to great depths, but none live in the abyssal darkness; and yet, without this necessary condition of animal life, it still exists in such abundance that Mr. Thomson calls the sea-bottom 'a mass of animal life.'

The distinction between the lowest forms of life in the two kingdoms, animal and vegetable, is hardly appreciable. The difference between the protozoon, the humblest representative of the former, and the protophyte, the lowest member of the latter, is so slight that it cannot be detected by microscopic investigation or chemical analysis. It is only by watching the

processes of life and reproduction that the distinction can be made out. It has been, therefore, suggested as a solution of the difficulty of deep-sea life, that the protozoa may possess the power of appropriating and assimilating inorganic compounds in common with the vegetable, though, unlike the vegetable, without the presence of light. This theory, however, could not stand alone, and yet not a single fact was adduced in its favor, except the one invented for the purpose.

As we have already said, animal life can be sustained only by organic matter. This statement must, however, be somewhat modified, in view of the important part which water and salt play in the animal economy; and yet, in the main, it is correct. How, then, can animal life exist where vegetation is out of the question? The higher organisms could prey upon the lower; but how are the lower nourished? A partial solution to the difficulty was offered by Wyville Thomson, in a paper read before the Royal Society in 1869. He suggested that sea-water might hold in solution a sufficient quantity of organic matter to sustain life. Numerous subsequent experiments have confirmed this view: the scientific corps of the Porcupine tested specimens of the Atlantic water, brought up from various depths, and found them all alike charged with organic matter in solution. Every great river bears its tribute of such matter to the ocean; every bed of sea-weed, growing in the shallow water which fringes our islands and continents, adds its quota; every one of the millions of organism, which are dying daily, gives up to the water its organic elements; the Sargossa Sea—that vast marine meadow, which occupies three millions of square miles in the middle of the Atlantic—yields an immense supply; and the great oceanic currents, sweeping along the coasts, where vegetation is most abundant, become purveyors to the expectant life at the bottom of the sea.

Matter in solution would, of course, be utterly useless to organisms high in the scale of being; but life in these abyssal depths is principally confined to the protozoa—those jelly-like creatures who possess very few organs, or none at all, for the performance of special functions. These animals receive their nutriment by absorption through the exposed surfaces of their

bodies, and probably assimilate more easily matter in solution than they would matter in any other form. All higher life is possible if these humbler forms can be accounted for, for the higher can prey upon the lower. The only question is, then, how are the lower supported? Careful analysis of sea-water, taken at various depths, yield one result which is very surprising. Through the ocean-water at every depth is diffused atmospheric air, which is no less necessary to the existence of water than it is to that of land animals. The same element which supports the combustion of our daily lives is necessary, though in very much smaller quantities, to the life under the sea. Experiment determined the fact that, in general, the proportion of oxygen decreases and the carbonic acid increases as the depth becomes greater; but the water *at the bottom*, whether deep or shallow, possessed more carbonic acid than the intermediate water, at whatever depth. Carbonic acid, as is well known, is a product of respiration, and the stratum of water lying immediately above this vast accumulation of organic life on the sea bottom is invariably found, in great measure, deprived of its oxygen and charged with carbonic acid. As dredge after dredge was hauled in, the chemist whose duty it was to analyze the samples of water could tell, from the relative proportions of these two gases, whether the contents of the dredge would be rich or poor in specimens—abundant life being always associated with a preponderance of carbonic acid in the bottom-water.

Dr. Carpenter says, in his report given in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society*:<sup>1</sup> ‘It would appear probable, therefore, that the increase in the proportion of the carbonic acid, and the diminution in that of oxygen, in the abyssal waters of the ocean, is due to the respiratory process, which is no less a necessary condition of the existence of animal life on the seabed than is the presence of food-material for its sustenance. And it is further obvious that the continued consumption of oxygen and the liberation of carbonic acid would soon render the stratum of air immediately above the bottom completely irrespirable (in the absence of any antagonistic process of vegeta-

<sup>1</sup> Vol. XVIII, p. 479.

tion), were it not for the upward diffusion of the carbonic acid through the intermediate waters to the surface, and the downward diffusion of oxygen from the surface to the depths below. A continual interchange takes place at the surface, between the gases of the sea-water and those of the atmosphere, and thus the respiration of the abyssal fauna is provided for by the power of diffusion, which may have to operate through *three miles* or more of intervening water.'

Every wind which sweeps over the broad surface of the ocean, every steamer's wheel as it turns, helps to aërate the water and maintain its inhabitants in life. 'Hence, then,' Dr. Carpenter goes on to say, 'it may be affirmed that every disturbance of the ocean's surface by atmospheric movement, from the gentlest ripple to the most tremendous storm-wave, contributes, in proportion to its amount, to the maintenance of animal life in its abyssal depths; doing, in fact, for the aëration of the fluids of their inhabitants just what is done by the heaving and falling of the walls of our chests for the aëration of the blood which courses through our own lungs. A perpetual calm would be as fatal to their continued existence as the forcible stoppage of all respiratory movement would be to our own, and thus universal stagnation would become universal death.'

We have already mentioned the fact, that the depths of the Mediterranean are entirely devoid of life: this is due to the very stagnation alluded to in the quotation just given. The two provisions for the circulation and aëration of the waters of the great oceans fail in the Mediterranean. The temperature of the bottom-water being very near that of the earth upon which it rests, no vertical currents are engendered by convection; and the water of the land-locked sea being shut in by walls which are never less than ten thousand feet above its profounder depths, only superficial currents through the Straits of Gibraltar can circulate. The lowest point in the channel connecting this sea with the open ocean lies, as we have said, ten thousand feet above its depths. We thus find that in the great oceanic bodies every condition of deep-sea life is fulfilled; that the pressure and temperature in the profoundest ocean depths

are not incompatible with life; that the food and air necessary to the maintenance of vital action is supplied in just such form and quantities as are needed by these humble creatures. The rhythmic action of Nature, by which the balance of vitality is maintained, goes on in the waters of the great ocean as it does upon the land—life, death, decomposition, then life again.

The methods by which these facts have been ascertained deserves a few moments' attention from us. The object of ordinary 'sounding' is merely to ascertain the depth of the water, and to bring up a small quantity of earth from the bottom. The instrument by which these soundings are made is a single prismatic block of lead, weighing from eighty to one hundred and twenty pounds. On the upper end is a ring to which is attached a line. When a sounding is to be made, the lower end, or base upon which it rests, is greased with tallow, and the lead is allowed to descend rapidly into the water. In moderate depths the slackening of the line indicates that the lead has come to rest upon the bottom; but in great depths this method cannot be trusted as giving accurate results. If the line be strong enough to sustain the weight of any considerable length of itself in addition to that of the lead, it is too heavy and stiff to be carried plumb to the bottom by the lead; if it be lighter it breaks under the strain put upon it. An improvement upon this method for ascertaining depths was introduced into the United States Navy some years ago. A heavy weight is attached to a fine line (whose length has been measured); it is quickly lowered into the water and cut when the pull upon the line ceases. The length of line missing from the coil represents the depth. By the first method not only the depth was ascertained, but the soil and sand sticking to the greased bottom of the lead gave important information as to the nature of the ocean's bed, while the last method gave only the depth.

The quantities of mud brought up adhering to the lead were so small that other means are employed for ascertaining the nature of the bottom. Dredging, it has been demonstrated, can be done in the face of many difficulties; but it is a pro-

cess so laborious, and requiring so many favorable circumstances for its successful performance, that information in regard to the physical peculiarities of the ocean's bed must be obtained by some simpler and more direct mode. There are several forms of sounding instruments in use with naturalists. One of them may be roughly described as a pair of huge forceps, which form a chamber when closed; the arms are held asunder by a bolt, and it is heavily weighted; upon striking the bottom the bolt is displaced, the forceps close over the mud of the sea-bed, the weight is detached, and the instrument is ready for the upward pull with its burden of enclosed mud. Another and more popular form consists of a tube of metal, whose lower extremities are provided with valves that open upward. The tube passes through perforations in the cannon ball, or other mass of metal, used as a weight to the instrument. When the end of the tube strikes the earth, mud, sand, or whatever it chances to encounter, fills the tube through the opening valve. The weight is disengaged, and the valve closes as the instrument is drawn up through the water. The tube can be unscrewed and its contents examined at leisure.

The principle of the detaching weight, which was invented by pass-midshipman Brooks, is of incalculable value; it enables the deep-sea explorer to accomplish his purpose with less labor and less machinery, besides securing the great advantage to be reached only by the employment of a fine line.

Careful and often-repeated soundings by this method show the errors of earlier investigators. The old method reports thirty-four thousand, thirty-nine thousand, forty-six thousand, even fifty thousand feet of line, as having been run out at various points without finding bottom. The new method, working in the identical places, finds no depth greater than twenty-four thousand feet.

Much valuable information may be gained by deep-sea soundings; but other means must be used if any knowledge of life at these depths is to be reached. Until of late years all the information upon this point which was possessed by zoologists consisted in the scattered waifs of facts cast ashore by

some landward storm, or drawn from the water in some fisherman's net. Even these precarious and uncertain means for the accumulation of facts yielded fewer results than might be imagined. Fishermen and sailors are proverbially superstitious, and one prevalent form of this superstition is the idea of ill luck which they attach to any foreign organisms that come up with the creatures they are seeking. Curious specimens brought up accidentally in this way were torn to pieces and cast back into the waters 'to break the spell.' It may be that in the vast solitudes of the ocean, alone with the stars and the waves, the unseen surges in upon the sailor's soul with peculiar power; and that his ignorance translates the still small voice of the Creator, speaking through his works, into whispers and warnings of the spirit world. But, whatever the cause, those who peril their lives on the great deep are full of the nameless awe which sees spiritual meaning in the simplest natural fact. Much has been lost as a consequence of this peculiarity, but that, it is to be hoped, is a thing of the past. 'I believe, however,' says Wyville Thomson, 'that with the progress of education this notion is dying out in most places, and that now fewer varieties and novelties are lost because "it is unlucky to keep them in the boat." (p. 287.)

Not much is, of course, to be hoped or expected from such irregular sources, and yet their aid is not to be despised. More direct methods are now in constant use, by means of which large quantities of deep-sea ooze, with its attendant forms of life, are brought to the surface. The naturalist's trawl and dredge are only modifications of some forms of net which have long been used by fishermen. The trawl is a large net with an open mouth. About one-third of this mouth is fastened along the extent of a transverse beam, which, in turn, is supported upon cross-legs, at the distance of a few feet from the bottom. Ropes are attached to the wooden frame-work, which resembles a trestle, and it is slowly and carefully dragged forward. The loose, open mouth of the net depends from the beam and drags along the bottom. All the fish and other moving creatures which are stirred up by the progress of the machine swim naturally into the net.

It is, however, to his dredge that the naturalist looks for the richest rewards of his toil. This consists of a rectangular frame, to which the mouth of a fine meshed net is fastened, the frame holding open the mouth of the net. The long sides of the frame are supplied with metal scrapers, inclined outwardly. Care must be taken in the use of both these instruments that the pull upon the mouth be lateral, and not vertical. The boats to which the other end of the line is attached move to some distance before beginning to drag; and, attached to the rope, above the machine, is a heavy weight which sinks nearly to the bottom, and so changes the direction of the pull from perpendicular, or diagonal, to horizontal. The boat moves slowly—sometimes only drifting with the tide—and draws the dredge over the surface-layer of the bottom. The metal scraper, which is lying upon the bottom, scrapes into the net the mud, sand, stones, and any organisms which can be detached. Different sized meshes are used in the nets, and sometimes different meshing in the same net. The far end is often fine, to secure the smaller organisms, while the upper end is coarse, to prevent too great an accumulation of mud.

So many organisms were found clinging to the outside of the nets, and to the lower portion of the line, that an addition is now made to the ordinary dredge, of long, frayed-out tassles. This device often secures a variety of living forms when the dredge bag comes up full of mud. The delicate forms entangled in the tassles are frequently imperfect, or very much mutilated, but still they are just so much gain to the naturalist; they would otherwise have escaped him entirely. After the dredge is brought in its contents are carefully sifted, sorted, classified, and labelled. The amount of matter brought up from these great depths is sometimes one hundred and fifty pounds at a single haul. At times this mud is rich with gorgeous or delicate organisms; again, it consists of little beyond the tenacious mud called deep-sea ooze.

The deepest dredging mentioned in Dr. Thomson's book is the cast to which we have already alluded, in the Bay of Biscay. The dredge had evidently fallen mouth downward, and plunged quite a distance into the bottom ooze. The throat

had thus been clogged with mud, which prevented its securing the larger and more important organisms. The mud consisted of a solid, bluish sediment, with a superficial layer, soft, creamy, and of a yellowish color. The surface layer proved, under the microscope, to be composed of entire shells of *globigerina bulloides*, which are clusters of spheres, or segments of spheres, massed together like soap-bubbles, the spicules of sponges, radiolarians, and the siliceous débris of diatoms. Below the surface the mud seemed formed of the shells and spicules of these organisms, disintegrated and ground down to a fine, calcareous mud, 'an animal foundation, in fact, being deposited very much in the same way as the accumulation of vegetable matter in a peat bog, by life and growth above, and death, retarded decomposition, and compression beneath.' (p. 140.)

The formation of globigerina mud now being deposited in the sea-depths, is almost identical with the geological formation known as the *Chalk*. The white cliffs of Dover, which gave to England its early poetic name of Albion, are formed of countless millions of tiny calcareous shells. Ages ago, in the depths of the geologic seas, the same life existed which now exists in ours; then myriads of foraminifers and zoophytes lived and died, identical with those which the dredge brings us from the quiet depths where they still dwell. These lowly types of existence show a wonderful persistency; the conditions of life are so few and so simple that changes which have altered the face of the whole earth scarcely touch them in the abyssal darkness of the deep sea. Generations of strange and wonderful existences have sprung up and died away; races have been born and perished; cycles of creation and destruction have marked the animal world on the land and the surface waters of the sea, while this strange life maintains its position almost unchanged.

Associated with this mud are other organisms which throw light upon some of the most curious questions in geology—questions which, until this clue was offered, had baffled both geologist and zoölogist. The ventriculates of the *Chalk* had been a riddle hard to read, till the discovery of the glass

sponge threw a flood of light upon the subject. These curious and exquisite creatures are associated with the cretaceous formation now going on in the sea-depths, as their remains testify them to have been associated with the same geologic formation in ages gone by.

Covering the whole bottom of the sea, as far as present knowledge can inform us, is a vast sheet of gelatinous organic matter, which gives a slight viscosity to the mud upon the surface-bed. If this mud be carefully manipulated and slightly shaken in weak spirits of wine, the mucus separates in fine flakes. If a small quantity of this viscous mud be diluted in a little sea-water and examined under the microscope, a network forms itself, which is insoluble in water, capable of voluntary motion, and in which foreign bodies that have become entrapped in its meshes are seen to change their positions. This formless matter manifests the phenomena of a simple form of life. 'To this organism,' says Wyville Thomson, 'if a being can be so called which shows no trace of a differentiation of organs, consisting apparently of an amorphous sheet of protein compound, irritable to a low degree, and capable of assimilating food, Prof. Huxley has given the name of *Bathybius haeckelii*. If this have a claim to be recognized as a distinct living entity, exhibiting its nature and final form, it must be referred to the simplest division of the shell-less *rhizopoda*, or, if we adopt the class proposed by Prof. Haeckel, to the *monera*. The circumstance which gives its special interest to *Bathybius* is its enormous extent. Whether it be continuous in one vast sheet, or broken up into circumscribed individual particles, it appears to extend over a large part of the bed of the ocean; and as no living thing, however slowly it may live, is ever perfectly at rest, but is continually acting and reacting with its surroundings, the bottom of the sea becomes, like the surface of the sea and land, a theatre of change, performing its part in maintaining the balance of organic nature.' (p. 412.)

A great variety of forms of life, and possibly many of the products of death as well, go to make up the sheet of protoplasm covering the bottom of the sea. 'Living upon and

among this *Bathybius*,' says Wyville Thomson, 'we find a multitude of other protozoa, framinifera and other rhizopods, radiolarians, and sponges; but we as yet know very little of the life-history of these groups. . . . I feel by no means satisfied that *Bathybius* is the permanent form of any distinct living being. It has seemed to me that different samples have been different in appearance and consistency; and, although there is nothing improbable in the abundance of a very simple shell-less "moner" at the bottom of the sea, I think it not impossible that a great deal of the *Bathybius*, that is to say, the different formless protoplasm which we find at great depths, may be a kind of mycelium—a formless condition connected with the growth and multiplication, or with the decay of many different things.'

The monera, which constitutes a portion at least of this *Bathybius*, are simply formless masses of jelly-like protoplasm, capable of voluntary motion and expansion. They seem utterly devoid of structure, external or internal, and are reproduced by self-division. 'The German naturalists of the new school,' says Wyville Thomson, 'in their enthusiastic adoption of the Darwinian theory of evolution, naturally welcome in these "moners" the essential attribute of the *Urschleim*, possessing an infinite capacity for improvement in every conceivable direction; and to more prosaic physiologists they are of the deepest interest, as presenting the essential phenomena of life—nutrition and irritability—existing, apparently, simply as the properties of a homogeneous chemical compound, and independent of organization.' (p. 409.)

Imbedded in the *Bathybins* are numberless curious and novel animal forms. Not the least curious of these is one which seems to consist of a spherical mass of animal jelly, denser than the protoplasm in which it is immersed, and covered with minute calcareous organisms, in shape like an oval shirt-stud. From the fact of their association, they were at first supposed to form parts of the same creature. The spheres received the name of coceospheres, and the little calcareous studs that of coceoliths. Closer examination has, however, proved that the coceoliths are of vegetable origin, and it is

supposed that the coelospheres have appropriated them in order to extract from them the vegetable nutriment they contain. The tiny calcareous sheaths have sunk from their place of growth near the surface to the deeper waters below.

It is impossible, in the limits of a review article, even to touch upon all the discoveries of deep-sea life made during these two years of cruising. We will, therefore, confine ourselves to a description of one of the most wonderful, as well as the most beautiful, orders of animal existence which lives either beneath or above the sea. 'The few hauls of the dredge which we have had in deep water,' says Wyville Thomson, 'have been enough to teach us that our knowledge of the sponges is in its infancy—that those which we have collected in the shallow water along our shores, and even those few which have been brought up from deep water on fishing lines, and have surprised us by the beauty of their forms and the delicacy of their lustre, are the mere margin and remnant of a wonderfully diversified sponge fauna, which appears to extend in one endless variety over the whole bottom of the sea.'

The great family of sponges is divided into three orders—the Silicious, the Calcareous, and the Keratose, severally named from the minerals which they secrete from the sea-water and deposit within their systems as skeletons. It is only of late years that the sponges have been permanently settled in life as animals. Johnston speaks of their position in the scale of organized beings as 'vacillating between the lowest members of the two kingdoms.'<sup>1</sup> Carpenter, in the *Microscope*, says: 'Although the tribe of sponges has been bandied from the animal to the vegetable kingdom, and back again, several times in succession, yet its claim to a place among the protozoa may now be considered as pretty certainly determined by the information derived from the microscopic examination of its minute structure.'<sup>2</sup> 'Some zoologists even,' says Huxley, 'have been anxious to relegate the sponges to the vegetable kingdom; but the botanists, who understood their business, have refused to have anything to do with the intruders. And the botanists were quite right, for the discov-

1 British Sponges, Johnston.

2 The Microscope, p. 336.

eries of late years have not left the slightest doubt that the sponges are animal organisms, and animal organisms, too, of a very considerable amount of complexity, if we may regard as complex a structure which results from the building up and massing together of a number of similar parts.'

'The great majority of the sponges,' the same author proceeds to say, 'form a skeleton which is composed of fibres of a horny texture, strengthened by needles or spicules of silicious or of calcareous matter; and this frame-work is so connected together as to form a kind of fibrous skeleton. This, however, is not the essential part of the animal, which is to be sought in that gelatinous substance which invests the fibres of the skeleton during life, and is traversed by canals that open upon the surface of the sponge, directly or indirectly, by many minute, and fewer large, openings.'<sup>1</sup>

The sponge-animal is almost as structureless as the *monera*. The fibres of its skeleton are clothed with a soft, gelatinous substance, in some cases possessing a consistency so slight that it will flow from the frame-work in a liquid stream when the animal is lifted out of the water. This soft, gelatinous flesh, or sarcode, as it is technically called, is held in form by innumerable little needles or spicules which penetrate it in every direction. These spicules perform the same office for the sarcode which is done for plaster by the hairs mixed through it. In the glass sponges, of which we are especially treating, the whole sarcodous mass is bound together by innumerable little filaments of the purest silica. The form most commonly found in the silicious sponge (which, indeed, is characteristic of this order), is the hexaradiate. Though the type is generally followed, the variety is infinite. The general typical form may be roughly described as three silicious needles crossing each other at right-angles. Sometimes they mutually bisect each other; generally in those where the needles are not equally divided, two upon the same place bisect each other; while the third has one end long and the other so short as to be rudimentary. The form is then not unlike a tack with an X-shaped head, the junction of the rays being marked by a

<sup>1</sup> Huxley. *Elements of Comparative Anatomy.* p. 12.

knob. The long, glassy spine of this spicule penetrates the sarcode, while the cross-arms of the head spread themselves upon the surface of the sarcode and restrain it from flowing away. Each spicule, though it looks like the purest glass, under microscopic power is most elaborately formed. It is composed of a number of concentric layers of silica and intervening films of transparent sarcode, with a sarcodous axis in the centre. Every form which could help to bind together the jelly-like sarcode is to be found in some variety of sponge: arrows with feathery stems, anchors with flukes at both ends, stems surmounted at either end with a crown of falling leaves, Neptune's trident, and curved hooks, stars, and rosettes, pins with heads, and swords with hilts, and wonderful intricate shapes too delicate and complex to be described. One of these, which is common to the most beautiful of the glass sponges—the *Euplectella*—looks like six exquisite morning-glories, in pure glass, springing from one centre.

Out of all this variety no confusion grows; the general adherence to the characteristic type gives to the texture of some of these creatures' skeletons an exquisite regularity and mathematical precision, which is relieved by the graceful forms and elaborate ornamentations with which it is associated. The glass-sponges, formerly known, did not possess skeletons of pure silica. The skeleton was often of the fibrous texture of the common sponge; upon this the filaments of glass set themselves at right-angles. One curious parasitical sponge, not possessing either a keratose or silicious skeleton of its own, covers and appropriates a small fibrous fucus, using the vegetable stalks for that purpose, and setting its own minute spicules at right-angles to the vegetable stalks as comfortably as though it were a skeleton of its own manufacture. In sponges which are not habitually parasitical the spicules erect themselves upon any foreign body which is introduced into their substance.

The varieties to be found in a single sponge are calculated to inspire a feeling of wonder. There are spicules forming the skeleton; spicules retentive, prehensile, and defensive; spicules of the sarcode, and spicules quite outside the fleshy

substance, called anchoring filaments; spicules of the developed animal, of the gemmules, and of the ovaries; and each of the form best suited to its specific purpose.

The sarcode, which, as we have before said, is the living flesh of the animal—the part in which its vitality resides—possesses no permanent organs; its whole substance is penetrated by orifices and canals through which a stream of sea water is continually flowing. The inhalent orifices open anywhere, when they are needed, and then close again as soon as their duty is performed, leaving no sign of their existence. The exhalent orifices, or *oscula*, are more apt to be permanent. The sarcode was, for many years, thought to be merely a granular animal jelly; but, of late, the microscope has helped us to a better knowledge of its structure. The granules, under increasing powers of the microscope, reveal themselves as cells of animal jelly immersed in a gelatinous substance, from which they can with difficulty be distinguished. Each of these little amoeba-like creatures is possessed of a single lash, which is forever in motion. It is by means of the synchronous motion of these lashes that a current of water is kept continually flowing through the body of the sponge. Grant, who made some of the most valuable observations on record upon sponge-life, watched with the utmost care the action of the creature: he observed that a constant, gentle current of sea-water circulated through its whole sarcodous mass, which seemed to be the result of involuntary action. This, he had reason to believe, was respiration, and that by the process the oxygen necessary to life was supplied, and the carbonic acid rejected. Occasionally, the gentle inhalent action was superseded by an apparently voluntary and more vigorous imbibation of the water. The sea-water was carefully analyzed, both before and after its circulation through the sarcode. Before it was drawn in by the intermittent action of the sponge it was found to be loaded with organic matter in solution; after it was exhaled it held only collapsed and effete particles, from which all nourishment had been extracted. This was evidently the feeding process.

‘We must not,’ says Huxley, ‘compare this system of aper-

tures and canals to so many mouths and intestines, but the sponge represents a kind of sub-aqueous city, where the people are arranged about the streets and roads in such a manner that each can easily appropriate his food from the water as it passes along.' Sponge-life is social rather than individual. One curious evidence of this fact is to be found in the sensitiveness of the whole mass to a general disturbance, and its indifference to the severance of a portion. Any shock which jars the whole skeleton is communicated to every member of the community, but quietly removing a portion of the sarcode seems to produce no effect. An attack upon the social life causes an outburst of public spirit, but there appears to be no objection to a peaceable secession.

During the circulation of sea water through the internal canals and cavities of the sarcode, not only are the gases, liquids, and organic matter necessary for the support of life extracted from it, but also the mineral ingredients requisite for the building up of its skeleton. These little chemists of the sea appropriate, with a discrimination and skill which is never at fault, just the mineral it needs for the elaboration of its own frame-work. One variety, rejecting all else, appropriates the horny matter existing in imperceptible quantities in the sea-water, and builds up the clumsy, club-shaped masses of the toilette sponge; another selects the carbonate of lime, and with it forms the delicate spicules of the calcareous sponges; a third seeks out the minute particles of suspended silica, and with them builds its exquisite crystal palace.

Beautiful as many of the calcareous sponges are, they cannot at all equal the exquisite delicacy of the silicious or glass sponges, whose habitation is the deep, still waters of mid-ocean, and which have been known only since the deep waters have been searched. All the wonders of branching coral and leafy coralline, all the beauties of the gorgeous and wide-spreading gorgonia and the curious reticulated curvings of meandrina, all the pearl and rose of sea shell and the spreading glories of the glowing algæ, sink into significance before the fairy-like, crystalline texture and perfect proportions of *Euplectella*, and the veiled loveliness of *Rossella velata*. When we look at the

wonderful texture and opalline tints, the perfect harmony of proportion and delicate execution of design, we wonder, not that such a lowly life should rear to itself such a monument, but how any life, no matter how complex, could elaborate such beauty.

The first glass sponge which came into the possession of a European naturalist, so far as is known, was brought from Japan by Von Siebold. This was called *Hyalonema Sieboldii*, or, popularly, the glass-rope sponge of Japan. It consists of a twisted coil of coarse glass hairs, about eight or ten inches in length. Encircling the upper portion of the coil is a cup-shaped, tufted sponge of a buff color; below this, for some inches, the coil is enclosed in what looks like an embossed leather sheath; at the lower end the coil is untwisted, and has the appearance of being frayed out. This combination differed so widely from any known organism, that it was looked at with suspicion, especially as it came from the Japanese. 'Anything very strange coming from Japan is to be regarded with distrust,' says Wyville Thomson; 'the Japanese are wonderfully ingenious, and one favorite aim of their misdirected energy is the fabrication of impossible monsters by the curious combination of the parts of different animals. It was, therefore, quite possible that the whole thing might be an imposition—that some beautiful spicules, separated from an unknown organism, had been twisted into a wisp by the Japanese, and then manipulated so as to have their fibres naturally bound together by the sponges and zoophytes which are doubtless rapidly developed in the Mongolian rock-pools.' *Hyalonema*, therefore, attracted much less attention than would have been the case if its genuineness had been certain. Some years after a number of specimens were obtained from the shark-fishers of Setubal Bay, which were evidently allied to the glass-rope sponge of Japan. From that day the search has been prosecuted with eagerness, and rich harvests have rewarded the toil of the deep-sea dredgers.

The *Holtema* (or sea-neats of the Setubal shark-fishers) is also dredged off the coast of Portugal. It is an oval or sphere in form, with one large oscular opening in the top, from which

a cup-like depression goes down into the body of the sponge. The outer surface of the oval, and the lining wall of the cup, are covered and held in form by the beautiful network of glass spicules. Between these two layers is the sarcode, still further supported by minute spicules of silica, which penetrate it in every direction. The investing network of the surface is formed of large spicules of the hexaradiate type. 'The silicious rays of one star,' says Wyville Thomson, 'curve toward and meet the rays of the neighboring stars, and run parallel with them. All the rays of the spicules are thickly invested with consistent semi-transparent gelatinous matter, which binds their concurrent branches together by an elastic union, and fills up the angle of the meshes with softly-curved viscous masses. This arrangement of the spicules, free, and yet adhering together by long elastic connections, produces a long, flexible and very extensible tissue. The cylindrical, oscular cavity within the sponge is lined with nearly the same kind of network. When the sponge is living, the interstices of the silicious network are filled up, both outside and in, with a delicate fenestrated membrane formed of a glairy substance like white of egg, which is constantly moving, extending or contracting the fenestræ, and gliding over the surface of the spicules. This sarcode, which is the living flesh of the sponge, contains, distributed through it, an infinite number of very minute spicules, presenting the most singular and elegant forms, very characteristic of each species of sponge. A constant current of water, carried along by the action of cilia, passes in by the apertures in the outer wall, courses through the passages in the loose texture of the intermediate sponge-substance, carrying organic matter in solution and particles of nourishment into all its interstices, and finally passes out by the large osculum in the top. Over the upper third of the sponge a multitude of rigid silicious spicules form a radiating frill, and from the lower third a perfect maze of delicate, glassy filaments, like fine white hair, spread out in all directions, penetrating the semi-fluid mud, and supporting the sponge in its precarious bed by increasing its surface indefinitely, while adding but little to its weight.'

These mooring threads, or anchoring filaments, seem to be a characteristic of all the purely silicious sponges. *Hyalonema* buries in the mud the frayed out end of its strong coil of glass hair, and spreads them out beneath the surface. A curious little sponge, found in the North Atlantic, anchors itself by spreading its base into a flat circular cake under the mud. Each one of this family of sponges possesses this power of anchoring itself at will. Many of them have this beard of delicate hair, barbed and flecked at the ends, to hold them firmly in the bottom ooze.

The two sponges which bear off the palm for exquisite beauty and proportion, remain to be described—the *Rossella velata* and *Euplectella speciosa*. The former is very much like the *Holtema*. Its body, of a symmetrical oval shape, is composed of a beautiful network of glass spicules invested by the sarcode. The chief beauty of this sponge is due to a fine lacy texture of spicules, which stand out from the surface of the sponge (a centimetre from the body), and produces the effect of an exquisite veil of lace thrown over it. The surface beneath the veil is formed of a network of five-rayed spicules, which give to it a regular reticulated appearance. From the lower portion of the body tufts of glass hair curve downward; here and there among these anchoring filaments is one terminating in a quadrate barb, which holds the sponge more securely in the shifting mud at the sea-bottom. Imagine a pine-apple brantling its crowning tufts of leaves and cone, woven of fine-spun glass, the interstices of which are filled with transparent jelly, veiling its exquisite beauty with a filmy texture of the most delicate-spun glass, and sending down from the lower portion of its surface graceful tufts of glass hair, and you will have a very fair idea of the *Rossella velata*.

These specimens cannot be preserved in so perfect a condition as the vase-like form of the *Aphro callistes* and *Euplectella*. The spicules in *Holtema* and *Rossella* are held in place by the sarcode; when that is gone the skeletons cannot retain their shape. The *Euplectella* has been found only in the waters of the Pacific, and so does not come as a result of the work done by the crew of the 'Lightning' and the 'Porcupine,'

though it is found in what might be called deep water. Of all the sponges, whose frame-work is one continuous silicious network, the *Euplectella* is the most wonderful and beautiful. It is hard to write of it without running into raptures. It is a graceful, curving cornucopia, woven from the softest, most lustrous filaments of spun glass, into regular meshes, square in their general effect, but every angle rounded by the weaving and interweaving of other delicate fibres. Added to all this regular beauty, heightening and softening it all, there is a curious little flower of the same lace-like texture, which follows no regular line, but covers the vase from its rounded base to its exquisite lid with its erratic wanderings. The square-meshed texture shows clear and precise through the wayward loveliness of the tiny frill. The cornucopia is covered with a fretted lid of closer texture than the body of the sponge, and round its smaller end is set an enclosing tuft of anchoring filaments, curving round the end and pointing upward on every side. Embedded in this tuft of lustrous hair are often to be seen tiny shells and bits of sea-weed, too closely clasped to be disengaged.

No description can give an idea of the grace and beauty of this wonder of the deep sea. The glass is not transparent, as might be imagined from the fact that the spicules are pure silica, but are of the purest and most lustrous white, giving an opalescent play of color in bright sunlight. No familiar object gives so correct an idea of its texture as the finer specimens of skeleton flowers, and they are wanting in the lustre and evanescent tinting of our beautiful *Euplectella Speciosa*, rightly named 'The beautiful weaver.' No chemical, we had almost said no physical, difference has ever been detected between the animals of the different varieties of sponges. The distinction is so slight that it amounts to almost nothing. Some varieties have more sarcode than others, and it is somewhat more dense and granular in its character; but beyond this no difference has been observed. What is it, then, 'that maketh them to differ'? By some subtle law of their being—a law unknown, and possibly unknowable—each little portion of sarcode, separated from the

parent mass, takes up from the sea-water just its own appropriate material, and builds for itself a frame identical with that from which it came.

Far away from warmth and light, under conditions too rigid to permit the growth of the simplest sea-weed, lies this great reservoir of animal life. We see a vitality capable of accepting and assimilating the organic matter presented to it, and of rejecting those portions not calculated to nourish its life. We see a power able to receive the gases permeating the sea-water, appropriating the life-sustaining oxygen, and throwing out the useless product of animal combustion. All of these functions are performed by an apparently structureless mass of nitrogen or jelly. Not only so, but it is these very creatures who rear the most exquisitely delicate structures that, perhaps, we find in all Nature. How could the present philosophy want a simpler statement of the problem of vitality, which, according to it, is so soon to yield to the increasing powers of the microscope and the more refined tests of the laboratory? Each new discovery pushes the mystery one step farther back, but there it remains as unsolved, and apparently as insoluble, as ever. The mode in which the vital principle works becomes clearer, but the mystery of life never seemed so insoluble as it seems now. How is it that the low and simple life, which 'vacillates between the lowest members of the two organic kingdoms,' should contain within it some subtle force which enables it to appropriate from the ocean water particles inconceivably small, and to rear from it structures so wonderfully beautiful? What is the secret which sets at defiance the clearest eye, armed with the highest powers of the microscope? Where lies the analytic power which leaves the practical skill of the chemist in the far distance behind it?

The only explanation given by Professor Huxley, the great apostle of the physical theory of life, is that, in the matter resides some quality which enables it so to guide the physical forces as to produce certain invariable results. In his own words, 'that this particle of jelly is capable of combining physical forces in such a manner as to give rise to these exquisite and almost mathematically-arranged structures—being

itself structureless and without permanent distinction or separation of parts—is, to my mind, a fact of the profoundest significance.<sup>1</sup> These are Prof. Huxley's facts, and this is the theory which he deduced from them! Although it is, in the eyes of the new philosophy, an absurdity to suppose a rational mind, outside of matter, acting upon it, and endowing it with a power of voluntary action of its own, it sees no absurdity in lifting up this 'jelly'—this protoplasm—as the creator of the universe. This lowest form of life is, according to Huxley, the initial force which set in motion the mighty machinery of life. The power which he denies to God he assigns to 'this particle of jelly.' With some of the lights of this new philosophy it is force which guides matter; with others it is matter that guides force; but with all God is practically exiled from the world which he has made. They claim triumphantly, because they catch occasionally a glimpse of *how* he is working, that he does not work at all. They deify the method by which he accomplishes his ends, and leave him out of the scheme of the universe altogether.

There is not one discovery which science can make that is not a new star in the crown of the Almighty Giver of life. The very orderly sequence of the physical cosmos is necessarily so because the mind that planned it and fashioned it is at one with itself. God works by law because there is, in the Divine nature, no recess where anarchy can reign, and his universe is the expression of himself.

- ART. III.—1. *The Museum of Science and Art.*** By Dionysius Lardner, D. C. L. London: Walton & Maberly. 1854.
2. *Chefs-D'Œuvre of the Industrial Arts.* By Philippe Burty. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1869.
3. *A Manual of Pottery and Porcelain.* By John H. Treadwell. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1872.

There is no art which illustrates more truly the taste of a nation, and its progress in civilization, than that which is now

1 Elements of Comparative Anatomy. p. 11.

called the *Ceramic*. The Greek vases alone are sufficient proofs of the elegance and refinement of a people who worshipped the beautiful in every form and shape; they are models of symmetry, decorated with paintings which are art-studies, increasing in meaning and taste with the progress of the nation.

The Polish numismatist, Lelewel, wrote to a friend: 'The light thrown by art upon pottery of the commonest kind may be as serviceable as language itself in promoting our knowledge of the origin of races, their military expeditions, and commercial relations.' Is it not true that, in the discoveries that have recently been made, there dwells a dramatic interest more vivid than could be given by cold and lifeless words? There is a mysterious antiquity in some of these fragments of pottery which fills the heart with emotion. The silence of ages is bridged over, the dead are evoked from their ashes, and hand down to us, comparatively intact, specimens of art, almost as fresh as when they left the maker's hand thousands of years ago. Philippe Burtry describes a piece of patriarchal pottery which he examined with great interest. 'It is a little pot of grayish earth,' he says, 'covered with a black coating; the vertical sides of it must have been shaped by the hand, and not by the wheel, for they bear striated traces of the pressure of a human finger. This pot has been baked by fire, and not simply by the heat of the sun, for it was found (not indeed alone) in a great peat bog in the department of the Aisne, at Saint Simon; and had it not been subjected to the passage of fire, which renders clay indissoluble, it must have been dissolved by the moisture of the soil like a soft paste. It was found amidst the remains of animals, one of which, the *castor fiber*, is extinct; the other bones belonged to the stag, the otter, the roebuck, the pike, and the curlew. From the co-existence of these bones, with the pottery found amongst them, we may assume the establishment of a stationary population of hunters and fishers.' What is it that we have? Only a fragment of pottery. Yet scenes, which have long ago faded away, flash up before us. We see the hand that touched it, the fisherman's meal which it adorned, and we hear the

sound of the swelling waves as they beat against the shore, while the fisher sits watching and waiting for the tide to come in. Let us not call any vehicle trivial which is endowed with the wondrous power to bring back, though but for a moment,

'The tender grace of a day that is dead.'

About a century and a half ago the journals of the day teemed with ridicule and raillery at the puerile taste of those who expended large sums of money on 'the red lions, golden dogs, and fiery dragons from China.' Time has passed, and the pungent satire of Addison has lost its power to sting. In later days Charles Lamb says: 'When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the china closet, and next for the picture gallery.' In the last ten years rapid advances have been made in the ceramic art, and the taste has been so universally diffused that about four years ago three vases brought at public auction £2,520; and, at the present time, the study of the world's fictilia is occupying the attention and talent of all Europe.

The corner-stone, on which to erect a history of ceramics, is laid in Egypt. Egyptian pottery forms a preface to the history of the people before the written record begins. The art must have been held in veneration by them, as it was customary to consecrate articles of earthenware by burying them with their dead; these specimens were often accompanied with drawings representing the processes of their workmanship. Everybody is familiar with the comparisons taken from the potter's art in the Holy Scriptures. 'Then I went down to the potter's house, and behold he wrought a work on the wheels. And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter: so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it' (Jer. xviii. 3, 4.) One of the first forms which the Egyptians gave to the clay was that of beads; these were often covered with a blue glaze, sometimes ornamented with stripes of black or white. A French author styles them the *bijouterie* of the Egyptian maidens. The first form of representation was that of the beetle, which decorated their bracelets, amulets, and rings.

The rude, sun-baked cup formed by the Egyptians bears not the faintest family likeness to the exquisite production of Sèvres, yet there is the closest kinship between them. The art has been of slow growth. The perfect grace of form, and harmony of color, in which we rejoice, are the out-growth of long lives of patient toil and absorbing thought.

Crockery ware was introduced into Greece, by the Egyptians, 1490 B. C. Greek scholars vehemently assert that their nation had priority in all the arts, and their reply to proofs brought to the contrary is, 'he is the inventor of the art who first practices it artistically.' They give grace to this assertion by relating the story of Debutades, whom they claim to be the first artistic modeller of clay. 'It is said that Debutades, a potter at Sicyon, was the first who attempted to shape images out of the earth he made his pots of; and this by means of a daughter of his, who, being in love with a young man, drew with a coal, by candle shade, on the wall, the profile of her lover's face, in order that she might always be able to contemplate his features when he was absent. Seeing this, the father filled up the outline of the said features by plastering the wall with clay, in conformity with the profile traced upon it; and having perceived that he had by this means produced a certain form, he put it to bake with his pots.' This bas-relief of Debutades was so highly esteemed 'that it was placed with the bronze statues of Corinth, and there remained till that city was destroyed by the consul Mummius.' The Greeks were so impressed by the importance of this art, that they erected statues and struck medals in honor of the first artizan in earthenware. Designs for vases were made for potters by Phidias, the immortal sculptor.

Many allusions to this art were made in poetic writings of ancient date. Homer, describing the shield of Achilles, compares a dance of figures upon it 'as having as much precision and rapidity as the wheel of a potter put in motion by his hands.' It is related, in a life of Homer, attributed to Herodotus, that the poet, when blind, was passing the celebrated potteries of Samos, and the workmen, recognizing him, begged that he would compose a poem to their art. The poet com-

plied, and wrote the verses entitled 'The Furnace,' which are still extant; in these lines the different processes of the potter's art are described with such exactness that one might well imagine the poet had visited one of the potteries of modern days. We may infer, from this incident, that in the days of Homer, nine or ten centuries before Christ, the potteries of Samos had acquired some distinction.

The Abbé Mazzola has described, with great minuteness, the position of tombs containing skeletons and vases found at different depths in excavations made in Campania. In some cases vases alone were found, but in most instances they were accompanied by skeletons. The Abbé concludes that 'the superficial stratum of fertile earth is of comparatively recent formation, and that at a remote epoch the second stratum of *terra maschia* must have been superficial. Now, as the deposition of the bodies and vases under the *terra maschia* must have preceded the commencement of the formation of the present superficial stratum of vegetable soil, and as the formation of this stratum must have occupied a long succession of ages, he argues that the vases found below the *terra maschia* must have a date long anterior to that of Homer. He adds, in support of this inference, that these vases represent scenes which have never been alluded to, or described by Homer or succeeding poets, as the combat of Neptune and Ephialtes; that these skeletons found at Nola are always buried immediately in the ground, while elsewhere, as, for example, at Avila, they are included in sepulchres; that the inscriptions on the vases are written in primitive Greek, to be read from right to left, like Hebrew and other Oriental languages; and, in fine, that the lateness of their discovery is to be explained by the fact that the strata, beneath which they were deposited, consisted of stone not used for building by the Romans, but used for that purpose in modern times.'

Pliny says that Demaratus, father of Tarquin, introduced the art of pottery into Etruria, 1050 B. C. The peculiarity of the Etruscan ware is, that the ground-work is ordinarily black, adorned with white, red, or yellow figures. Allegories and historical scenes were repeated for centuries by the potters

of Etruria, long after they had forgotten the meanings which they bore. We are compelled to admit that the range of their ideas must have been limited. To judge from the myriads of vases, cups, and funereal urns which have been discovered, the amount of work accomplished by them seems to have been almost endless.

The subject of Roman pottery has been thoroughly investigated in England. Ten or fifteen feet below every house in London may be found remnants of the domestic and artistic tastes of England's first invaders. Four or five distinct races, with their handiwork, their flora and fauna, are buried one above another, while a fresh and smiling landscape glows above the débris, and an active generation of men and women supply the place of those who have long ago become dust. The men have passed away, but these works of their hands remain. The stones and urns, with their half-effaced inscriptions, are more eloquent than the bones which lie beside them. The one tells of a dead body, the other of a living thought. Unheard elegies murmur underneath our feet, but Nature smiles above, rejoicing in perpetual youth, and lavishing her gifts of sunshine, and fragrance, and melody, as freely as she did when Time began. The earth beneath us teems with inarticulate voices waiting to be heard. Ideas and thoughts, entirely distinct from our own, are ready to reveal themselves to the magic touch of patient toil. The eager and curious English mind has not allowed the chance to escape: a society of practical geology has been formed to investigate and develop the valuable opportunities offered them. Their efforts have been eminently successful, and they have contributed much valuable information in regard to the Ceramic art as practiced by the Ancient Romans. The style of decoration is generally in relief, the subject being usually mythological. Antique Roman vases have often inscriptions upon them; sometimes the name of the artist, and again a proverb, or a simple exclamation. Portions of enamelled floorings or pavements are constantly found wherever any Roman remains are discovered. Burty says: 'Their ambition was always to be walking on floorings blazing with color, as if decorated with the brightest

garden flowers; and even at the door one was greeted with a word of welcome or of friendly warning, such as "*Vale*," or "*Cave Canem!*"

The Barbarina or Portland vase, which is the most beautiful and celebrated in the world, was discovered in the sixteenth century, in the Monte del Grano, about three miles from Rome, in a sarcophagus. It is said to have contained the ashes of Alexander Severus and his mother, Mammæa. It was removed to the Barbarina Palace, where it was called the Barbarina Vase. Afterward, it came into possession of Sir William Hamilton, who sold it to the late Duchess of Portland, and it is now called the Portland Vase. The family have deposited it in the British Museum, where it now stands, unique and beautiful, a wondrous type of the taste and art which lived, we know not when. No ordinary emotion fills the mind as we gaze upon it. It brings before us an unknown people and period as nothing else could do. Joy and awe stir the soul in mystical unity. It is as a treasure-trove out of a past of which we have never dreamed. It is much smaller than the vases by which it is surrounded, but shines in its marvellous beauty superior to them all. 'It is nine and three-quarter inches high, and twenty-one and three-quarter inches in circumference. It is composed of two bodies of vitrified paste, approaching glass, of different color, but nicely united in two distinct strata like a cameo, the outer strata of white which serves in the formation of the figures, the under strata being of deep blue, which throws forward the figures in fine relief. The whole is wrought with extreme precision, the workmanship in every part being most perfect.' The designs on the vase have been long a subject of discussion among learned men, but few have reached the same opinion. Dr. Darwin describes them as representing the Eleusinian mysteries, and this poetic rendition is now generally accepted by critics.

The Persians reached great perfection in the Ceramic art. Among the spoils of war, Pompey took home with him the famous *Vasa Morrhina*. Pliny describes them as being 'gem-like, and of exceeding brilliancy; purple and white, mingled

with the iridescent colors of the rainbow, and made from a stone found in Caramania, Persia.' Not one remains, so that we can only judge of their beauty through the medium of history.

China has been engaged longer and more steadily at the manufacture of fictile wares than any other nation in the world. Many striking evidences of the antiquity of the potter's art in China have been supplied by the discoveries of Rossellini, Wilkinson, and others, who found Chinese vases with inscriptions in the tombs at Thebes. Prof. Rossellini found 'a small vase of Chinese porcelain with a painting of a flower on one side, and on the other Chinese characters not differing much from those used at the present day. The tomb was of the time of the Pharaohs, a little later than the eighteenth dynasty.'

In the gradation of Ceramic art, porcelain occupies a place between pottery and glass. Although comparatively a modern art among Christian nations, it had been understood in the Orient for thousands of years; but, with singular selfishness, they refused to transmit to other nations the secret of its manufacture. There is so much obscurity and doubt enveloping Chinese tradition that it is very difficult to arrive at any authentic statement of its origin.

The first Arabian geographers who mention China affirm that in this empire 'there is no art more esteemed than that of the potter and the designers of landscapes on porcelain. They fill the markets of India, Persia, and Arabia with transparent earthen vases of incomparable beauty, and several millions of men have, from time immemorial, had no other occupation or glory than the manufacture of porcelain. Japan even surpasses the Chinese in a varnish which is called *Lake*. This varnish exudes from a tree, the bark of which is split in the spring, and of which the sap is collected in small shells. It is afterward dried on cotton sieves, pressed between heavy stones, and mixed with purified oil. It is then rubbed and polished until it becomes as brilliant as crystal. On this varnish, when solid, gold figures or flowers are painted, and the picture is then covered with another transparent and fire-proof coating.'

In Egyptian tombs curious little bottles have been found, adorned with Chinese characters and signs, and Chinese scholars affirm that these inscriptions show their origin to have been about the years 33 and 43 B. C. The porcelain tower of Nankin has been described and illustrated in most of our geographies. It was begun by King A-you, in 833 B. C., but was not completed until A. D. 1481. It was entirely destroyed during the Taeping rebellion; and of this work of art, which was once the pride and joy of the imperial city *Nan-king*, not a fragment remains.

One of the images often seen on Chinese porcelain is a very corpulent figure, resembling our representations of St. Nicholas, which represents the Chinese god of porcelain, named Pou-sa. The tradition asserts that he was watching his furnace, which contained some precious pieces of ware, and finding that the articles must be destroyed if the action of the heat continued so irregular, he threw himself into the flames to prevent the catastrophe. His life was sacrificed, but perfect specimens of porcelain were produced. He passed through the fire, but he is now enjoying his palmy days, for his fat image ever laughs at us from our fans, and kisses us in our tea-cups.

Burty says: 'There are Chinese figures as pure as the purest of those bequeathed to us by the Greeks, notably such as are of the extreme antique period. If, occasionally, they distress us, the fault lies in our classical education, which has armed us against every manifestation of life, color, and movement; at any rate, we are bound to render them this justice, that, even in their commonest productions, they excel by far the imitation of the Greek and Latin types which the Western nations repeat so laboriously. . . . We are not desirous of pushing beyond just limits our admiration of a people separated from us by so many points of origin, antiquity, philosophy, and climate. The Chinese have a tendency toward the monstrous and the distorted, which the colder, more critical European finds distasteful. What pleases them best is the broken outline; they are delighted by the curved line; their doors and their windows are round; the angle of the ten roofs cap-

ping the famous Tower of Porcelain, which the rebels destroyed some time since, is curved like the nail of the little finger of a first-class lettered mandarin. One would absolutely expect their architects to cavil in Paris at the cold and heavy outlines of the Madeleine.'

Father Entrecolles, who resided in King-Te-Tschim, the emporium of the great porcelain works, in 1712, says that at that time there were three thousand ovens in operation, and that at night the town had the appearance of a huge furnace with many chimneys. The earth employed is of two kinds—kaolin and petung-tse. The Chinese attribute the strength of china to the kaolin; they call it the *nerve* of porcelain, and when they heard of the various attempts of European potters to make porcelain of petung-tse, or feldspar alone, they said that 'they might as well attempt to make a body of flesh without bones.'

Although Chinese ware is expensive now, the prices fall far short of those formerly paid. The Chinese annals tell us of days when a single urn brought ninety or a hundred crowns. One reason of the extravagant prices of this porcelain, beside the profit of the European or American merchant and the factor in China, is, that it often happens that an oven full of porcelain is spoiled in the baking, and when it is opened, instead of fine ware, both the porcelain and the coffins are melted into a formless mass.

Japanese ware resembles the Chinese in some respects, but in others it is entirely different. 'The red painted ware is only made at one factory, which possesses the secret of preparing this and other enamel colors, as well as silver and gold. The process is not allowed to be divulged. The blue porcelain of Japan differs from that of Nankin. The blue designs upon the latter appear upon the surface of the glaze, whereas those upon the former seem absorbed in the paste under the glaze. This is owing to the more vitreous composition of the Nankin glaze.' Mr. Marryatt refers to the characteristic features of Japanese decoration in the following manner: "The

1 *Paulownia imperialis*; the imperial flower of Japan; stem bare and branching at the top; each branch terminates in a spike of large flowers similar to the lilac or fox-glove.

paulownia, the fir, bamboo, and begonia are among the principal flowers. Sometimes the fir, bamboo, crane, and tortoise, all symbols of longevity, are grouped upon the same piece. These are unmistakable signs of Japanese porcelain, as are also the armorial insignia of emperors, and the dragon with three claws. Statuettes of civilians in splendid costume, adorned with kirimon, guik-mon, or branches of the imperial tree; and vases with feet, handles, or knobs, formed of little figures, are also especially of Japanese workmanship.'

Oriental porcelain had long been admired for its superior quality throughout Europe; but the secret of its perfection remained a mystery. Men were employed to search for information throughout the Celestial Kingdom, but they were never gratified. The Chinese, with ready dissimulation, made fair promises, but kept their secret all the same. The different attempts made to discover it, and the repeated failures, would form material for another 'Comedy of Errors.' Strange to say, chance accomplished an end which investigation and genius failed to win. While all searchers for the secret were disappointed, as if by a whim of fate, the mystery was solved by one whose labors were directed to another discovery. During the Electorate of Augustus II over Saxony (1694 to 1733), the study of alchemy became so much the fashion that a law against its practice was passed in Germany. John Frederick Böttcher, an apothecary's boy at Berlin, was suspected of being an alchemist, and, knowing his danger, fled to Saxony. His name and crime, however, preceded him, and, on his arrival, he was arrested and taken before Augustus, who placed him in the custody of Tschirnhaus, an alchemist, then endeavoring to discover the *elixir vitae*. Augustus had heard that Böttcher possessed the secret of making gold, and was, doubtless, not unwilling to obtain his assistance in replenishing the royal treasury. Böttcher was at this time nineteen years of age, and began to work diligently, his aim being to find the philosopher's stone.

During the progress of some of his experiments, on taking his crucibles from the furnace, he found in them a substance resembling Oriental porcelain. Tschirnhaus at once appre-

ciated the value of the discovery, and joined Böttcher in continuing his investigations. For six years they labored on patiently and enthusiastically to accomplish their end. Days and nights were employed in constant work, but poor Tschirnhaus was called from his patient watches just one day before their labors were crowned with success. Böttcher was left to toil alone; he missed the encouraging voice and the well-known step, but he wasted no moments in fruitless regrets. On the day after Tschirnhaus' death, and after five days and nights of constant watching, without a moment's rest, he drew from the furnace a porcelain tea-pot. The date of this event is 1708, and marks the birth of porcelain in the civilized Occident.

This success was very far inferior to the Oriental porcelain, being of a light chocolate color, without glazing. Three years after, he achieved the triumph of white porcelain. The material which Böttcher used in this manufacture was again the result of chance. A man was one day riding on horseback, and noticed a peculiar white clay, which adhered to his horse's feet, somewhat impeding his movements. Hair powder being then in vogue, the rider, John Schnorr, determined to take some of the earth to a dealer in such commodities and dispose of it. The powder proved a success, and Böttcher was among those who used it. Observing its weight and quality, he immediately began experimenting with it at the Meissen porcelain works. It was with this clay that he produced the white porcelain. He soon obtained it in large quantities, men being employed to bring it to the manufactory under an oath of secrecy. It was known as *Schnörrische weisse Erde*—white Schnorr-ische earth.

The fame and success of Böttcher soon became wide-spread, ‘exciting the envy of all nations.’ He had attained a veritable triumph. The next thing to be done was to erect the bulwark of secrecy around the new discovery. The workmen of Meissen became prisoners, and were subject to a penalty of solitary confinement for life if they divulged the methods used in the manufacture of the precious ware. In sight of every workman was posted the warning, ‘Be secret until death.’ So late

as the year 1812 Napoleon sent M. Brogniart, the director of the royal manufactory of Sèvres, to inspect the porcelain works of Germany, and he visited, among others, those of Meissen. Even at that time the same vigorous rules were observed. The King of Saxony allowed the Sèvres director to inspect the works, but, before doing so, he was obliged to absolve M. Kuhn, the Meissen director, from his oath, but only as it related to M. Brogniart, individually he refused admittance to the friend who accompanied him.

Böttcher was one of those to whom success is more deadly than defeat. His elevation ruined him. He fell into dissipated habits, and died in 1719, at the early age of thirty-five.

Bowls or cups of porcelain were believed, at that period, to indicate the presence of poison. Learned doctors of medicine attributed to the ware this magical property. 'This fact is satisfactorily proved,' wrote a commentator on Panciroli, in a letter to Simon Simonius, physician to Maximilian, Archduke of Austria: a piece of porcelain accompanied the letter. 'They found it,' he says, 'among the treasures of the Pasha of Buda, now a prisoner at Vienna. It is in these kind of vases that the Turks drink water (*sorbets*) and take their soup, for it is believed that a sudden clouding of the transparency indicates the presence of poison. I would not exchange it for a vase in silver of equal weight, for I believe the substance to be pure and undebased: I have the guarantee for its excellence, in the fact that a chief so powerful as the Pasha has thought fit to make use of it.'

Such was the estimation in which porcelain was held in that century that it is not surprising to find the German nation elated with joy when Böttcher's efforts were crowned with success. His successors in the art turned out marvels of beauty and elegance, and Germany was at that period the workshop of all Europe. We are told that many of the original moulds of Meissen and Dresden still remain. At the sale of the Bernal collection, a few years ago, a pair of candelabra of Dresden porcelain was bought by the Marquis of Bath for £251.

In classic Italy and romantic France the products of the industrial arts are elevated into objects of ornament and beauty, but practical Germany is more wordly-wise ; indeed, the giant growth which she has attained of late years is owing chiefly to her wonderful capacity for work. Her appetite for work, however, in the useful arts at least, is mainly governed by the spirit of utility. This motive has given a coloring to every branch of industry ; and we find that her pottery, obedient to the ruling spirit of the nation, is made mostly subservient to the purposes of daily life. Mr. Treadwell thinks that the convivial nature of the Germans has exerted an influence over their pottery, as no other nation has produced so many pots, mugs, canettes, and jugs. ‘If we are to judge of the capacity of the German stomach,’ he says, ‘by some of these jugs, we can easily find a reason why the ware of these forms was so exceedingly popular. Upon the Rhine they were termed “bearded jugs,” or “bearded men” (Barmanekes), for the reason that all of them were ornamented by at least one head of a man, with a flowing beard in relief.’

According to Haydn, the people of Holland were occupied in the manufacture of pottery as early as 1310. Evelyn mentions, in his diary, a chime of bells at Delft, of a delicate ware, made in imitation of Oriental porcelain. In England Delft was called ‘the parent of pottery.’ Such enormous quantities of the ware were sent to England that the name of Delft was given to every piece of opaque fictile ware, and the price paid for it was so small that it was found in the humblest household. In Holland tile-work was very extensively used ; it was mostly decorated with Scriptural subjects, so that a Dutch mantle has been compared to a family Bible.

In Spain we find that the Moors introduced splendid specimens of the art in the Alhambra. The most remarkable example now in existence is the famous Alhambra vase, which exhibits that peculiar iridescent lustre, so interesting now, as being one of the lost arts. Imitations of this decoration were exhibited at the Paris Exposition, but they fell very far short of being a success. ‘The Alhambra vase is of earthenware,

the ground is white, and ornaments of blue in two shades, or of a prismatic copper color, are clearly delineated on it. In the middle of these interlaced knots are Arabic characters, ornaments in themselves; above is an elegant inscription, running all around, and signifying an exclamation to the glory of God; in the middle of a painted medallion, like a Moorish arcade, are two large antelopes advancing to meet one another. No jewelry can exceed the brilliancy and freshness of this piece of workmanship. It is said, by tradition, to have been found in the sixteenth century, full of gold pieces, together with several others that have been either broken or stolen.'

The Pisans carried specimens of Majolica into Italy in 1115. The Italians were delighted with the ware, and introduced it into their churches; but the seed thus planted needed something more than the genial soil and glowing sky of the sunny land to cause it to grow and bloom into beauty. Like the princess, in the fairy story, it slept for two hundred years, when, at last, the genius came who waked the slumbering art by the magic of his touch. Luca Della Robbia was born at Florence about A. D. 1400. To the Arabian art which had floated into Italy he imparted so much of his own individuality that it was at first thought an original triumph. Little is known of the man personally, but his success is wide-spread. His hand had attained the power to work out his exquisite thoughts, and although this perfection of taste and touch flashed suddenly upon Italy, the artist must have spent years of patient toil before he attained it. Rome was not built in a day. An art, which is to glow forever

'On the stretched forefinger of all time,'

has acquired its symmetry of form and its lustrous sparkle, not only by the divinity of genius, but by the divinity of grinding work.

There is an example of Luca Della Robbia's work in the Louvre, 'The Virgin and St. John the Baptist worshipping the Infant Jesus in the Manger.' Burty says that the remarkable quality of this enamel is, 'that although from its transparency it betrays the red clay underneath, it assumes the

appearance of yellow ivory. This is the incontestable mark of the authenticated works of the artist, which are very rare.'

Majolica ware always received the support and was under the protection of the Italian nobility, who maintained a jealous care over its manufacture, transferring it from one noble family to another. There are some very curious and interesting specimens of Majolica, called *amatorii*, or love plates, which bore the portraits of the maidens to whom they were presented, with appropriate inscriptions; on one is a heart pierced with a sword or arrow, gently simmering over a burning flame, and bedewed with tears falling from two eyes above; one has upon it a picture of a lady teaching a child to read, with the inscription, *Virtus in atione consiste*. Passeri tells of a plate on which, he says, 'we read the name of Philomele, through which, acting from indifference or pique, the young lady seems to have pierced a hole, and converted it into a mouse trap.'

It was very fashionable to present services of this ware as bridal presents. A curious invalid service is described as consisting of five pieces, neatly fitting into one another, so as to form a vase. Taken apart, there is a soup basin, a plate, cup, salt-cellars, and cover. The most celebrated Italian productions are those of Gubbio, Urbino, Pesaro, and Caffagiola. The two former are elevated by decorations from designs made by two great artists—Maestro Giorgio Andreoli at Gubbio, and Raffaelle at Urbino. Francesca Xanto Avelli was the great master who carried the designs of Raffaelle to Urbino. The Majolica made, used, and destroyed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is almost incredible. Feasts were given, after which the faience on which it was served was destroyed. At every grand entertainment a fresh service was as indispensable as fresh viands.

'Pierre de l'Estoile relates that in 1580, after a dinner given by Cardinal de Biraque to Henry III, there were two large tables covered with eleven or twelve hundred pieces of faience, full of dried fruits, sugar-plums, and confects of all kinds, built up into castles, pyramids, platforms, and other magnificent

fashions, most of which were thrown down and broken in pieces by the pages and servants of the court, who were of a wanton and insolent nature. And great was the loss, for the service was excellently beautiful.'

The art of Majolica reached its greatest perfection in the sixteenth century. It was to Luca della Robbia that Florence and Faenza, from which last town the French word '*Faience*' is derived, owed their celebrity. Lamartine says: 'Painting soon took possession of his enamel as of imperishable canvas, and the pictures of the great masters were copied, fired, and made everlasting on these disks of porcelain. Sculpture endeavored to rival its sister art, and grouped its statuettes and bas-reliefs round the vases, cups, ewers, and plates of baked earthenware.' The beautiful art, which had been made Italian by the genius of Luca della Robbia, looked across the blue Mediterranean, and saw the glow of a steady light on the shores of France beckoning her thither. It was the light of the genius of Bernard de Palissy.

There is no positive proof of the birthplace of Palissy, nor of the date of his birth. He was supposed to have been born at Saintonge, in the year 1510. He was an untaught boy, who worked in an earthenware manufactory, with no means of instruction, and surrounded by companions as ignorant as himself. The first lessons of poetry and beauty which he learned were through the stained-glass windows of the village church. The magic light which flashed through them penetrated his soul with its blazing hues, and found there a passionate response to each exquisite color. From that moment he abandoned his old employment, and apprenticed himself to some workmen in glass. He devoted every day, and many hours of the night, in improving himself in his new occupation, and his wages were spent in buying books which might give him information on the subject. The sight of a beautifully enamelled china cup turned the attention of Palissy to the discovery of the art of enamel. When he began his investigations he was too poor to obtain even the simplest instruments to aid him in his experiments, besides needing even

the necessities of life. But with all these discouragements he began.

Men endowed with genius are ever ready to toil unceasingly to attain the desired goal. One object is of paramount interest, and they throw themselves into the pursuit heart and soul. But Bernard de Palissy went beyond this. His temporal welfare, his whole being, was submerged in this absorbing scheme. His martyrdom of self was complete. The genius within completely outmastered the bodily man. The routine of daily life was forgotten. The household economy became more penurious than ever. The bread-money went for wood to feed his little furnace. He had made a sorry marriage at the outset, and now, when his fortunes became so dark, beloved faces grew stormy too. His wife turned against him; his friends failed to recognize him; the boys jeered at him. Let us listen to some of his own plaintive words: ‘I was all night at the mercy of the wind and rain,’ he says, ‘without having succor, help, or consolation, unless from the owls screeching on one side, and the dogs howling on the other. Sometimes there arose storms and tempests which blew in such manner up and down my furnaces that I was obliged to leave them altogether, with loss of my labor. And it has happened to me several times, that having left my work, and having nothing dry about me, on account of the rain which had fallen, I would go staggering about without a light, and tumbling from side to side, like one drunk with wine, full of great sorrow, inasmuch as, having been long at work, I saw my labor lost. Now, going to bed thus dirty and wet, I found in my room a persecution worse than the first, which now makes me wonder that I did not die of vexation.’

Added to these discouragements, Palissy belonged to a proscribed sect; he was a Huguenot by birth and belief, and he alternately preached, and prayed, and worked. Before such a spirit failure shrank abashed, and he won success for time and for eternity. Palissy’s discovery of the long-sought enamel occurred at the same time with the persecution of the Huguenots, and, after years of successful labor, we come to the last,

the saddest, and grandest part of his life. His faith and work still continued to go hand in hand. He did

‘Argue not  
Against Heaven’s hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bore up, and steered  
Right onward.’

At the age of seventy-six he was thrown into prison, and it was within these walls that the moral sublimity of his character shone out as never before. Lamartine says: ‘He was then approaching those last hours of life when the voice of the soul acquires additional melancholy and solemnity, like the sounds of evening when nature puts on her veil of darkness and repose. His patron took pity on the aged man, who was about to die in his fetters, and thus change one tomb for another. King Henry III went to visit him in his prison, desiring to give him his liberty, and asking, as the price of his pardon, the easy condition of giving up his faith. “My worthy friend,” said the king, “you have now been forty-five years in the service of my mother and myself; we have suffered you to retain your religion amid fire and slaughter. I am so pressed by the Guises, and by my people, that I find myself compelled to deliver you into the hands of your enemies, and to-morrow you will be burned, unless you are converted.” The old man bowed, touched by the goodness of the king, humbled by his weakness, but inflexible in the faith of his fathers. “Sire,” he answered, “I am ready to give up the remainder of my life for the honor of my God. You have told me several times that you pity me, and now, in my turn, I pity you, who have used the words, *I am compelled*. It was not spoken like a king, sire! and they are words which neither you, nor the Guises, nor the people shall ever make me utter. *I can die!*”’

After an imprisonment of four years the poor potter joined the ‘noble army of martyrs.’ No more toil, no more sorrow, no more weariness. In that far-off land, the heavenly country, he now beholds the King in his beauty. One cannot imagine a more sublime conception than arises in the mind after a contemplation of his life, his work, and his martyrdom.

Palissy copied entirely from nature, most of the decorations being executed in relief. There are a few pieces of Palissy ware in this country—one in possession of Miss Eliza Quincy, of Boston, and another belonging to Mr. Gibson, of New York. In 1562 he constructed a grotto for the Constable Anne of Montmorency. ‘It was a large, ornamental structure, scooped out of the ground; one might descend into it to walk and cool oneself, but I imagine it was when leaning on the bulustrade that one was best able to enjoy this whimsical and brilliant picture; the walls of it were made to imitate rocks roughly hewn with a pick-axe; the arched ceiling was supported by columns and pilasters; medallions formed projections at intervals, whose busts of heroes were raised on pedestals. In the centre there was a fountain that played, and seemed to lend life and animation to a world of reptiles and fishes lying unperceived until the eye became accustomed to the semi-darkness of the spot. On the gravel, seen through the translucent water of the stream, a carp or two, and a pike, or jack, heave lazily; a snake along the edge pursues a frog, a lizard is watching a butterfly, while a tortoise drags on its weight, and amidst soft mosses and bending reeds, in the bed of the stream, you see a crab and crawfish gliding.’ A grotto similar to this is supposed to have been constructed by Palissy for Catharine de Medicis. An estimate of the building has been found, and remains of the same were discovered in 1855.

In 1839 the attention of amateurs was drawn to a superb ewer in the collection of the Baron de Monville. It became the subject of much speculation and excitement among critics, as it seemed impossible to discover its origin. A catalogue was made of every piece of the same ware which could be found, either in public or private collections. It received the name of ‘the sphinx and the phoenix of curiosity.’ After minute and careful investigations, it was proved that Helen of Hangett, who resided at her seat of Oiron, had directed and supervised the manufacture of this ware, during the eighteen years of her widowhood. ‘Bernart, her librarian, bestowed on it his talent for ornamentation, Charpentier, the potter, his neatness of touch in handling the clay, and Helen

her exquisite but somewhat sadly-toned refinement of taste.' This ware is known as the *Fayence de Oiron*, or *Henri Deux* ware; it is of the greatest rarity and value. There are in existence only sixty pieces, and most of these are in public collections in England and on the Continent. We have no specimen in this country. One small piece was disposed of at the sale of the Comte de Poutalis for £1100!

At a period when other nations were degenerating in the art, France alone continued to progress. The grand success of Palissy had kindled the spark of ambition in the souls of others, and we trace its increasing growth in the swift march of years until we come to the wares of St. Cloud. The secret of this manufacture was carefully preserved by those engaged in it for many years, until it was at length revealed by the perjury of a few workmen, who were afterward tried and discharged. In 1698 Martin Lister wrote: 'I have seen the pottery of St. Cloud, and I have not been able to find any difference between the articles produced by this establishment and the finest Chinese porcelain I have ever seen. These pieces are sold at a very high price at St. Cloud. Many crowns are asked for a single chocolate-cup.'

The powerful influence of Madame de Pompadour was used in behalf of this manufacture, and the art grew and flourished in the sunshine of royal favor. A large amount of capital was invested in it, and Marryatt thus describes their success at this time: 'Sculptors and painters of flowers and landscape vied with each other in talent; the products of St. Cloud were eagerly purchased by foreigners, and the financial condition of the manufactory was most flourishing. It was then under the direction of M. Boileau; . . . . the secret of gilding was purchased from Hippolyte; that of managing colors from Sieur Caillat, and the services of Hellot and other eminent chemists, artists, and painters were secured. Dupleassis, goldsmith to the King, composed the models, and Bachelier directed the artistic department. Gravant made the flowers which Thevenot colored.' For the work of a single day Bachelier received the enormous sum of 24,000 livres.

In 1745 the manufactory was moved to Vincennes, but the

buildings were soon found too small for the increased operations, and another removal was made in 1754 to the village of Sèvres. Soon after, the King purchased the whole of the interest, and the works have since belonged to the government. The palaces of Louis XV were adorned with gems of this porcelain, and the celebrity of the faience was greatly enhanced from the fact that a magnificent service was presented by the King to the Empress of Russia. Two L's interlaced, significant of the King's name, were decreed as its mark; on each year a separate letter of the alphabet was added to this cipher, in order to mark the date of the manufacture.

The mineral, which formed the base of the celebrated Dresden porcelain, had been kept a profound secret. It became very necessary for the French to discover it, as the Sèvres manufactory produced without it only soft paste. Paul Hannong, a citizen of Strasburg, who was proprietor of porcelain works at Hagenau, proposed to sell the secret to M. Boileau for £400 cash, and a life annuity of £480. The offer was declined, and chance, which has played so important a rôle in ceramics, imparted the secret to one who cared not for it.

Madame Darnet, the wife of a village surgeon, found in a valley near St. Yrieix, Limoges, some white earth, which she thought might be made useful for washing linen. She showed it to her husband; he immediately submitted it to a chemist who recognized it as the true kaolin. A large vein of the mineral was found at St. Yrieix. It was instantly adopted at Sèvres, and the manufacture of hard porcelain was begun in 1768. M. Brogniart relates a curious anecdote in connection with this discovery. He says that, 'in 1825, being at Sèvres, where he was still director, an aged woman addressed herself to him one day, supplicating temporary relief, and apparently suffering from extreme want. She asked for aid to enable her to return on foot to St. Yrieix, whence she had come. This woman was Madame Darnet, the discoverer of the kaolin of Limoges. The relief she sought was immediately given her; and, on the application of M. Brogniart, Louis XVIII granted her a small pension on the civil list, which she enjoyed until her death.' The most singular part of the story is, that

Villaris, the chemist, to whom the mineral was submitted for examination, received £1000 from the government for discovering the bed of kaolin.

'The two richest collections of Sèvres are those of the Marquis of Hertford, of which a fractional part was exhibited at the "Exposition Rétrospective de l'Union Centrale," and those of Queen Victoria, at Buckingham Palace. This royal collection was principally formed under the superintendence of Beau Brummel, afterward bought by George IV. In 1853 Her Most Gracious Majesty exhibited sixty-six pieces, for the edification of the decorative artists, at Marlborough House.'

Through all the bloody scenes which France has witnessed, the marvellous productions of Sèvres have remained unharmed, until the last unhappy Franco-German war, when the infuriated mob, bent on destroying everything which bore the royal insignia, included in their wild fury the Sèvres buildings.

The middle age of England was very deficient in pottery making. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth vessels of pottery were in little use, ordinary domestic utensils being made of silver, leather, pewter, or wood. Flanders first gave England the stimulus which it required, by sending over workmen who established what afterward became the 'great pottery mart of Staffordshire.'

Josiah Wedgwood may be called the father of English pottery. He was born at Burslem, in Staffordshire, in July, 1730, and was the youngest son of a potter. When very young he was crippled by small-pox, which obliged him to have his leg amputated. Although this was apparently a great misfortune, it proved an incentive to that employment from which he afterward derived a fame which 'carried his name beyond his time and nation.' Feeling the need of employment, he applied himself to producing small articles of pottery, in imitation of jasper and agate. When twenty-nine years old he established a manufactory at Burslem, which gradually increased in size as his trade became more prosperous. He made a service of table ware for Queen Charlotte, consort of George III, and his work was thereafter known as *Queen's Ware*. His royal

[April,

patroness afterward procured him the appointment of Potter to the Queen. The unknown and untaught boy of Burslem became a master of his art. He was ever eager to avail himself of every opportunity to advance the beauty of his wares; and, having seen a specimen of beautiful white clay from America, he at once engaged a quantity of it. A few tons were carried, on the backs of mules, to the port of Charleston, South Carolina, and shipped to him. No clay so pure could be found in England or in Europe, except in such small quantities as to be unavailable. Wedgwood was not only a successful manufacturer, but he was versed in several branches of natural philosophy. He was the proposer of a canal uniting the Trent and the Mersey, and subsequently communicating with the Severn. He built a village in Staffordshire, which he called Etruria. The large fortune which he had acquired by his spirit and enterprise was distributed with large-hearted benevolence. He was both a private and a public benefactor to the poor. In every history of his life we find that the perfection of his work is but a prototype of the symmetry and sweetness of his character. An instance of his munificence was mentioned some years ago in the *Edinburgh Review*, and it exhibits the generosity of his nature so strikingly that we will be pardoned for quoting it.

The family of Wedgwood were on terms of intimacy with the distinguished men of the period, among whom were Sir James Mackintosh, his brother-in-law, Mr. Stuart, then editor of the *Morning Post*, Coleridge, Southey, and others. In the beginning of 1798 Coleridge received an invitation to accept the function of minister to the Unitarian congregation at Shrewsbury. Wedgwood, hearing of this, wrote to him to dissuade him from taking such a step, considering it to be adverse to the prosecution of his literary works, in which he was likely to found a great reputation, and to confer a great benefit on society; and that no immediate pecuniary exigency should force him to accept the proposition, he enclosed a check for a hundred pounds. Coleridge, however, considering that the Shrewsbury appointment opened to him, for the first time in his life, the prospect of a certain income and permanent estab-

lishment, decided to accept it, and returned the check. He accordingly went to Shrewsbury, preached his probation sermon with general satisfaction to his flock, the afterward celebrated William Hazlitt being one of his auditors. Wedgwood, however, sensible that the poet was misplaced, and would be lost to the world, again wrote to him, expressing that opinion, and proposed that he should at once relinquish his clerical charge, to which he was unsuited, and, with princely munificence, offered to place him at ease for the future by settling on him a life annuity of a hundred and fifty pounds. The offer was promptly and gratefully accepted.'

We surely owe a deeper debt of gratitude to Wedgwood, when we find that he thus lovingly cherished the delicate poetic genius of one who, though gifted with uncommon powers, was so unfitted to meet the daily struggles of life.

Wedgwood's fertility of thought and imagination elevated the ceramic art in England out of a region of common-place into one of aesthetic dignity. Nature whispered her secrets in his ear, and the rough clay was made to assume a variety of shapes of exquisite beauty and originality. Blue was the color he preferred as the ground-work of his vases, and on this foundation he placed white cameos, representing every form of beauty, from the dainty outline of a human face, to the reproduction of birds, insects, and flowers.

In late years porcelain forms one of England's chief exports. The value of gold used annually in England in ornamenting porcelain has been estimated at '£54,600, and the amount of coal consumed is about 700,000 tons, an amount equal to what is consumed in working all the railways in the United Kingdom.' In 1854 the export trade in earthenware from England was about £1,300,000, and it appears from the statistics that the United States is her great foreign customer for this manufacture.

The ceramic art has been made subservient to a great variety of uses. Statuary porcelain has been used for mantel pieces; shutters for windows, panels of doors, tops of tables, and tiles for flooring, besides those wonderful fabrics which

adorn our drawing-rooms and decorate our tables. Encaustic tiles for flooring are extensively used, both in the United States and in Europe. The palace of the Sultan at Constantinople is paved with this tiling, as are also the House of Lords, and St. George's Hall, Liverpool. It is very much used in churches, private dwellings, conservatories, etc. It is said to be as durable as marble, less liable to stains, and can be decorated according to the taste of the person using it.

In America, of late years, there have been found evidences of ceramics which belonged to an effete civilization, and which still remain unstudied and unknown. The ancient pottery which has been discovered in the southern part of our continent is singularly like the Egyptian. Everything would seem to have been worked by the hand, as duplicates are seldom seen, which fact would convey the idea that moulds were unknown. The specimens of water-vessels which have been discovered are very curious in form and design, being generally the representation of natural objects. Some of those resembling birds are formed so as to produce sounds when the water is poured into them. A striking similarity of form between this pottery and the Egyptian is the double flagon, being two distinct pieces, with one orifice; and the Oriental or pilgrim's bottle is another form found in both countries. The connection thus intimated between the two worlds would form a very interesting study.

We have passed rapidly through the world of ceramics, and, at last, enter the United States. In Horrebou's *History of Iceland*, which is divided into chapters, we find the following: 'Chapter 47. Concerning Owls.' The whole chapter consists, however, of this one sentence: 'There are in Iceland no owls of any kind whatever.' In imitation of the quaint old historian, we are sorry to have to add, *There is in the United States no ceramic art of any kind whatever.* We have here as good material as any to be found in the world. But where is the artistic skill, the creative genius, to give form, and beauty, and value to our exhaustless mines of precious clay? As yet this has appeared only in Germany, in France, in England, and in Italy, but not at all in this great and free America.

of ours! How long, we ask, will the genius of America sleep over the slumbering dust which only awaits the creative word to assume a greater value than all the mines of Golconda?

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9. *The Primitive Doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration.* By J. B. Mozley, B. D., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. London: John Murray. 1856.

10. *The Mysteries Opened.* By the Rev. John S. Stone, D. D., Rector of Christ Church, Brooklyn. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1844.
11. *The Second Adam, and the New Birth.* By the Rev. M. F. Sadler, M. A., Vicar of Bridgewater. Baltimore: Joseph Robinson. 1862.<sup>1</sup>

There is no part of the Christian religion, whether internal or external, around which the superstition natural to the human mind gathered sooner, or settled into deeper and denser darkness, than around the institution of baptism. Nor is there any other part of our religion, unless we should, perhaps, except the Lord's Supper, on which such superstition has taken so deep a hold, or maintained so long and so obstinate a reign. Its empire has now lasted for nearly sixteen hundred years. How it has dealt with the teachings of Scripture; how it has divided the Church into hostile camps; how it has enlisted the passions, or the policy, of popes and emperors in fierce controversies; how it has convulsed society, and disgraced the history of the past with cruel persecutions; and how, at this moment, it agitates the theological world with 'conflicts dire,' and torments it with schism—all these are points of profound interest for the student of human nature.

It is as *such* that we have studied the subject, and prepared the following paper. For, as it seems to us, the workings of human nature, the aberrations of the human mind, are nowhere more wonderfully displayed than in the history of the doctrine of Christian baptism. These aberrations, in their historical connections with the rite of baptism, demand a more profound analysis and explanation than usual. We shall, indeed, miss the

1 We have given, in the above list, only the titles of the books to which we shall have occasion to refer in the following article. We have done this in order that the reader may know who the authors are (when they are quoted), and what they have written. The list of titles will, moreover, enable us to show whence our extracts are taken, by a simple reference to the page in the body of the article, instead of loading the bottom of our pages with an unnecessary repetition of the titles of the same works—a very cheap way of making a display of authorities. If we had gone beyond the books we intend to refer to, the above list of titles might have been extended *ad libitum*.

meaning of such strange phenomena, we shall lose the great lessons they teach, if, as usual, we view them from a purely rational standpoint, instead of tracing them down to their roots in the principles of human nature ; for, as we shall have occasion to show, they are the offspring, not of pure reason, but of corrupt feeling. They were ‘conceived in sin,’ and ‘shapen in iniquity ;’ and it was only after they were brought forth that the principles of a sound logic were warped, and the pure word of God itself was perverted, to render them as plausible as possible to the reason of mankind.

This is emphatically true in relation to the History of Infant Baptism. This is, however, so inextricably bound up with the history of adult baptism that it is impossible to treat the one separately from the other. Indeed, the developments of the doctrine of infant baptism have, in some respects, been so entirely determined by those of the doctrine of adult baptism, that the former cannot be understood at all without a consideration of the latter. We shall, however, notice the history of adult baptism no farther than is necessary to explain the wonderful phenomena of the History of Infant Baptism.

The history of baptism divides itself, naturally, into three periods: I. *The formatory period*, extending from the time of Christ and his Apostles to the end of the Pelagian controversy, A. D. 431 ; II. *The stationary period*, extending from A. D. 431 to the great Reformation of the sixteenth century; and III. *The reformatory period*, extending from the Reformation down to the present day. We shall, of course, begin our historical sketch and critical analysis with the first of these periods ; that is,

I. *The formatory period*, which extends from the time of Christ and his Apostles to the end of the Pelagian controversy, A. D. 431. We call this the ‘formatory period,’ because it was during this period that the doctrine of Infant Baptism was developed and *formed*. Having been developed and formed, it was, ‘for all Christendom,’ established ‘by the Third General Council of Ephesus, A. D. 431.’<sup>1</sup> How the doc-

1 Wiggers, p. 261.

trine of Infant baptism was first taught; how it was gradually transformed; and how it was finally established 'for all Christendom,' are the three points, or questions, which belong to this portion of our investigation. O Father of Lights! hear our feeble cry, and so illuminate our minds by the influence of thy Holy Spirit, that, with an eye single to thy glory, we may look above all the paltry interests of sects and times, and plead the cause of thy truth alone, desiring only the progress of true Christianity among the children of men!

It is an article of our faith, that 'the baptism of young children [infants] is in any wise to be retained in the Church, *as most agreeable to the institution of Christ.*' But yet, with all our searching, we have been unable to find, in the New Testament, a single express declaration, or word, in favor of Infant Baptism. We justify the rite, therefore, solely on the ground of logical inference, and not on any express word of Christ or his Apostles. This may, perhaps, be deemed, by some of our readers, a strange position for a paedobaptist. It is by no means, however, a singular opinion. Hundreds of learned paedobaptists have come to the same conclusion; especially since the New Testament has been subjected to a closer, more conscientious, and more candid exegesis than was formerly practised by controversialists.

In Knapp's Theology, for example, it is said: 'There is no decisive example of this practice in the New Testament; for it may be objected against those passages where the baptism of whole families is mentioned, viz.—Acts x. 42-48; xvi. 15-33; 1 Cor. i. 16, that it is doubtful whether there were any children in those families, and if there were, whether they were then baptized. From the passage, Matt. xxviii. 19, it does not necessarily follow that Christ commanded Infant Baptism (the *μαθητεύειν* is neither for nor against); nor does this follow any more from John iii. 5, and Mark x. 14-16. There is, therefore, no express command for Infant Baptism found in the New Testament, as Morus (p. 215, § 12) justly concedes.' (Vol. ii. p. 524.)

Dr. Jacob also says: 'However reasonably we may be convinced that we find in the Christian Scriptures "the funda-

mental idea from which infant baptism was afterward developed," and by which it may now be justified, *it ought to be distinctly acknowledged that it is not an apostolic ordinance.*" (p. 271.)

In like manner, or to the same effect, Neander says: "Originally baptism was administered to adults; nor is the general spread of Infant Baptism at a later period any proof to the contrary; for even after Infant Baptism had been set forth as an apostolic institution, its introduction into the general practice of the Church was but slow. Had it rested on apostolic authority, there would have been a difficulty in explaining its late approval, and that even in the third century it was opposed by at least one eminent Father of the Church." (p. 229.) We quote this passage, not because its logic does, in every respect, carry conviction to our mind, but simply to show how completely Neander concedes the point, that Infant Baptism is not an apostolic ordinance. We might, if necessary, adduce the admission of many other profoundly learned paedobaptists, that their doctrine is not found in the New Testament, either in express terms, or by implication from any portion of its language.

What evidence have we, then, that Infant Baptism should be retained in the Church as most agreeable to the institution of Christ? The arguments which, to our minds, establish this point *as probable*, may be found in an infinity of authors. But we are not concerned with these arguments in this paper, which is intended for those, and those only, who believe in the doctrine of Infant Baptism.

There is one of these arguments, however, which falls in with our present design. It is found in Knapp's Theology (which, by the way, contains an admirable summary of all of them,) and it is in these words: "The most decisive reason is the following: "Christ did not indeed ordain infant baptism expressly; but if, in his command to baptize *all*, he had wished children to be excepted, he must have expressly said this." (Matt. xxviii.) Since the first disciples of Christ, as native Jews, never doubted that children were to be introduced into the Israelitish Church by circumcision; it was natural

that they should include children also in baptism, if Christ did not expressly forbid it. Had he therefore wished that this should be done, he would have said so in definite terms.' (Vol. ii. p. 536.) It was not only natural that they *should*, it was absolutely certain that they *would*, include children in baptism, as the event has shown. Yet Christ, foreseeing the event, did not forbid it. Hence it must have been agreeable to his will.

But what we wish, in this connection, to emphasize most particularly, is the wonderful contrast between the silence of Christ and the everlasting clamors of his Church. Though he uttered not one express word on the subject of infant baptism, yet, on this very subject, have his professed followers filled the world with sound and fury. The Apostles imitated his silence. But yet, in spite of all this, have the self-styled 'successors of the Apostles,' and the advocates of their claims, made the universal Church, and all the ages, ring with controversies, loud and long and deep, respecting the rite of infant baptism. Let us follow, then, step by step, the rise of the traditions of the Church, and the inventions of men, by which the beautifully simple ordinance of Christian baptism has been so frightfully disfigured, and made to obscure the freeness, the fulness, and the glory of the Gospel of Christ, as well as to outrage the reason and moral sentiments of mankind. It will be found, unless we are very greatly mistaken, that the authors of these traditions and inventions, have been wise above what is written, and foolish about what could have been conceived.

Before the time of Tertullian (A. D. 200) the practice of Infant Baptism is nowhere distinctly mentioned by any writer of the Church. Those who maintain that it was instituted by the Apostles, and handed down, not by any written word, but only by oral tradition, have discovered traces of this practice, as they imagine, in the writings of Justin Martyr and of Irenæus. Thus, says the Bishop of Ely, 'Justin Martyr wrote his *Second Apology* about A. D. 148 (i. e., 48 years after the death of the last Apostle). He speaks of persons, 60 or 70 years old, who had been made disciples of Christ *in their infancy*. How can infants be made disciples but by baptism? And, if they had

been baptized in their infancy, it must have been in the life-time of the Apostle St. John, and of other apostolic men.' (p. 674.)

To this passage we have several objections. In the first place, it is based on a wrong translation of the words of *ex παιδων*—‘in their infancy.’ For *παις*, of which *παιδων* is the genitive plural, simply means ‘a child, a son, a daughter,’ and not an infant. The term *infants*, or *infancy*, when employed in connection with infant baptism, signifies very young children, while the word *childhood* includes all ages from 5 to 15 at least. Hence it is very easy to conceive how persons might have been converted to Christ ‘in their childhood;’ or made disciples of Christ, or become Christians, without having been baptized.

In the second place, it is taken out of its connection, and, instead of being construed in the light of the scope and design of the writer’s discourse, it is turned to a foreign purpose, and *misconstrued*. Justin Martyr, in whose *Apology* these words are found, is not treating of infants, or infant baptism. He is, on the contrary, pleading the cause of the Christians before the Roman Emperor and the other persecuting powers of the earth. How silly, then, would it have been to assure the emperor, or other enemies of Christ, that he knew several persons, 60 or 70 years old, who had been baptized in their infancy! Why, according to our author, infant baptism was then the universal practice of the Church; and hence how foolish, as an apology for Christians, that several old persons had been actually baptized in their infancy! Justin Martyr offered no such ridiculous plea. As his words were intended to vindicate the Christian religion, so he insisted that persons, then in their old age, who had become Christians in their childhood, ‘*do continue uncorrupted* [or virgins].’ Thus did he plead for the divine power and efficacy of the Christian religion, which, in an age of all but universal corruption, had preserved the purity of its genuine disciples from childhood to old age. This was to the point in hand, to the purpose of the writer, which shines forth in the concluding words *omitted by the Bishop of Ely*; the words, namely, that those ‘*do con-*

*tinus uncorrupted* [or virgins], who, in their childhood, had embraced the Christian religion. Behold, he says, the purity, the power, and the efficacy of our most holy religion. Not one word about baptism.

In the third and last place, if Justin had found it necessary to allude to the fact, that a few persons had been baptized in their infancy, how would this have proved the universal practice of infant baptism among Christians? Would it not, on the contrary, have shown how very limited the practice was, since a few instances required to be signalized? We do not deny that infant baptism was the common practice of the Church in the time of Justin Martyr; but we do contend that such an argument as the one above advanced by the learned bishop is calculated to do any cause more harm than good.

Irenæus is his next witness. 'Irenæus,' says he, 'next in succession to Justin, says: "Christ came to save all by Himself; all, that is, who by Him are regenerated to God—infants and little ones, and boys and youths and old men. Therefore, He went through every age, being made an infant for infants, that He might sanctify infants,"' etc. If we consider that Irenæus, like other of the fathers, commonly calls baptism by the name of regeneration, this passage will seem conclusive of the custom and doctrine in his day.'

This inference is bad. For, in order to make the testimony of Irenæus 'conclusive,' it must be shown, not that he *commonly*, but that he *always*, 'calls baptism by the name of regeneration.' Nay, it must be moreover shown, *a converso*, that he never uses the word *regeneration* without meaning baptism. For if, in his vocabulary, the term *regeneration* is sometimes applied to other things, as well as to baptism, how do we know but it is so applied in the passage under consideration? The argument proceeds on the supposition, or the assumption, that, in the language of Irenæus, baptism means regeneration, and regeneration means baptism. But this assumption is purely gratuitous; it is not proved; and, besides, it is false.

This assumption is, however, one of the foundation-stones in the theory of baptismal regeneration. Wall, in his *History of*

*Infant Baptism*, tells us, that ‘the ancients, when they speak of regeneration as applied to a person in this world, do *always* by that word mean, or connote, his baptism.’ (Vol. i. p. 47.) In like manner, many of the advocates of that theory assure us, that, like the Fathers of the primitive Church, they use the word *regeneration* as synonymous with baptism. Let them be consistent, then, and frankly own that, by ‘baptismal regeneration,’ they merely mean *baptismal baptism*, and we will lay down our arms. We will surrender at discretion. For who, in the name of common sense, can object to the great doctrine of *baptismal baptism*, or *regenerating regeneration*, except that, in point of form, the expression is a little nonsensical? Who can deny, in other words, that baptism is baptism, or that regeneration is regeneration? And if this is all they mean by their doctrine, why go to the Fathers of the second, third, fourth, and fifth centuries, in order to make so grand a discovery, and convince the Church that *a thing is not different from itself because it happens to have two names?*

Tertullian is the first writer in the Church who makes any express mention of the custom of infant baptism. Before his time, A. D. 200, there is not an allusion to the custom from which its existence may be fairly inferred. It is frequently argued, that the practice of infant baptism must have been an apostolic institution, because it prevailed, and became universal, without the least opposition from any source whatever. But, however strange it may seem, the fact is, that the first Father, or writer, by whom the practice is noticed, condemns it as having no foundation either in reason or revelation. ‘When he [Tertullian] attacked the Cajanites (in his work *De Baptismo*),’ says Neander, ‘he showed strong bias in favor of the outward, and laid great stress on the sanctifying power which was communicated to the water. Still he considered it of importance to enforce the spiritual conditions for securing the efficiency of baptism. Hence he combated the view, partly heathenish, partly Jewish, that baptism secured a magical forgiveness of sins; without deep repentance, he says, there can be no hope of forgiveness; it would be like taking goods without paying for them. He also expresses his

disapprobation of those who deferred baptism till in danger of death, and, on the other hand, of those who were over-hasty in administering it, as he thought, by allowing the baptism of infants. From his language respecting the magical power of baptism, it might be expected that he would favor infant baptism, and therefore his opposition to it tells so much the more against its apostolic origin, and must have proceeded from the great importance which he attached to its spiritual conditions. He says, "Children ought first to learn Christ before they are incorporated with him. Why should the innocent age hasten to the forgiveness of sins? How can we think of entrusting heavenly things to that age to which we cannot entrust earthly things?" He met the objection that Christ said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," by remarking that children can only be brought unto Christ by instruction and teaching, and that baptism ought not to be administered to them till they know Christ. We should never entrust a person with property unless he knew its value. Nor would the use of sponsors justify the baptism of infants, since the issue is uncertain, and they might easily promise more than they could perform. He also proposes the question : How if any one should die before baptism ? In this case, he answers, faith is sufficient for salvation. Many persons have maintained that Tertullian does not speak against infant baptism absolutely, but only means that it should not be practised generally, so that it is not forbidden in cases of necessity : this is not, however, what Tertullian says. The expressions we have quoted force us to the conclusion that he was an unconditional opponent of infant baptism. Thus we recognize in Tertullian the tendency of the advancing Christian spirit, which led to the introduction of infant baptism, and also that which opposed it. In theory, the tendency in favor of it soon obtained the victory in the Western Church ; the magical notion of baptism, and the doctrine of Original Sin, procured its reception in the North African Church, and it was henceforward regarded as an apostolic institution.' (Vol. i. pp. 231-2.)

Thus, according to Neander, the tendency in favor of infant baptism obtained the victory in the Western Church by means

of two things: (1.) The magical notion of baptism; and (2.) the doctrine of original sin. Tertullian opposed the practice of infant baptism, because, as we have seen, his views of original sin were not sufficiently developed. Why should '*the innocent age,*' says he, '*hasten to the forgiveness of sin?* *Quid festinat innocens atas ad remissionem peccatorum?*' Wall, not liking this opposition of Tertullian, takes the pains to dwell on his inconsistencies and self-contradictions, which, in truth, are sufficiently glaring and amazing. But, as we shall soon see, not more so than those of Mr. Wall's very greatest witness, St. Augustine himself.

In regard to the first point—the magical virtues of baptism—the views of Tertullian were, it must be admitted, sufficiently exalted. But those views, however exalted and exaggerated, were not steady and fixed. It is here, as Mr. Wall has shown, that the opinions of this most eloquent of the Fathers are self-contradictory. Now he declares, that 'when to this law [i. e., the commission to baptize all nations] that rule is added, *except one be regenerated of water and the Spirit, he shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven, it has bound up faith to a necessity of baptism.*' (De Baptismo, c. 15.) Yet, as if in utter forgetfulness of this declaration, or doctrine, he says, in the next chapter but one of the same work, that, without baptism, '*an entire faith is secure of salvation.*' Now faith, without baptism, is nothing, and now it 'is secure of salvation'!

Having made this self-contradiction palpable, by much larger extracts than we have room for, Mr. Wall indulges in a very true and useful reflection, which, in reading the Fathers, has more than a hundred times forced itself upon our minds. 'I have,' says he, 'cited these passages at large and altogether, that the reader may try if he can pick any coherent sense out of them. It is the property of warm men, when they are speaking earnestly on one subject and urging that, to overlash so, as when they are speaking on another with like earnestness, they fall into contradictions of what they said before. This author, in the places here first cited, treating of the necessity of baptism, speaks of that necessity as absolute, and of those that die

unbaptized as lost men, and is enraged at those who assert that faith without it is sufficient. Yet afterward, when he is discoursing of the *weight*, as he calls it, of baptism, he advises several sorts of people to delay it, and, to encourage them, tells them that if they should by that delay happen to miss of it, "an entire faith is secure of salvation." (Vol. I., p. 60.)

But which of the Fathers, we ask, was free from this unfortunate habit of self-contradiction? They were 'warm men,' and earnest, always speaking enthusiastically, first on one subject and then on another, hence they seldom failed to become, sooner or later, involved in the most astounding inconsistencies. Even Augustine, the greatest and most systematic of them all, is a conspicuous instance of this general fact, or feature, in the *formatory period* of Christian doctrine. We shall, as we proceed, illustrate and establish this truth, because it inculcates the great lesson which is nowhere better expressed than in the words of Lord Bacon—the great lesson, namely, that 'With regard to authority, it is the greatest weakness to attribute infinite credit to particular authors, and to refuse his own prerogative to Time, the author of all authors, and therefore of all authority. It is not wonderful, therefore, if the bonds of antiquity, authority, and unanimity, have enchain'd the power of man, that he is unable (as if bewitched) to become familiar with things themselves' [or with Truth].

These words were spoken, it is true, in regard to the study of nature. But they are equally and even more profoundly true in regard to the study of Revelation. Nowhere, indeed, do 'the idols of the den' exercise a greater influence over the minds of men, or hold them spell-bound as if enchanted by the authority of creeds, of 'party zeal in favor of certain ages,'<sup>1</sup> and of great, consecrated names. Augustine, says Milman,<sup>2</sup> has stamped his image on all succeeding ages. But yet that image, as seen in his system, especially in his theology of infant baptism, is marred, as we shall see, by the most profound chasms of self-contradiction. Even Augustine, with all his

<sup>1</sup> Novum Organum, Book I., aph., 58.    <sup>2</sup> History of Latin Christianity.

genius, could not escape the conditions of the age in which he lived, and so come forth, from its semi-chaotic and seething conflict of opinions, with a coherent system of thought. No such system was, indeed, possible to that age, or *formatory period*. It was destined to be the work of Time; and even now, after the conflict and struggle of nearly two thousand years, its great outlines are only beginning to dawn on the human mind.

There is no name in the history of the Church which awakens sadder emotions in the Christian's heart than that of Origen. The sublimity of his genius, the vastness of his learning, the strangeness of his aberrations, the awfulness of his sufferings, and, above all, the horrible calumnies heaped on his good name by unscrupulous partizans, are enough to annihilate centuries, and to make one weep as in the presence of the most deadly sorrows and calamities.

Origen is the next witness introduced by Wall, and by the Bishop of Ely, as to the custom of infant baptism. His testimony is dispatched, by the Bishop of Ely, in a very few lines; it is in these words: ‘Origen, a few years later, bears ample testimony to the custom of infant baptism. “Infants,” says he, “are baptized for the remission of sins”; and he gives the reason, that “none is free from pollution, though his life be but of one day on the earth.” He tells us, also, that “the Church received a custom, handed down from the Apostles, to give baptism even to infants.”’ Origen, it is observed by Wall, was born about eighty-five years after the death of the last Apostle [A. D. 180]. Now, all this is perfectly true; and yet if, with the Bishop of Ely, we stop here, we shall have a most imperfect view of the whole of Origen's doctrines respecting original sin and infant baptism. Indeed, if we should judge from the above extracts alone, we could see no difference between Origen and Augustine with respect to original sin; whereas, in fact, they are as wide apart in their views of that great fundamental doctrine of original sin as are the very poles themselves.

But let us take up, *seriatim*, the several points presented by the above extracts. Origen's testimony as to the practice of

infant baptism, in his time, is clear and unequivocal. Nor does his heresies in doctrine cast the shadow of a doubt on his veracity as a man. 'Now Origen,' says Wall, 'or any other ancient, mentioning a practice as received, and giving a false ground for it, is as good a witness of the practice itself as the most orthodox mentioner of it.' (Vol. I, p. 74.) Very true. But why, if this applies to Origen, or any other ancient, was it forgotten in the case of Tertullian? Why were his heresies mentioned as affecting his testimony? Was it because his testimony was not quite as agreeable as that of Origen? Or, in other words, because he opposed the practice of infant baptism, and denied that it was an apostolic institution? If we mean to weigh evidence fairly, let us, by all means, have one and the same weight. Let us not imitate the Fathers in forgetting on one page what we had before said on another.

We must, in all fairness, admit the superior weight due to the testimony of Origen. For, although he lived a little later than Tertullian, his Christian parentage ran back to the very time of the Apostles, so that he *might* have had a family tradition in favor of the apostolic origin of the custom in question. This fact is emphasized both by Wall and the Bishop of Ely. But, after noticing the importance of Origen's testimony, Dr. Knapp adds, that "here it might be objected, that the Church Fathers appeal much too freely to apostolic tradition, for the sake of giving to their own opinions and to the appointments of the Church the more authority." (Vol. II, p. 587.) 'Augustine,' says Dr. Knapp, on the same page, 'calls infant baptism *apostolica traditio*; and we should, unquestionably, attach some importance to this testimony, if he had not also called infant communion *apostolica traditio*. We know he was mistaken in this case. Why not, then, in the other? The truth is, that when the Fathers were called upon to defend any custom of the Church, they seldom, if ever, failed to plead an apostolical tradition in its favor. As Dr. Knapp says, they made this appeal 'much too freely.' Having inferred, from the prevalence of custom, that it originated in an apostolical tradition, they did not hesitate to assert this inference as a fact. Such a procedure is, it is true, condemned

by the more rigid and refined system of morals of the modern Christian world ; but, then, it was consistent with the moral system of the Fathers of the Church, and of the age in which they lived. In the words of Tertullian, as the readers of this *Review* may remember, tradition is an admirable ‘ cudgel with which to knock down heretics.’ May we not conclude, then, that when this cudgel was so vigorously wielded, there were heretics to be knocked down ?

As appears, from the above extract, Origen used the language of the most approved orthodoxy on the subject of original sin. In the much fuller extracts made by Wall, he says: ‘ Hear David speaking : *I was, says he, conceived in iniquity, and in sin did my mother bring me forth* ; showing that every soul that is born in the flesh is polluted with the filth of sin and iniquity ; and that, therefore, that was said which we mentioned before ; *that none is clean from pollution, though his life be but for the length of one day.*’ (Vol. i. p. 65.) Again, he says: ‘ Having occasion given in this place, I will mention a thing *that causes frequent inquiries among the brethren.* Infants are baptized for the forgiveness of sins. Of what sins ? Or when have they sinned ? Or how can any reason of the laver in their case hold good, but according to that sense we mentioned even now ; none is free from pollution, though his life be but of the length of one day upon earth ? And it is for that reason, because by the sacrament of baptism the pollution of our birth is taken away, that infants are baptized.’ (*Ibid.*)

All this (and there is much more to the same effect in the writings of Origen) has the sound of the most rigid orthodoxy—of Augustinism before the time of Augustine. But it is only so in sound, not in sense. Both Origen and Augustine concur in the notion that new-born infants are miserable little sinners, and as such require to be baptized ‘ for the remission of their sins.’ But when and where did these helpless little creatures commit *their* sins ? Origen, adopting Plato’s theory of the soul’s pre-existence, maintained that infants, having sinned in some former state of their being, are here, in the prison-house of the body, punished for their own sins, knowingly

and freely committed before they came into the world. It was for the forgiveness of these sins, said he, for these violations of law, by their own free-wills, in their former state of existence, that infants are baptized in this life. Augustine, on the other hand, believed that infants—that all the infants of all ages and nations—were present in Adam, and sinned when he sinned. It was for these sins, said he, committed thousands of years before they were born, that infants are baptized in their own proper flesh. The reader may, if he pleases, choose between these two theories—between the sheer fiction of Origen and the gross absurdity of Augustine. For our part, if we can find no better ground on which to justify the practice of infant baptism, then we will have no theory at all. For we cannot, in this nineteenth century of our Lord, reason from a custom of the Church to the constitution of the universe, or from a mere formula of words to the foundations of the moral empire of Jehovah. We do not believe, indeed, that infants are ever rightly baptized ‘for the forgiveness of sins.’ Our views of the nature of sin have, in fact, led us to revise that formula itself, and to plant the rite of infant baptism on what seems to us an infinitely better ground than any fiction, invention, or device of man.

The name of Cyprian, which comes next, forms an era in the history of infant baptism. A new idea rises above the horizon; the idea, namely, that if an infant is not baptized, it will be lost. ‘St. Cyprian,’ says Wall, ‘was Bishop of Carthage. And it was the custom in that, as in all other great metropolitan cities, for the neighboring bishops to meet there at certain times to consult of and determine any emergent affairs of the Church. At this time, A. D. 253, there were 66 of them in council. One Fidus, a country bishop, had sent a letter with two cases, in which he desired their resolution.’ (Vol. i. p. 79.) Now, one of the questions which Fidus submitted to the Council of Carthage was this: ‘Whether an infant, before it was eight days old, might be baptized, if need required?’ The following is the reply of the council:

‘*Cyprian and the rest of the bishops who were present at*

*the council, sixty-six in number, to Fidus, our brother, greeting—*

‘We read your letter, most dear brother, in which you write of one Victor, a priest, etc. . . . . But as to the case of infants: whereas you judge that they must not be baptized within two or three days after they are born; and that the rule of circumcision is to be observed, so that none should be baptized and sanctified before the eighth day after he is born: we were all in our assembly of the contrary opinion. For as for what you thought fitting to be done, there was not one that was of your mind, but all of us, on the contrary, judged that the grace and mercy of God is to be denied to no person that is born. For whereas our Lord in his gospel says, *The Son of Man came not to destroy men’s souls [or lives] but to save them: as far as lies in us, no soul, if possible, is to be lost.*’ (Vol. I, p. 81.)

Thus, according to the decision of the whole council, not excepting a single voice, if an infant dies before it is baptized *it will be lost*; and for this reason it is urged that its baptism should not be delayed until the eighth day after its birth. The grounds on which this monstrous decision is based are far from being clear, consistent, satisfactory, or steady. ‘If, then,’ says the letter of the council, ‘the greatest offenders, and they that have grievously sinned against God before, have, when they afterward come to believe, forgiveness of their sins; and no persons are kept off from baptism and the grace: how much less reason to refuse an infant, who *being newly born, has no sin, save that being descended from Adam according to the flesh, he has from his very birth contracted the contagion of the death anciently threatened*: who comes for this reason more easily to receive forgiveness of sins, because *they are not his own but others’ sins that are forgiven him.*’ (Ibid., p. 82.) The death, anciently threatened, is *the only sin* with which the infant stands charged. How strange the confusion of ideas! The *death* is the *only sin!* Moreover, the infant may the more easily obtain forgiveness of sins, because *they are the sins of others, and not his own!* One would suppose, indeed, that a poor little infant might receive the forgiveness

of other people's sins, even without baptism. All this confusion of language is, no doubt, a faithful reflection of the confusion of mind and thought from which it emanated. We shall see, as we proceed, how this primitive chaos of error clears away and leaves, as the residuum, the dry, hard, dreadful dogma, that every unbaptized infant, dying in infancy, is doomed to 'hell-torments forever,' on account of what is called 'original or birth-sin.'

The development of this dogma, which is so dishonoring to God, and so disgraceful to the human mind, presents for consideration the following points: (1.) The character of the age to which it owes its birth; (2.) The theory of baptismal grace, of which it is the legitimate offspring; (3.) The manner in which it was shaped by the Pelagian controversy, and established for all Christendom by the Council at Ephesus, A. D. 431; (4.) The fears, anxieties, and agonies produced by this dogma during the long night of the Middle Ages; (5.) The means and influences by which it secured a lodgment in the Protestant churches and creeds of the sixteenth century; and (6.) The reasons why it has been permitted to remain in those creeds and confessions for more than three hundred years, and why in this year of grace, 1874, it still remains in them *unquestioned*.

(1.) *The character of the age to which the dogma of infant damnation owes its birth.* This dogma did not, as we may be sure, first show its hideous head amid the advancing lights of learning, religion, and morality. On the contrary, it did, in fact, first appear amid the gathering shadows of ignorance, superstition, and corruption in morals, by which the third century was distinguished from the preceding eras of the Church.

This century suffered, as we learn from historians of the Church, from a decay of learning and the increase of superstition; from the decline of true piety and the growth of priestly arrogance; from an obscuration of divine truth and the inventions of human tradition. In this age, accordingly, the Church reaped a new harvest of errors, the germs of which had been previously planted. At the root of all these errors,

as the life-giving sap and principle of growth, there existed, in greater rankness than ever before, the spirit of *Sacerdotalism*.

From this spirit sprang, in the first place, the dogma of the *Apostolical Succession*. Irenæus, in the second century, attached great value to this dogma, not so much on its own account, but as a means to an end. In other words, he insisted upon it as a remedy for the heresies and schisms which then seemed to threaten the very existence of the infant religion of Jesus. But once invented, this dogma was so agreeable to the pride of the human heart, and so desirable as an instrument of ghostly dominion over the consciences of men, that it soon came to be prized for its own sake more than for the good of the Church. In the hands of Cyprian, the genius of the third century, the remedy became worse than the disease, and in the subsequent history of the Church it has caused more heresies and schisms than it has ever cured.

'No man,' says Mosheim, 'can speak in higher terms of the power of bishops, than the *arrogant Cyprian*—that very *Cyprian* who, when not fired by any passion, is so condescending to presbyters, deacons, and the common people. He inculcates, on all occasions, that bishops derive their office, not so much from their election by the clergy and people, as from the attestation and decree of God. (See ep. lii., pp. 68, 69; ep. xlv., p. 59; ep. lv., p. 82; ep. lxv., p. 113; ep. lxix., p. 121.) He regards bishops as the *successors of the Apostles*. (Ep. xlii., p. 57.) So that bishops are amenable to none, but to God only; while presbyters are amenable to the religious society. (Ep. xi., p. 19.) Deacons were created by the bishops, and, therefore, they can be punished by him alone, without the voice of the society. (Ep. lxv., p. 114.) Bishops have the same rights with apostles, whose successors they are; and, hence, none but God can take cognizance of their actions. (Ep. lxix., p. 121.) The whole Church is founded on the bishop, and no one is a true member of the Church who is not submissive to his bishop. (Ep. lxix., p. 123.) Bishops represent *Christ* himself, and govern and judge in his name. (Ep. lv., ad Cornel., pp. 81, 82.) Hence all bishops, in the following ages, styled

themselves *Vicars of Christ*. (See *I. Bingham's Orig. Eccles.*, vol. i., p. 81, etc.) In the ninth century a bishop of Paris is so styled in a letter of *Servatus Lupus*. (Ep. xcix., p. 149, ed. Baluze.) After the ninth century the bishops of Rome assumed the exclusive right to this as well as to other honorary episcopal titles.' (*Schl.* from *Mosheim, de Rebus Christianor.*, p. 588, etc.)

This spirit of priestly arrogance and pride, which is so diametrically opposed to the spirit of Christ and his Apostles, and which gives rise to such lordly claims of the Episcopate, did not fail to affect all the magnificence and pomp of worldly power. Accordingly, as the history of the Church shows, 'This change in the form of ecclesiastical government was followed by a *corrupt state* of the clergy. For although examples of primitive piety and virtue were not wanting, yet many were addicted to dissipation, arrogance, voluptuousness, contention, and other vices. This appears distinctly from the frequent lamentations of the most credible persons of those times. Many bishops now affected the state of princes, and especially those who had charge of the more populous and wealthy congregations; for they sat on thrones, surrounded by their ministers and other ensigns of their ghostly power, and perhaps also dazzled the eyes and the minds of the populace with their splendid attire. The *presbyters* imitated the example of their superiors, and, neglecting the duties of their office, lived in indolence and pleasure. And this emboldened the *deacons* to make encroachments upon the office and prerogatives of the *presbyters*.'<sup>1</sup>

Hence, in the opinion of the historian, 'originated those *minor orders* of the clergy, which in this century [the third] were everywhere added to the bishops, presbyters, and deacons. The words *subdeacons*, *acolythi*, *ostiarii*, *lectors*, *exorcists*, and *copiates*, designate officers which I think the Church would have never had if the rulers of it had possessed more piety and true religion. But when the honors and prerogatives of the bishops and presbyters were augmented, the *dea-*'

<sup>1</sup> *Mosheim, Vol. I*, p. 165.

cons also became inflated, and refused to perform those meaner offices to which they once cheerfully submitted.'<sup>1</sup>

'Marriage was allowed to all the clergy, from the highest rank to the lowest. Yet those were accounted more holy and excellent who lived in celibacy. For it was the general persuasion, that those who lived in wedlock were much more exposed to the assaults of evil spirits than others: and it was of immense importance to the Christian cause that no impure or malignant spirit should assail the mind or the body of one who was to instruct and govern others. Such persons therefore wished, if possible, to have nothing to do with conjugal life. And this many of the clergy, especially in Africa, endeavored to accomplish with the least violence to their inclinations; for they received into their house, and even to their beds, some one of those holy females who had vowed perpetual chastity, affirming, however, most religiously, that they had no disgraceful intercourse with these holy sisters. These concubines were by the Greeks called *συνερδτοι*, and by the Latins *mulieres subintroductae*. Many of the bishops, indeed, sternly opposed this shameful practice, but it was a long time before it was wholly abolished.'<sup>2</sup>

The testimony of Neander, Milman, and other celebrated writers of ecclesiastical history, is the same as that of Mosheim, respecting the vices and corruptions of the third century. Nay, in the writings of the haughty but honest Cyprian himself, an equally dark picture of the condition of the clergy of his time is presented. If we have quoted Mosheim alone, this is only because the works above-named are not in our possession. How dark and sad, then, the superstitions and corruptions of the third century, which, in the year 253, gave birth to that monstrous abortion of night and darkness—the damnation of unbaptized infants dying in infancy. It only remains to be seen, in the second place, how this dogma was conceived, developed, and brought forth to the light of day.

(2.) *The theory of baptismal grace, of which this dogma is the legitimate offspring.* Baptism, the beautifully simple ordinance of the Gospel, was performed in this age with a

1 Moaheim, Vol. I, p. 165.

2 Ibid., p. 166.

dramatic ceremonial, rendered as gorgeous and imposing as possible by the spirit of the times. Every action in the administration of the rite was invested with an esoteric meaning and a magical virtue. The ceremony itself was, without a sign or shadow of authority from the New Testament, divided into three essential parts.

First, the catechumen, or applicant for baptism, had to pass through the hands of the exorcist. This newly-invented officer was invested with the awful power of casting out the devil, lest he also should be baptized in the name of Christ. ‘None were admitted to the sacred font until the exorcist, by a solemn, menacing formula, had declared them free from bondage to the prince of darkness, and now servants of God. For when the opinion had become prevalent among Christians, that rational souls originated from God himself, and were, therefore, in themselves holy, pure, and possessed of free-will, either the evil propensities in man must be considered as arising from the body and from matter, or some evil spirit must be supposed to possess the souls of men and impel them to sin. The Gnostics all embraced the first supposition; but the Catholics could in no wise embrace it, because they held that matter was created by God, and was not eternal. They had, therefore, to embrace the second supposition, and to imagine some evil demon, the author of sin and of all evil, to be resident in all vicious persons. The persons baptized returned home, decorated with a crown and a white robe—the first being indicative of their victory over the world and their lusts, the latter of their acquired innocence.’<sup>1</sup> The exorcist, having cast out the devil, made the catechumen a *Christian of the first degree*. Thus delivered, and decorated with a crown and a white robe, the embryo Christian, the unfeudged disciple, was prepared for the hands of the priest. For, in spite of the ‘acquired innocence’ indicated by ‘the white robe,’ he still had to have his sins washed away, which was the second act in the drama of baptismal regeneration.

Secondly, this part of baptism was performed by the priest, who, however, in the administration of the rite, could not con-

<sup>1</sup> Mosheim, Vol. I. p. 190.

descend to the use of vulgar water. Indeed, that element, as it came from the hand of God, was quite unfit for so holy a purpose, until it had undergone the transforming power of the priest. This second part of baptism took place in a font, the water of which had been solemnly consecrated by pouring upon it, *in the form of a cross*, some of the holy ointment, which, like anointing oil, had received a spirit-imparting virtue from a bishop's hands. 'The people were taught,' says Dr. Jacob (p. 264), 'that an actual objective change was thus wrought in the water itself—a change so distinctly acknowledged as to be called by the name of "transelementation"—giving to it a sanctifying power, *that by its own inherent efficacy it might wash away the sins of the baptized.*'<sup>1</sup>

Thus every priest, regularly ordained and set apart to his holy work, kept a spiritual laundry, in which he washed away the very sins of the soul, however depraved by vicious habits, in *transelementated* water. Now, we do not know what kind of water this is, as neither reason nor revelation has thrown one particle of light on its mysterious nature. It must be confessed, however, that the water-cure effected by it is a very wonderful thing, for it has a virtue and power above the omnipotence of God itself, which cannot take away our sins, and turn us to himself, without our own voluntary consent and coöperation. But if such a thing be possible, then we can only regret that God has not provided streams or pools of such *transelementated* waters, that all nations may wash in them and be clean. We do know, however, something about the waters which God has provided for our sins; and we do understand the cry of his prophet, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, *and he that hath no money.*' But, then, this gospel of Isaiah, which is so gloriously expounded by St. Paul, robs the priest of all his power, takes away the wonderful inflations of his pride, and reduces him to the humble character of a minister of the everlasting gospel of Christ. So free, so full, and so glorious, too, are the waters of this gospel, that they provide a cure for the priest as well as for

<sup>1</sup> There is, in the Episcopal Prayer Book, a very evident trace of this superstition: 'Sanctify water to the mystical washing away of sin.'

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the people, and their blessings are for all alike, ‘*without money and without price.*’

The third and last act remains to be noticed. This was the final act, the crowning miracle of all. Immediately after the ‘actual baptism,’ followed the ceremony of anointing the baptized with the holy oil, or *χρίσμα*, in order to impart the Holy Ghost. This practice was in use as early as in the time of Tertullian, but it was ‘when, at the beginning of the third century, episcopal authority had been strongly developed in the church system, and when, not long after, bishops called themselves successors of the Apostles, and inheritors of their spiritual authority, they professed to have, like them, the power of imparting the Holy Spirit, though the gifts which followed upon the Apostles’ imposition of hands did not follow upon theirs. The exercise of this supposed power by the bishops, which was called affixing a “seal,” or a “perfecting” of the baptized, and at a later period “confirmation,” was said to be after the example of the Apostles; but in reality in its use and intention it differed widely from the apostolic practice. Confirmation at this period was looked upon as a necessary adjunct to baptism, which, without this addition, was not considered perfect or complete.’ (Dr. Jacob, p. 276.)

These three acts completed the drama of baptismal regeneration. The catechumens were, in the first act, anointed with holy oil, which some bishop had consecrated; and then, by the imposition of hands, the sign of the cross, and prayers, the evil spirit was exorcised, or expelled from the soul. This was said ‘*to make them Christians*, though only in an inferior sense.’ In the second act they are passed through the laundry of souls, all their sins are washed away in *transclementated* water, and they are turned out like so many pieces of white linen. Having taken this second degree in the mysteries of baptismal purification, and experienced all the blessed effects of its machinery and magic, they are turned over to the bishop himself, who, as a successor of the Apostles, works the stupendous miracle of the impartation of the Holy Ghost, and so completes the regeneration, or birth, of their souls!

In relation to this final part of baptism, Dr. Jacob says:

In accordance with the materialistic sentiments then prevalent in the Church, a sacred ointment, or *chrism*, consecrated by a bishop, and thus (as it was believed) changed in nature and made able to impart the Divine Spirit, was applied, with the sign of the cross and imposition of hands, to the baptized person immediately after his immersion, if a bishop was present, by whom alone, in ordinary cases, this ceremony was to be performed. And thus, while the special virtue of the water was to wash away sins, the *chrism*, with its equally marvellous efficacy, was to give the Holy Spirit; and then alone was the regeneration of the baptized completed, or at least so completed as to fit him for living the Christian life.

'Such was the "confirmation" used in the third and fourth centuries—an unauthorized and perverted application of an apostolic practice to an unapostolic purpose, and another example of the perverted tendency to convert the Church into an outward system of mediation, and to confound together in a corrupt union the Old and New Testament dispensations.' (p. 277.)

This 'confirmation' of the third and fourth centuries, which was then regarded 'as an essential part of the baptismal ordinance,' has subsided into the more modest rite of modern times, but not without leaving behind it some traces of the old superstition. According to the Low Church theory, the rite of confirmation is merely 'a sacramental complement,' and no part of baptism itself. But if this be so, then why may not the priest who administers the sacrament also administer this supplemental rite? Why, in other words, must the baptized 'be brought to the bishop to be confirmed,' and 'not to the minister by whom they were baptized?' If the person who was baptized in infancy merely takes upon himself the vow and obligation of his baptism, then why may not this be done by the ministration of those who baptize both infants and adults as well as by the bishop? There is only one answer to this question. The bishop, though he has ceased to impart the Holy Ghost in the rite of confirmation, is still required to go through with the blank motions of that old superstition.

'Confirmation in the modern sense,' says Dr. Jacob, 'as used in the Church of England, is a very good and wholesome rite for those who have been baptized in their infancy, in order that they may solemnly make a personal and public profession of their Christian faith.' (p. 278.) Very well, if this is all, then why are adults still confirmed? Did they not make a 'personal and public profession of their Christian faith' when they were baptized? Again, if this is all that is meant by confirmation, then why must all, both infants and adults, come to the bishop to be confirmed? The truth is, that, in the language of Dr. Jacob, who is a minister of 'the Church of England,' 'the rite of confirmation is not "after the example of the Apostles," who used no ceremony at all corresponding to it. Neither is it after the example of the Nicene Church above referred to; for then [A. D. 325] there was no profession made at the confirmation, either of adults or infants, AS AN ESSENTIAL PART OF THE BAPTISMAL ORDINANCE.' (p. 278.)

It is well worthy of remark, too, that the formula used in the impartation of the Holy Ghost is borrowed, not from the Apostles, but directly from the words of Christ himself. 'And when he had said this, he breathed on them [his disciples] and saith unto them, *Receive ye the Holy Ghost.*' (John xx. 22.) We are called upon, it is true, to imitate the God-man, *but not in the exercise of his divine powers.* Yet, in 'the ordering of priests,' and in 'the consecration of bishops,' our self-styled 'successors of the Apostles' still use, in this year of grace, 1874, the awful language of the Son of God! By what authority, we ask, do these would-be 'vicars of Christ' take such awful words upon their lips? Neither in the New Testament, nor elsewhere in the word of God, do we find the least sign or shadow of an authority for such an assumption of a divine prerogative or power. Where, then, shall we find their authority? Only in the theory, in the impious and arrogant assumption of sacerdotalism, that they are the depositaries or reservoirs of the Holy Ghost, regularly conveyed to them, by the laying on of hands, from the time of the Apostles down to the present day! Hence, in ordinary priests, or in consecrating bishops, they impart the Holy Ghost to their successors.

in office, by the imposition of hands and the use of the words, 'Receive the Holy Ghost.'

In the ordination of priests they are allowed, in this country, to use the alternative phrase, 'Take thou authority.' Why, we ask, is not the same liberty allowed in the consecration of bishops? The reason is obvious. The third Person of the adorable Trinity must be transmitted by means of their holy fingers, or else the divine glory of the Succession will be extinguished! Hence, in the face of high heaven, and in the noon-day of the nineteenth century, they still continue to enact the part of the second Person of the Godhead, and say, 'Receive the Holy Ghost'! The use of those words, even when we were Episcopalian *in name*, never failed to send a thrill of horror through every fibre of our frame, and a cold chill through every drop of blood in our veins.

In spite of the liberty allowed them, however, the High Church bishops of this country affect the style of a God—'Receive the Holy Ghost'—as most agreeable, no doubt, to the sacerdotal spirit of the order.<sup>1</sup> Sacerdotalism! This is, in fact, as it was called by that great and good man, the late Dr. Sparrow, 'the taproot of error.' From this root it is, indeed, there has grown up in the Church of God a very Upas tree of error, which has distilled a deadly dew and poison on all the fair and goodly plants of his kingdom. Under its influence the simple ministry of the Word and the Sacraments, as ordained by Christ, has grown into a monstrous priesthood, dealing in lying wonders, and all sorts of magical cures for the sins and afflictions of a fallen world. A minister is one who simply preaches the Word of life, and faithfully administers the sacraments of the Church. He claims no power to work miracles, and has no faith in magic. A priest, on the contrary, is one who works miracles, and professes magic. Charged with the Holy Ghost, by a regular, unbroken, tactful succession from the Apostles, he is a fountain of miracles, a perennial source of magical wonders. Behold, the bread and wine are, in his hands, converted into the very body and blood of

<sup>1</sup> Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama, prefers this formula, he says, because it sounds better to say, 'Receive ye,' than to say, 'Take thou.' Is that all?

Christ, so that good Catholics may eat his very flesh. Nay, from this wonderful service emerges the Christ himself, soul and body; and this new-made Christ is, in all his adorable divinity, *laid on the altar—he is sacrificed afresh—he is handled*. No wonder, then, that all this is called ‘*a fearful mystery, a most awful sacrifice, angels standing round with awe.*’ This over, the new-made Divinity—made out of *bread and wine*—is then elevated under the name of the ‘Host,’ and worshipped by the people! Now, these things we call, in plain English, the lying wonders of priestcraft, and the deceivableness of the devil.

The priest, moreover, holds the keys of life and death. He stands, in his pride of place, between the whole infant world, even, and the doom of eternity. Not one can ever escape the jaws of hell who does not pass through his fingers on its way to heaven, and has its sins washed away in his *transclementated waters!* What wonder, then, if the poor, ignorant, gaping multitudes, who were made to believe all these things of the priest, all these lying legends, should almost, if not quite, worship him as a God? It was, indeed, from the insane love of this worship, together with its worldly honors and gains—in one word, it was from this *sacerdotalism*, that the great Upas tree of Christendom grew up as from its roots in the deep-seated and awful corruptions of human nature, bearing on its branches, among many other detestable things, the dogma of the damnation of all infants who die in their infancy unbaptized.

It is a great mistake to suppose, as so many seem to do, that this dogma arose, in the first place, from a misinterpretation of Scripture. The fifth verse of John iii, which has so often been quoted in support of this dogma, had nothing to do with its original conception and development. Tertullian, as we have seen, believed in the necessity of adult baptism in order to salvation, and appealed to John iii. 5, ‘except a man be born of the water and the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God,’ in proof of this doctrine. But he did not see in these words the *fact*, much less the *necessity*, of infant baptism. At a still later period, the Council of Carthage, A. D.

253, did not support their ‘unanimous conclusion,’ that unbaptized infants, dying in infancy, would be lost, by any appeal whatever to the word of God. In the long letter of Cyprian, giving the reasons for their conclusion, there is no allusion to John iii. 5, or any other text of Scripture. Their conclusion was drawn, not from the Scriptures, but simply and solely from their High Church theory of baptismal grace. It was only after the dogma in question was conceived and brought forth that John iii. 5, and other texts of Scripture, were adduced in its favor. *The dogma, in one word, led to the misinterpretation of Scripture, and not the misinterpretation of Scripture to the dogma.* This, we repeat, was the legitimate offspring, the logical consequence of the doctrine of ‘baptismal regeneration.’

‘The belief that baptism,’ says Dr. Jacob, ‘was necessary for all, and that it conferred spiritual life by the inherent virtue of the material elements, led the Church to the conclusion, that infant baptism was not merely *justifiable*, but *altogether necessary*; and also that its force and efficacy were exactly the same in the unconscious infant as in the believing man. *This was nothing more than a simple and logical consequence of such an idea of the sacrament.*’ (p. 273.) The arrogant assumption of the priest, that he held the fate of the whole infant world in his fist, first led to the inference, that unbaptized infants, dying in infancy, must be lost, and then Scripture was adduced to corroborate the horrid lie.

‘The due effect of the baptismal rite,’ says Dr. Jacob, ‘was further represented as depending on the person who performed it. The visible orthodox Church, concentrated in its respective bishops, was the sole depository of spiritual life and blessing: and its ministers were priests, possessed, as its delegates, of a sacerdotal power, and alone enabled thereby to confer divine grace through the medium of the sacraments.’ (p. 264.) For this purpose the priest had received, as we have seen, by the laying on of apostolic hands, or by tactful succession from the Apostles, the gift of the Holy Ghost. Now, as we have already said, there is no sign or shadow of an authority in the New Testament for any such arrogant assumption of a

divine power. Where, then, shall we find it? Shall we look for it in the lives of the bishops, who thus claimed a monopoly of the Spirit? Alas! if we judge from their lives, the fruits of the Spirit are very different from those described by St. Paul. (Gal. v. 22, 23.) For, instead of humility and meekness, the fruits of the Spirit dwelling in them are, in most cases, pride, arrogance, and inflation. We are forced to conclude, then, that a slight mistake was made at their consecration, and that they were filled, not with *πνεῦμα*, Spirit, but with *πνεῦμα*, wind. We have never known a man, indeed, to pass through the trying ordeal of consecration as a bishop who did not suffer more or less of inflation from this supposed miraculous gift of the Holy Spirit. His inflation is *always* obvious, and *sometimes* wonderful. We might give many and very striking illustrations of the truth of this remark, but for the obvious impropriety of descending to personalities. Hence, if we judge the tree by its fruits, we are forced to the conclusion, that a slight mistake has been made as to the meaning of the *πνεῦμα* of the apostolical succession.

They are the ministers, indeed, and *the only ministers* fit to handle the sacraments of our blessed Lord and Master! Why, is it not notorious, that in their hands the divine simplicity of the sacraments has been destroyed and buried beneath a mass of splendid heathen rubbish? ‘Thus baptism,’ says Dr. J., ‘throughout its whole ceremonial, wore the appearance of an initiation into some of those secret mysteries which were familiar to the pagan mind; nor was such an idea discouraged by the greatest teachers of the time [*i. e.*, the third century]. The highest spiritual blessings were supposed to be conferred, not only *ex opere operato* by the outward rite, but even by *the inherent virtue of the water, the power of the priest, and the gift of the Church*. And being regarded, on the one hand, as absolutely necessary for the salvation of all, and on the other hand, as a complete deliverance from, and obliteration of, all past sins, which could never afterward be so effectually obtained, the whole ordinance was surrounded with an atmosphere of awe and superstitious reverence, encouraging the notion in some minds that they might come to

it as a species of magic rites which could annihilate sin ; and in others, that it was better to defer baptism as long as possible, lest by subsequent sins its blessed effects might be irreversibly lost.' (p. 265.)

We do not hope to reason any man, much less any bishop, out of such *sacerdotal* notions. No man was ever reasoned into them, and, therefore, no man will ever be reasoned out of them. 'The philosophy a man adopts,' says Jacobi, 'depends upon the kind of man he is.' This admirable saying, this profound aphorism, is even more profoundly true in regard to theology than it is in regard to philosophy. One man, for example, from the very state and habit of his soul, looks upon *regeneration* as working from the outward to the inward ; another looks upon it as working from the inward to the outward. The one, therefore, naturally embraces the idea of *regeneration by baptism* ; the other, on the contrary, as naturally adopts the idea of *regeneration by the Word and the Spirit*. The first is part and parcel of the Jewish, the Romish, or the heathenish view of religion ; the last accords, most perfectly, with the evangelical Protestant view. The advocates of these adverse views may, consequently, reason together, and do valiant battle with texts of Scripture till the day of doom, and yet never, by such means, settle the great controversy. Their stand-points are different ; they see 'the new creation' from different sides—the one from the outside and the other from the inside ; and hence there is no hope of an agreement between them until their points of view become the same, and the same prospect lies before them ; that is to say, until there is, in the one or in the other, a *radical change of character*, from which his theology is a natural outgrowth, a logical projection, a necessary development. As the difference in their doctrine proceeds from a fundamental difference in their moral state and character, so they will never agree until they become *one* in the *μετανοία*, which is everywhere enjoined as a condition of salvation.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See dissertation on the terms *μετανοέω* and *μεταμέλομαι* in *The Four Gospels*, by Dr. George Campbell, in which the confusion of the Common Version is cleared up.

This great change, this *μετάνοια*, is experienced by every true convert to the Christian religion. The history of the Church has, in all ages, furnished illustrious examples of this reformation, or rather this transformation, of the mind and character of professing Christians, as well as of notoriously ungodly men. John Wesley, as he himself confesses, experienced this change only after he had been, as he supposed, preaching the Gospel for eight years. Before that change took place he had always read the writings of St. Paul with a veil over his eyes, and had no more idea of the great Pauline doctrine of 'justification by faith alone' than if it had had no place in his epistles. Hence, with the High Church section of the Church of England, of which he was then a distinguished ornament, he believed in 'baptismal regeneration,' and 'baptismal justification,'<sup>1</sup> and maintained that 'original or birth-sin' in infants deserved 'God's wrath and damnation,' as set forth in the Ninth Article of the XXXIX.<sup>2</sup> But after the *μετάνοια* took place in him these views passed away. He struck out the dark and damning clause which suspended 'God's wrath and damnation' over the infant world, and laid aside forever the dogma of 'baptismal justification,' as he called it,<sup>3</sup> from which that awful clause flows as a logical consequence or corollary. All these old things passed away, and the religion of Christ wore a new face. The veil fell from before his eyes. Instead of 'baptismal justification,' which had obscured his vision, he beheld, in the writings of St. Paul, the great doctrine of 'justification by faith *alone*,' as clearly as he beheld the sun in the heavens at noonday. Great, indeed, was his wonder that he had never before seen that soul-justifying, soul-regenerating, and soul-saving doctrine in the Articles of his own Church, which reflect most perfectly that great central idea of Christianity as taught by St. Paul. His eyes were opened. It was useless for one of his old companions of the High Church school to reason with him with a view to his re-conversion, for, from the evidence of his own experience, and in the clear light of his own consciousness, he could not but say, 'Whereas I was blind, *now I see.*' (John ix. 25.) Nor did he reason

<sup>1</sup> See Wesley's Works, Vol. IX, p. 157.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

with them, nor battle texts of Scripture ; on the contrary, he just went on preaching the glad gospel of ‘justification by faith alone,’ by which he opened the eyes of the blind, and kindled afresh the decaying Christian consciousness of the eighteenth century.

It was the same great change, too, the same wonder-working *μετάνοια*, which opened the eyes of Luther to the true sense of the Pauline epistles, and enabled him to shake the papal empire of Rome to its foundation. The glad tidings of ‘justification by faith alone’ is the doctrine which St. Paul calls ‘my gospel,’ and which has wrought such wonderful changes in the state of the Christian world. It was a stumbling-block to the Jews, and foolishness to the Greeks ; but it was, and is, nevertheless, the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.<sup>1</sup>

**ART. V.—1.** *The Desert of the Exodus.* By E. H. Palmer, M. A. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1872.

**2.** *The Women of the Arabs.* By Rev. Henry Harris Jessup, D. D. New York : Dodd & Mead. 1872.

Some of our most hallowed associations cluster around the mountain tops and through the desert wastes of Arabia, for they have been touched by the chrism of the Divine Presence, and are consecrated forevermore. All is changed now, and sad enough to see ; but the old scenes come back to us as we stand by the shores of the Red Sea, or gaze on the Mountain of the Law. It was here that the piteous plaints of the children of Israel were changed into pæans of praise, after their miraculous deliverance from Egyptian bondage ; it was on this little peninsula that the grand procession of the chosen people moved forward, guided by the majestic figure of the Hebrew prophet, himself following the mysterious finger of

1 The third point, or the doctrine of infant baptism, as shaped by the Pelagian controversy, is, perhaps, the most profoundly interesting passage in the history of the doctrinal developments of the Church. It is necessarily reserved for another article.

God—‘the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night.’ It is the most wonderful journey on record, which no other history gives us anything in the least resembling. For forty years, amid dangers and distresses, foot-sore and weary, murmuring and discontented, the mighty host press forward, inspired by the immense heroism and iron will of one man, who towers above them all, as if ‘moulded in colossal calm.’

Much of the striking imagery of Holy Scripture is caught from the manners, productions, and scenery of Arabia. Allusion is made to the Arab tent in the Song of Solomon, when the bride speaks of her beauty as ‘dark but comely,’ and compares her tresses to ‘the soft hair of the mountain goat.’ When Isaiah predicts the downfall of Babylon, ‘the glory of the kingdoms, and the beauty of the Chaldee’s excellence,’ he gives additional vigor and tone to the picture of the entire ruin, by a single vivid touch of description, borrowed from the habits of this pastoral people: ‘Neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there.’ (Chap. xiii. 20.)

The most precious articles of merchandise were imported from Arabia. Hiram, the widow’s son, who was so celebrated a worker in brass that he was entrusted by Solomon with all the brass work required for the Temple, traded here. The king’s fleets were ever on the waters, bringing gold, and ivory, and spices from the shores of ‘Araby the Blest.’

Imagination, in poetry and prose, has given us gorgeous pictures of the romantic land of frankincense and myrrh, of ‘the far-off Elysian fields, where dwells Rhadamanthus with the golden hair, where life is ever sweet, and sorrow is not, nor winter, nor any rain or storm, and the never-dying zephyrs blow soft and cool from off the ocean.’ They tell us that in that terrestrial paradise

‘There blow a thousand gentle airs,  
And each a different perfume bears—  
As if the loveliest plants and trees  
Had vassal breezes of their own  
To watch and wait on them alone,  
And waft no other breath than theirs! ’

Araby's daughters are no longer women, but beings more divine than human,

‘Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower,  
Before their mirrors count the time,  
And grow still lovier every hour.’

So much for poetic Arabia. Recent travellers have dispelled the glamour of fancy by the passive irony of fact. Arabia is not the paradise of our dreams. Milton's simile ceases to be true—

‘Many a league,  
Cheered with the grateful smell, old ocean smiles;’

for the spices are no longer indigenous to the country; even the incense, which Pliny mentions, is procured elsewhere; and ‘Araby’s unrivalled maidens’ are mere miserable slaves, subject to the caprice of ignorant masters. In the earliest written records we find that women were subjected to cruel words and taunts from their lords. Solomon, soured with too much prosperity, and too great success in his *affaires du cœur*, dips his pen in gall whenever an opportunity occurs for him to exclaim against his fair enslavers, because they were not his equals in intellectual attainments. It seems peculiar to the East to glorify women for their personal beauty, and to take it for granted that they are divested of anything higher or nobler. The ideas of Solomon are those of the Hindoos and Arabians now, and they are found pervading their sacred writings.

The Pundits say: ‘Women have five qualities: the first, and inordinate desire for jewels and fine furniture, handsome clothes and nice victuals; the second, violent anger; the third, deep resentment—no person knowing the sentiments contained in their hearts; the fourth, another person’s good appears evil in their eyes; the fifth, they commit bad actions.’

Wise men and satirists had made women the butt of their ill-natured philippics for more than three thousand years, when, at last, the ‘whirligig of time brought about its revenges’ in the dawn of the chivalric era. The sentiments and writings of men underwent an entire change throughout the West. Women were now placed almost on a level with celestial beings. Minstrels, who had been wont to sing only of the

warlike achievements of heroes, now changed their theme. They found their inspiration in the beauty and perfection of women, often comparing them to the Supreme Being. Petrarch very seriously compares Laura to our Lord; and 'Deudes de Prade, a priest and poet, who used to sing the praises of women, says that he would not enter heaven but on the condition of making love to her whom he adored.' It became fashionable to extol the virtues and ignore the faults of the fair sex. Women were incited by these praises to practice the virtues accorded them by their lovers, so that the fifteenth century produced more extraordinary women than have at any other period appeared in Europe.

When this unnatural state of feeling began to subside, the minds of men again changed, and women were regarded as frivolous beings, for whom no ennobling sentiment could be entertained. The pliant damsel, Fashion, lent her aid to assist this retrograde movement. Pope, Swift, and Addison employed their pens in satirizing women. Every scribbler of the day contributed his little quota of abuse. When chivalry declined, the characters of both men and women began to degenerate.

In the present day there is still another movement through which women would leave their own sphere, loosening their hold of the high privileges already within their grasp to seize others beyond their reach. Like the Titan of old, 'they woo a goddess but to clasp a cloud.'

While the position of women has been constantly varying throughout Europe, it has ever been the same in the East. Kings and dynasties have succeeded one another, but the manners, customs, and fashions of this people are unaltered, and the laws by which the women are enslaved remain unchanged.

The extreme copiousness and harmony of the Arabian language has been highly eulogized by critics. The natives say that no uninspired man can be master of it. No European tongue, it has been said, can equal it in richness, 'as the numerous names for a single object will testify.' 'They have two hundred words denoting a serpent, five hundred for a lion,

and above a thousand for a sword.' The language of the country is so full of imagery and beauty that it is peculiarly adapted to be an emotional medium, so that the love songs of the people, aided by this auxiliary, breathe a spirit of tender and exquisite grace. But woe to the adored being who inspired the verses, if she offend her lord and poet! She hath received good at his hands, and shall she not receive evil? For the slightest offence she is punished by the most unmerciful beatings, followed by solitary imprisonment, and, if the jealousy of her master chance to be aroused, she is put to death with cruel tortures.

The birth of females is reckoned a misfortune, and their death a blessing. When nature refused to accord her a safe exit, the parents of an ill-starred daughter often took the responsibility in their own hands, and, as a matter of domestic economy, buried her alive. The older Arab proverbs show that this was considered a duty:

'To send women before to the other world is a benefit.'

'The best son-in-law is the grave.'

'Before the seventh century this practice seems to have been gradually abandoned, but was retained the longest in the tribe of Temim. Naman, King of Hira, carried off, among his prisoners in a foray, the daughter of Kais, chief of Temim, who fell in love with one of her captors, and refused to return to her tribe, whereupon her father swore to bury alive all his future female children, which he did, to the number of ten.' Rich men often purchased the lives of girls devoted to this fearful death, and a tender-hearted Arab, Sa Saah, rescued so many by this means that he received the name of 'The Reviver of the Maidens Buried Alive.'

The following Arabian proverbs will give some idea of the estimation in which women are held:

'Obedience to women will have to be repented of.'

'The heart of woman is given to folly.'

'Women are the whips of Satan.'

'Trust neither a king, a horse, nor a woman. For the king is fastidious, the horse prone to run away, and the woman is perfidious.'

Although women are held in such subjection in Arabia, many have, at various times, asserted their rights, sometimes by the force of will, and sometimes by intellectual superiority. Poetesses often appeared among them, the most favored style of composition being impromptu. They call improvised poetry 'the daughter of the hour.' An anecdote is told of El Khunsa, a poetess who flourished in the days of Mohammed, and we may observe in it how the spirit of the woman flashed out, notwithstanding the school of degradation through which she had passed. 'The poet Nabighah erected for her a red leather tent at the fair of Okaz, in token of honor, and in the contest of poetry gave her the highest place above all but Maymûn, saying to her, "If I had not heard him, I would say that thou didst surpass every one in poetry. I confess that you surpass all women." To which she haughtily replied, "Not the less do I surpass all men."

The Mohammedans do not say that the women have no souls, although, by their brutal treatment of them, they seem to say so. In the Koran it is written :

'Men are superior to women, on account of the qualities  
With which God has gifted the one above the other,  
And on account of the outlay they make from their substance for them  
Virtuous women are obedient.  
But chide those for whose refractoriness  
Ye have cause to fear, and scourge them.'

Jessup, who has been American Missionary in Syria for seventeen years, says : 'The interpretation of this last injunction being left to the individual believer, it is carried out with terrible severity. The scourging and beating of wives is one of the worst features of Moslem domestic life. It is a degraded and degrading practice, and, having the sanction of the Koran, will be indulged in without rebuke as long as Islamism as a system and a faith prevails in the world. Happily for the poor women, the husbands do not generally beat them so as to imperil their lives, *in case their own relatives reside in the vicinity*, lest the excruciating screams of the suffering should reach the ears of their parents and bring the husband into disgrace. But where there is no fear of interference, or of

discovery, the blows and kicks are applied in the most merciless and barbarous manner. Women are killed in this way, and no outsider knows the cause. One of my Moslem neighbours once beat one of his wives to death. I heard her screams day after day, and finally one night, when all was still, I heard a dreadful shriek, and blow after blow falling upon her back and head. The police would not interfere, and I could not enter the house. The next day there was a funeral from that house, and she was carried off and buried in the most hasty and unfeeling manner. Sometimes it happens that the woman is strong enough to defend herself, and conquers a peace; but, ordinarily, when you hear a scream in the Moslem quarter of the city, and ask the reason, it will be said to you, with an indifferent shrug of the shoulder, "That is only some man beating his wife."

Mohammed described a vision which he had of paradise, and declared that most of those who were in the enjoyment of celestial delights had been *poor* on earth; and that when he was permitted to gaze into the infernal regions, he found that the greater part of the demons were *women*. Yet he distinctly promised the faithful, that the meanest of them, after he had laid down this 'mortal coil,' should be served in paradise by eighty thousand servants, and have for wives seventy-two of the houris, besides all that he had in this world. A few years ago a Mohammedan pilgrim, who was journeying to Mecca in company with his wife, was asked if he thought she would have any place in paradise when he was blest with the hearts and hands of his seven-two houris. 'Yes,' he replied, glancing toward his wife, who was closely veiled, 'if she obeys me in all respects, and is a faithful wife, and goes to Mecca, she will be made more beautiful than all the houris of paradise.' Obedience to their husbands is the grand climacteric of the Moslem women's religion. They are not allowed to offer their prayers with the men; their devotions are either in private, or in the mosque when the superior bipeds are absent.

'It is considered a grievous insult to ask a Moslem about the health of his wife. If obliged to allude to a woman in

conversation, you must use the word "ajellak Allah"—"May God elevate you" above the contamination of the subject! You would be expected to use the same expression in referring to a donkey, a dog, a shoe, a swine, or anything vile. It is something like the Irish expression, "Saving your presence, sir," when alluding to an unpleasant subject.'

On one occasion a Greek Christian, so-called, went to an American physician and said, 'There is a woman, *ajell shanek Allah*, here who is ill. I beg your pardon for mentioning so vile a subject to your excellency.' The doctor inquired who the poor wretch might be. 'Ajellak, it is *my wife!*'

'I remember,' says Jessup, 'meeting the Mohammedan Mufti of Beirut in Dr. Van Dyck's study at the printing press. The Mufti's wife (at least *one* of them) was ill, and he wished medical advice, but could not insult the doctor by alluding to a woman in his presence. So he commenced, after innumerable salutations, repeating good morning, and may your day be happy, until he could decently proceed to business. "Your excellency must be aware that I have a sick man at my house. May God grant you health! Indeed, peace to your head! Inshullah, it is only a slight attack. He has pain in his back, headache, and he will not eat." "Has he any fever?" "A little." "I will come and see *her* this afternoon." "May God increase your good. Good morning, sir!"'

A Mohammedan is rarely seen walking with his wife in the street, and when such an event occurs he is always in advance, while the closely muffled wife walks at a respectful distance behind him. Nofel Effendi, an intelligent Protestant in Syria, gives an explanation of this practice. 'You Franks,' he says, 'can walk with your wives in public, because their faces are unveiled, and it is known that they are your wives, but our women are so closely veiled that if I should walk with my wife in the street no one would know whether I was walking with my own wife or another man's! You cannot expect a respectable man to put himself into such an embarrassing position!'

The Moslems have an inveterate prejudice against having

their women taught. They affect to believe them incapable of learning, but the secret of their opposition seems to be a deep-rooted distrust of the sex—a fear, perhaps, to give any power to the trampled worm which may turn and sting them. ‘Teach a *girl* to read and write!’ said a Mohammedan Mufti. ‘Why, she will *write letters*, sir—yes, actually *write letters*! The thing is not to be thought of for a moment.’ Another Moslem said: ‘Educate a *girl*! You might as well try to educate a *cat*!’ Notwithstanding the opposition, there are various Christian schools in Syria, and many Moslem children are being taught to read, write, and sew. One of the aristocratic Mohammedans of Beirut said to a missionary: ‘We are beginning to have our girls instructed in your Protestant schools, and would you believe it, I heard one of them read the other day, and she actually asked a question about the construction of a noun preceded by a preposition! I never heard the like of it. The things do understand what they read, after all!’ The others replied: ‘*Mashallah! Mashallah!* The will of God be done! ’

The Druze women have polite manners, but there is a vein of religious cant pervading their phraseology, which is so evidently hypocritical that it is more repugnant than open villainy. Such phrases as the following are ever on their lips: ‘We are all sinners.’ ‘The Lord’s will be done.’ ‘Praise to his name.’ ‘He only can command.’ ‘The Lord be merciful unto us.’ ‘He orders all things.’ This shower of good words ever conceals a malicious design, and their dupe often finds to his cost that ‘the devil may quote Scripture for a purpose.’

There is a tribe called the Okkal, who are forbidden by their religion to swear, drink, or smoke. On one occasion an intense excitement pervaded the village; certain parties became greatly exasperated against one another; the feeling rapidly spread; a storm was evidently about to break; but what should they do? Their vows forbade them to avenge their wrongs, even by words. At length one, who excelled his fellows in wisdom, proposed a plan to quell the uproar. Orders were issued that a deputation should be sent to the

neighboring tribe of Jehal, whose tenets of faith were less binding, begging them to come over and do some swearing for them. This being accomplished satisfactorily, peace was made between the contending parties.

Jessup says: 'When they talk in the most affectingly pious manner, and really surpass you in religious sentiment, you hardly know what to do. Tell them God knows the heart. They reply: "He alone is the All-Knowing, the Searcher of the hearts of men," and you shrink from telling them in plain language that they are hypocrites and liars.'

The Druzes are allowed only one wife, but the man is privileged to divorce her at his pleasure. If she offends her husband, he has only to say, 'You had better go back to your father,' and they are from that moment irrevocably separated, either party being free to marry again. The woman is thus kept in constant fear of being turned out of her home.

The first young girl of the Druze nation who dared to become a Christian bore the pretty name of Abba. She became very much attached to a missionary, Mrs. Van Dyck, who told her our Gospel story, and taught her to read. She was betrothed to a Druze Sheikh, who became so enraged at her forming a Christian friendship that he attacked her when returning from one of her visits to Mrs. Van Dyck, and gave her a severe beating. She suffered violent persecution from her relatives, who scourged her cruelly, and threatened her life, but the little maiden remained steadfast to the new hope. 'She was disinherited and deprived of her portion of her father's estate, and her life has been a constant struggle with persecution, poverty, and want. Yet, amid all, she has stood firm as a rock, never swerving from the truth, or showing any disposition to go back to her old friends. At times she has suffered from extreme privation, and the missionaries and native Protestants would only hear of it from others who happened to meet her. Since uniting with the Church, in 1849, she has lived a Christian life. In a recent conversation she said: "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, *for whom I have suffered all things;* . . . and I still continue by the grace of Him exalted, and

by the merits of Jesus Christ my Savior, awaiting a happy death and everlasting life.”’

Five men and two women are the number who have left the Druze superstition to join the Christian faith. They have each endured persecution and distress; they have given up every earthly friend and all their worldly goods to follow, more literally than most of us, the Man of Sorrows, whom, in a little while, they will behold as the King in his beauty.

The Nusaiyeh race are bloodthirsty and cruel, and number two hundred thousand souls. The religious ceremonies of this tribe are performed in a retired spot, and the women are carefully excluded from any participation in them, partly because they cannot be trusted with a secret, and partly because they are unworthy to mingle their prayers with those of the men. The initiatory rites are said to be frightful in the extreme, threats, prayers, and imprecations being mingled together in a horrible stream. One of their prayers is, that ‘*God will take out of the hearts of all others than themselves what little light of knowledge and certainty they may possess!*’ They call one another brethren, and have a certain freemasonry which makes them to know whether a stranger is one of their number or not. The sign which they use in their books is the double triangle, or seal of Solomon. They believe that a dreadful fate awaits the soul of a wicked man after death: it will be compelled either to animate the form of a beast or a woman, the one alternative being equally as horrible as the other. Should a woman be meek and obedient, obeying her lord’s behests in every particular while in this life, there is one bright hope held out before her—one exaltation to which she may aspire—she may be born again into the world *as a man!*

The poor Nusaiyeh women have a religious element in their nature, so that when the men are engaged in the performance of their hideous rites, they, the women, feeling the need of Divine help, steal off to the hill-tops and groves and pour out their prayers to the gods of the old time to come and help them. These shrines, or places of prayer, are called

'zeyarahs,' and whenever a Nusaiyeh woman finds her troubles too hard to bear, she goes to the zeyarah, crying with piteous sighs, 'Zeyarah, hear me!' No more mournful plaint pierces the heavens than this one which arises from the hearts of these 'prisoners of hope,' longing to be set free from the curse which fetters them. Where in the world is there deeper pathos than in this passionate cry for pity, and comfort, and love! They long for it as the traveller in the desert longs for the water-brooks, but, like the caravans of Tema, and the companies of Sheba, 'they were confounded because they had hoped; they came thither and there was nothing.'

From the rough and nomadic life of the Bedouin Arabs, very little missionary work has been done among them. They are suspicious of strangers, only native missionaries having free access to them. They boast of being descendants of Ishmael. 'They live a wild, free, and independent life, rough, untutored, and warlike, plundering, robbing, and murdering one another as a business; roaming over the vast plains which extend from Aleppo to Bagdad, and from Bagdad to Central Arabia, and bordering the outskirts of the more settled parts of Syria and Palestine; ignorant of reading and writing, and yet transacting extensive business, in wool and live-stock, with the border towns and cities; nominally Mohammedans, and yet disobeying every precept of Moslem faith and practice; subjects of the Ottoman Sultan, and yet living in perpetual rebellion, or coaxed by heavy bribes into nominal submission; suffering untold hardships from their life of constant exposure to winter storms and summer heats; without proper food, clothing, or shelter, and utterly destitute of medical aid and relief, and yet despising the refinements of civilized life, and regarding with contempt the man who will sleep under a roof, they constitute a most ancient, attractive class of men, interesting to every lover of his race, and especially to the missionary of the Cross.'

We here insert a letter, written for her husband, by Sitt Harba, wife of the Bedouin Sheikh. It is curious and interesting as the production of the only Bedouin woman that can write:

*'To his excellency, the most honored and esteemed, our revered Khowadja Henry Jessup: may his continuance be prolonged! Amen.'*

'After offering you the pearls of salutation, and the ornaments of pure odoriferous greeting, we would beg to inform you that your epistle reached us in the hand of Ali Effendi, and we perused it, rejoicing in the information it contained about your health and prosperity. You remind us of the importance of sending our sons and daughters to be educated in your schools. Ali Effendi has urged us very strongly to this course, and has spent several weeks with us among the Arabs. He has read to the children from The Book, and tried to interest them in learning to read. He has also gone from tent to tent among our Bedouins, talking with them, and urging upon them this great subject. He constantly read to them that which engaged their attention, and we aided him in urging it upon them. Inshullah (God grant) that there may soon be a school among the Arabs themselves. We Bedouins do not understand the language nor the ways of the Europeans, and we should like to have one like Ali Effendi, who knows our ways of talking and living, come to teach us and our children. We would also inform you that the book with pictures, which you sent to the Sitt Harba, has reached her, and she has read it with great pleasure, and asks of God to increase your good. She sends salams to you and to the Sitt, and to all your family.

'And may you live forever! Salam.

'MOHAMMED DUKHY.'

*'29 Jemady Akhar, 1289 of the Hegira.'*

*'POSTSCRIPT.—There has been a battle between us and the Ruella tribe, and the Ruellas ate a defeat. Ali Effendi was present and will give you the particulars.'*

Few and scanty are the accounts we have of the Bedouin women, for the simple reason that there has been but very little missionary work among them. We only know that they are sunk in the lowest depths of physical and moral degradation. One woman only in the whole tribe can read and write. Their

tents and persons swarm with vermin; murder and theft are their daily occupation; blasphemy and lies their household words. They are restrained by no law, human or divine, and conscience itself is a dead and useless thing. The antagonism between good and evil, which we find throughout the world, ceases here. Evil reigns supreme.

Palgrave says, if he could venture on the delicate task of constructing a 'beauty scale for Arabia, and for Arabia alone, the Bedouin women would, on this kalometer, be represented by zero, or at most  $1^{\circ}$ ; a degree higher would represent the female sex of Nejed; above them rank the women of Shomer, who are, in their turn, surmounted by those of Djowf. The fifth or sixth degree symbolizes the fair ones of Hasa; the seventh those of Katar; and lastly, by a sudden rise of ten degrees at least, the seventeenth or eighteenth would denote the preëminent beauties of 'Omān.'

'Omān is that part of the peninsula of Arabia where the people give themselves up to enjoyment; dancing and singing are their favorite amusements. They have a superstitious belief in sorcery, which is practiced by their wise men. 'Omān has thus received the name of 'Belad-es-Soharah,' or the Land of Enchanters. Men from the neighboring provinces are afraid to venture within the charmed limits of 'Omān, for a spell would surely be laid upon them by the bright eyes of a young girl, or the 'witch-rod' of an old one. Sometimes the sorcerers were invisible, luring the doomed beings to their fate by sweet and enchanting melody. The Arabs attach a mysterious meaning to the art of writing. They suppose the writer to be engaged in drawing mysterious signs which bode no good. A missionary once went to an Arab village to spend the night. When he sat down in the tent he was soon surrounded by a crowd of rough men, who began to insult him. 'They demanded bakhshish, and handled his bedding and cooking utensils in a very brutal manner, and asked him if he had any weapons. He bethought himself of one weapon, and began to use it. He took out a pencil and paper, and began to make a sketch of the ringleader. He looked him steadily in the eye, and then wrote rapidly with his pencil. The man began to

tremble and slowly retreated, and finally shouted to his companions, and off they all went. Shortly after they sent a man to beg Mr. L. not to cut off their heads! Their priests teach them that the Protestants have the power of working magic, and that they draw a man's portrait and take it with them, and if the man does anything to displease them, they cut off the head of the picture and the man's head drops off! Mr. L. sent them word that they had better be very careful how they behaved, and they did not molest him again.'

In October, 1862, a fanatical Moslem saint professed to have received divine power, which enabled him to call out devils. Many of the people followed him, and a poor woman, who had lost her reason through excessive grief at her son's death, was taken by her husband to consult the prophet. 'He refused to go and see her, stating that he would not descend to go to the devils, but the devils must come to him. The poor woman was accordingly brought to him, and left to await the opportune moment when he could cast out the devils which he declared to be raving within her. After a few days her father called to inquire about her, and found her growing constantly worse. The Hamathite told him that he must bring a gallon of liquid pitch, to be used as a medicine, and the next day the devils would leave her. The pitch was brought, and, after the father had gone, the lying prophet tied a cord around her feet and drew her up to the ceiling, and, while she was thus suspended, thrust a red hot iron rod into one of her eyes, and cauterized her body almost from head to foot! He then placed the pitch on the floor under her head, and set it on fire until the body was burned to charcoal! The next day her friends called, expecting to find her restored to her right mind, when the wretch pointed them to the blackened cinder. They exclaimed with horror, and asked him the reason of this bloody crime. He replied, that on applying the test of burning pitch one of the devils had gone out of her, tearing out her right eye, and when he forbade the rest from destroying the other eye, they fell upon her and killed her! The body was buried, but the government took not the slightest notice of the fact. The official

journal in Beirut simply warned the public against patronizing such a bloody impostor!'

Every tribe has a sorcerer called the hawi, who is supposed to be venom-proof, and who has the power to cure diseases and heal wounds by his breath. The process which is necessary to develop this talent is, that his mother, before he has tasted any solid food, should give him a cake to eat, composed of seven barley corns, seven grains of wheat, a small scorpion, and a hornet, all pounded and mixed together. A hawi, however, has often been known to distrust his own powers, and, when in close proximity to a venomous snake, to adopt the method of ordinary mortals, and stone the enemy at a respectful distance.

Oral tradition among the different tribes is so wonderfully precise that their legends are invariably repeated in exactly the same words. There is one which is called by the Arabs Hajar-el-Bint, or 'The Maiden's Rock,' and they say that 'long ages ago there dwelt upon Umm Shomer a fairy, who used to fascinate stray travellers by the exquisite strains which she could elicit from her flute of reeds. She was beautiful beyond mortal loveliness, and her only covering was the long, streaming hair which flowed in rich waves over her neck. One day a Bedawi hunter, while pursuing his game in the mountains, came suddenly upon the damsel, who entertained him with pleasant discourse, and left him completely enamored of her charms. In the morning he determined to seek again the mysterious beauty, and to bring her back with him by force or stratagem. But when he came to a point in the road where the path lay through a narrow cleft in the rock, he found that the fairy maiden had anticipated him, and baffled his evil designs by miraculously closing up the fissure in the rock as we behold it at the present day. Since that time she has never again been seen, but gives occasional notice of her presence by firing off a gun (!) one day in every year.' This prosaic and incongruous ending was added by the Arabs to account for certain mysterious sounds which sometimes proceed from the mountain, caused probably by large masses of

rock which become detached and roll with a mighty crash into the valley below.

The Arabian women are all closely veiled ; their chins are always tattooed, and often the whole face is covered with hideous signs, or hieroglyphics. The married women wear their hair in a long plait, which is ingeniously twisted into the form of a horn in front, surmounting which is a red bead. These plaits are said to be seldom, if ever, untied. The unmarried women wear their hair in short curls over the forehead, around which they tie a bandeau called a *shebeikah*, made of red cloth, with glittering pendants. A loose gown, generally of blue, and adorned with beads and pieces of metal and glass, with a large blue mantle covering all, completes their costume. The Arabian princesses wear golden rings on their fingers, to which little bells are suspended, and the fillet which binds their hair is decorated in like manner, so that the music may denote their superior rank, and they receive the homage due them. Some of these bells have short Arabian prayers inscribed upon them. The Eastern women are never without looking-glasses. Shaw says : ' In Barbary they are so fond of their looking-glasses, which hang upon their breasts, that they will not lay them aside, even when, after the drudgery of the day, they are obliged to go two or three miles with a pitcher or a goat's skin to fetch water.' In Arabia they sometimes wear looking-glasses on their thumbs. This fact, and that the lotus is the emblem of beauty, explain the following description of a pantomimic conversation between two lovers before their parents :

' He, with salute of deference due,  
A lotus to his forehead prest ;  
She rais'd her mirror to his view,  
Then turn'd it inward to her breast.'<sup>1</sup>

Indeed, the courtship of an Arab lover displays, not only great gallantry, but the most frantic demonstrations of feeling. They have few opportunities of meeting, but show their devotion by beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and slashing their bodies with knives. Negotiations begin with the father. A

<sup>1</sup> *Lalla Rookh.*

few days after the marriage day is appointed, the bridegroom enters the tent of his betrothed with a lamb in his arms, which he slays before witnesses, and as soon as the blood falls upon the ground the marriage is thought complete. Feasting, singing, and dancing follow, each guest being required to eat bread and meat. The ceremony differs in different tribes; sometimes the friend of the groom, taking the hand of the girl's father, merely says, before witnesses, ' You declare that you give your daughter as wife to ——.' Meanwhile, the betrothed is usually unaware of the change made in her condition. On returning in the evening with the cattle, which she has been tending, she is met by her lover and two of his friends, who seize her and carry her by force into her father's tent. She defends herself by throwing stones at her assailants, by struggles and cries, in all of which she is greatly applauded by her companions. Sometimes she makes her escape to the mountains, and days often elapse before the groom can find her. When at last discovered and brought to her father's tent, she is placed in the women's department, when one of the young men immediately throws over her an 'abba,' or mantle, saying, 'The name of God be with thee! none shall take thee but such an one,' naming her future husband. She is then dressed in her wedding suit, which is provided by the groom, and being mounted on a camel, ornamented with tassels and fringes, she is conducted to her new home, still struggling and sobbing, while all her female friends join in her lamentations.

There is a story told of two girls, who had each bestowed their affections on certain lovers, but were about to be married to men they disliked, and, sooner than prove faithless, they escaped to the mountains, and there perished of hunger. Burckhardt says they twisted their hair together, and precipitated themselves from the cliffs.

It is not surprising that the women should dread a change of masters. The 'ills we know not of' are always more dreadful than those to which we have become inured. The women of the Arabs are always under a cloud; the customs of the country are such that they have few if any privileges. They

never appear to welcome a guest ; they are not allowed to sit at table, but eat only the food left by the men ; they rarely taste anything but the refuse, which they share with the slaves and dogs.

That ‘good old gentlemanly vice,’ avarice, is peculiar to the Arabian women. They are very keen and cunning in driving a bargain, so that the vegetable and fruit markets are kept almost exclusively by them. An Arab poet has said, ‘Close-handedness becomes a woman no less than generosity a man.’

When misfortune or distress befalls an Arab he is sure to think it the work of a witch or a woman. There is a story told of an Arabian prince, who was a true believer, although he lived before the days of Mohammed, and a wise man, although he sat on a throne. This ‘*rara avis*’ undertook to gather together all the wise maxims of past ages, in order to leave his children an inheritance worthy of him. He employed all the learned men and philosophers to accomplish his end, and a library was the result, which was so voluminous that ten camels were employed to carry it. ‘Reduce all the sciences to first principles,’ said the prince. This was done, but there was still too much. The king then employed a number of aged sages to reduce the abridgment, first to ten volumes, then to five, and then to a single one, which was offered to the Sultan in a box of velvet and gold. He took the book and began to blot out all that he considered unnecessary. ‘What is the danger that threatens my sons?’ thought he. ‘Not avarice, for that is the malady of the old ; nor ambition, for that is the virtue of princes. I will strike out all this.’ At last, however, he came to a more violent passion, and he was so impressed by the force and truth of a single adage, that he threw the book in the fire, and bequeathed to his heirs this maxim, calling it the key to the treasure of life : ‘All women are false—above all, the woman that loves thee !’ This was the proverb, the only spark of wisdom worth preserving out of ten camels’ loads. ‘Wouldst thou, my son,’ adds the old man, ‘be more prudent than this infidel, more enlightened than Solomon, or wiser than the Prophet ?’

A precept of the Koran estimates a woman as worth only the moiety of a man, and makes the punishment for an offence against the former one-half as great as one against the latter. Indeed, until quite recently, women in Syria were beaten to death, poisoned, and drowned, and no inquiry was made by the government. No prosecution can be instituted for murder unless it is begun by the friends of the victim; and even if a murderer be convicted of the crime, he is released on condition of paying to the relatives of the deceased thirteen thousand piastres, or two hundred and fifty dollars. In March, 1856, a Druze girl, refusing to marry a man chosen for her by her family, was seized by her own brother and the rejected lover, who murdered her, and threw her body into a well. No inquisition was made into the matter, as it was considered an act too insignificant to deserve any notice whatever.

Mr. Palmer gives a description of a visit to the tents of the Moabite Arabs, which will serve to convey an idea of the home-life of their women. 'The tents,' he says, 'are generally placed upon an eminence, and arranged so as to form three sides of a square, that nearest the precipitous edge of the hill being left open. On arriving at an encampment, the traveller enters from behind and makes for the sheikh's tent, not dismounting until he reaches the door. This is, in most cases, a necessary precaution, as he is surrounded, the moment he passes the line of tents, by a snarling pack of curs, whose sole object in life appears to be driving back stray cattle and biting strangers' legs. The chief then dives behind the mysterious curtain which screens the various wives of his bosom from the public gaze, and, returning with all his available carpets and extra clothing, extemporizes for you a comfortable divan. *Leben* is then brought, and coffee ceremoniously prepared, one of the sheikhs relations roasting the berries and pounding them in a wooden or metal mortar; the latter process is always performed by rule, a stated number of blows being given to a monotonous tune, very pleasing to Arab ears. If you intend to stay the night, and are a person of consequence, a kid is slaughtered and cooked in the women's apartment, from which proceed also sounds of grinding corn, and other

preparations for the banquet. All the male members of the encampment, with probably a few friends from some neighboring tents, now drop in, and sit in and around the *shigg*, waiting patiently for hours in the hope of coming in for a bone or a handful of greasy sop. When dinner is served, which is not often until past sunset, and the scraps that remain have been considerably handed over the curtain for the delectation of the ladies, pipes are lighted, and the company talk, laugh, and quarrel alternately, until one by one they drop off to sleep. The unusual excitement of a good dinner occasionally lures the ladies out of their retirement, and if any one be polite enough to offer them a pipe of tobacco, they will join the gentlemen, though with a becoming sense of the condescension shown them. The Moabite ladies are incessantly cleaning out their pipes with long pieces of wire, and, not being entirely free from the female quality of vanity, they lick up the oil and nicotine thus extracted, "because," as they say, "it so brightens the eyes."

When a death occurs in an encampment the women are the chief mourners. They go immediately to the outside of the tent, and, taking off their head-dresses, make the most impassionate wailings the whole day. They never mourn the slain until after their death is avenged, but when expiation is made their lamentation begins. Before vengeance is accomplished they suppose that an owl, or some ominous bird, sits on the grave and cries for 'drink,' until its thirst is allayed by the blood of the man-slayer. The following is a funeral song which the poor Bedouin women sing on the death of a child:

' Oh hasten my camel, begone, begone,  
Oh haste where your loved ones stay:  
There weep and lament. There my "spirit" is gone,  
Is gone to a night without day:  
Oh star of the morning, thou star of the day,  
And star of the evening, both hasten away,  
And bring me a balm for my wounded heart,  
For I from my child, my "spirit," must part.'

Alike in the Arab tent and in the city stalks the same grim sovereign, Death. Blessed influences meet him in Christian lands, and his mysterious footstep falls noiselessly, drowned

by intercessions floating heavenward for the passing soul. But he comes as an avenger to the poor Arab; his hideous face is met with terror; they find themselves standing on the brink of an abyss which is overshadowed by the blackness of darkness; no uncertain glimmer of hope visits them, while in despairing agony they cry to that mysterious unknown god of the old time, 'Zeyarah, hear me!'

The story of these Arab women is true—as true as it is piteous. We should be glad if the picture were not all dark. We should like to say with Griffith, in Henry VIII, 'May it please your Highness to hear me speak his good now!' There is no good to speak; we cannot shut our eyes to the truth that these poor wretches are sunk in the lowest depths of degradation, enveloped in thick and unwholesome clouds of ignorance and sin, which can only be dispelled by the healing beams of the Sun of Righteousness.

What Christianity has done for woman no thinking being can fail to discern. Whenever the Word and the Spirit of Christ reach the heart of a heathen people, then, and only then, is woman elevated into her true sphere—into a new and nobler life; uplifted out of the servitude of the semi-barbaric world on the one hand, and apart from the exaggerated idolatry accorded her in the chivalric era.

We have looked upon the terrible reality which exists in the lives of the Arab women in our enlightened nineteenth century. Let us not turn horror-stricken from the sight. Is not our Christianity, are not our sermons dismal mockeries, if we act not upon those words of Infinite Love, 'It is not the will of your Father that one of these little ones should perish'? It is our privilege to send the blessed truths of the Gospel to these benighted souls. If the stir of human sympathy be aroused for the women of the Arabs, be sure the day-spring from on high is very near to visit and to bless them. Let this knowledge dawn upon their souls, and the thick darkness shall roll away, as the heavens answer to the *Te Deum* which will burst from the multitude as they stand forth in the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

**ART. VI.—*Notes on the History of Slavery in Massachusetts.***

By George H. Moore, Librarian of the New York Historical Society, and Corresponding Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866. Pp. 256.

[This tremendous article was written by a Northern man. The 'Christianity' and the 'Christian Statesmanship,' on which he has let loose the lightnings of his indignation, are of the Colfaxian type. It becomes, in the sphere of morals, the philanthropy of New England Puritanism; and, in the sphere of legislation, the rabid radicalism of rampant rogues, who are now rioting, like so many filthy worms, in the horrible corruptions which they themselves have created. The writer evidently had a 'live conscience.' The foundation on which he plants the battery of his terrible logic is built of the solid, immovable facts of history; and the blazing thunders of his invective are evidently winged with the lightnings of a virtuous indignation. We pity the man in whose bosom his irony, sarcasm, scorn, and indignation awaken no response, for he either has no conscience at all, or else a conscience seared, as with a hot iron, by the fires of fanaticism.—ED.]

Many years ago a little Indian boy, not far past infancy, was taken by a New York philanthropist into his family, and reared along with his children, with the design of making a Christian gentleman out of him. He took kindly to books, games, and the Shorter Catechism, and proved to be an uncommonly amiable young savage. When he grew to a proper age he was sent as a cadet to West Point. Here he showed a noticeable aptitude for study, stood high in his class, was liked and respected by his companions, graduated at the end of four years with great credit, and was commissioned as a second lieutenant in the regular army. Nothing remained but his tawny skin and straight, black locks to remind anybody that he was not born of the same race as the boys who had drilled with him, and whose equal he was in all the accomplishments and refinements of civilized life. He was pointed at as a convincing proof of the capacity of the wild man to become tame, polished, powerful for good—a helper among the throngs of disciplined pale-faces, instead of a mere drone and pilferer of the woods.

But it happened, unluckily for the benevolent persons who had this prize aborigine in charge, and it battered the point quite off a most felicitous illustration of a pet theory, that, within a year after he left the academy, civilization began to disagree with him. His uniform became an irksome restraint. He grew shy of 'good society,' and, after a little while, threw books, ambition, soldier clothes, 'the stated preaching of the Gospel,' and all the other blessings that had accumulated on his head, back, belly, and soul, to the dogs, and betook himself to the woods and the company of his red brethren. Here he arrayed himself in multitudinous feathers and gorgeous paint, grasped the tomahawk and rifle, sounded a war-whoop that made the heavens ring, and, having wedded a few squaws of industrious habits, spent his days in gunning after game and white men, sleeping, smoking, gorging himself with meat, and getting drunk (whenever Providence sent a Christian trader his way) with as much persistency and complacency as if he had never learned to do anything better. He was not even an 'honest Injun.' He was only a sand-papered and polished Captain Jack.

This has been thought by philosophers a remarkable case. But it simply illustrates, in a way perhaps more than commonly striking, that the passions and aptitudes of a race, transmitted from generation to generation, stimulated and cultivated through ages and ages by a life of lawless freedom under the open sky, are stronger than the moulds that civilization can set to shape them, even though the clay be as plastic as a baby's limbs when it is cast in. The tailor, the professor, the dancing-master, may all achieve their perfect work, and the courtly savage stand complete. But deeper than the tailor's padded raiment, hotter than the professor's cold mathematics, quicker than the dancing-master's liveliest step, within hidden veins, beneath that dusky skin, there runs a wild and tameless river of blood that leaped, ages long ago, from some lost fountain of the ancient world. It flows with too strong a current, and has flowed too long and far, to be swerved from its channel by never so big a dyke of literature, science, art,

military discipline, and 'store-clothes,' or to be damned by a whole mountain of 'gospel privileges.'

And so all the races of men are divided and swayed by powers and passions as ineradicable from the flesh that comes to them from their fathers as the spirit that dragged that tamed savage from the military academy back to the wigwam and the woods. The little Fiji islander takes as kindly to a supper of man-meat as the little Italian does to the chisel and the brush, or the little German to music, mystical philosophy, and beer. They are all, doubtless, nice little boys when they utter their first gasp, and if they were all taken together, at that critical moment, and placed under the care of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, would doubtless all grow to be as mean and polished young Yankees as one would care to meet, 'well up' in algebra and the use of the globes, and, better still, thoroughly posted on the millennial nigger, the mysterious immoralities of the late Lord Byron, and other healthy topics of conversation current in good Christian society. But by-and-by they would outgrow Sister Harriet's switch and horn-book, and even set at naught her blessed example. Nature would begin to assert itself in the face of her conventional education. Blood would begin to tell. The cast-iron features of their instructress would be reproduced by young Italy in clay. Young Germany would be overtaken by Brother Henry Ward Beecher (and of course promptly reported) singing *The Watch on the Rhine* in a Boston beer-garden; or Parson Stowe, while doing up the Saturday sweeping, would catch him making covert love to Limburger cheese and Strauss' *Life of Jesus* under the kitchen stairs. He of Fiji would be observed to smack his chops and roll his eyes in a manner fearful to behold at the sight of any plump infant that passed the house. He would incline to the shambles, and feast his eyes on the doings of the butcher, while his fellows disported themselves, 'after their kind,' in the milder amusements of sculpture, song, theology, and lager. And it is likely that Sister Stowe, driven to despair, would turn them all loose, and, by way of diversion, whet her spade, 'after her kind,' for another thrust into Byron's coffin.

We are not yet old enough in this country to have a national face, nor will we be old enough until the land has been some centuries full. Then the features of the many races that feed us now with immigrants will have caught from the fresh soil and the strange sky, from the sunshine of the new world, and the winds that sweep from the Alleghanies to the Sierras, and from the blending of these alien peoples, that strange identity of mould that comes assuredly with time, and that marks the Scotchman, the Irishman, and the German as members each of three great, ancient, long-divided families. But if we are too young to have a national face, we were old enough long ago to develop a character and genius as sharply defined and as potent as any people of the older world can show. The inspiration and the strength of our fathers,

'The gold which kindly Nature mixed  
Among their sands of wrong.'

was the capacity of self-government, the ability to keep the peace and prosper, without the help of any of those heaven-appointed and divine-righted gentlemen, whose lofty credentials have served too long as a mere license to plunder and oppress the millions who blindly commit themselves to 'the powers that be.' And this fact is the more remarkable, because the first settlers of this country were by no means a chosen and homogeneous people. Peter the Hermit, when he set out to rescue the sepulchre of Christ from the infidels, with all the rags and chivalry of Europe at his heels, had not a more ill-assorted band behind him than that which found its way in many ships, over ocean paths lying far apart, to these wild shores. Some of these early pioneers came here to better their worldly fortunes, and a good many came because they had no worldly fortunes to better. Some of them ran away from the vengeance of just laws, and some from the oppression of wicked ones. The Huguenots, the Catholics, and the Quakers came after religious liberty, and not only got it, but were glad to share it with other people of alien and diverse faiths who had been as luckless at home as they. The Puritans came after the same blessing, and found it so precious

that they scourged at the cart's tail every heretic bold enough to claim a morsel of their new inheritance. Never, since the disciples of Christ began to hunt one another down—and that is a good while ago—was ecclesiastical wrath so nicely and liberally apportioned among heathens and heretics as by these codfish-eating custodians of divine truth. Witches, Quakers, Baptists, Negroes, and Indians had about an equally good time of it in the way of getting religious liberty from the 'chosen people' of the Mayflower, and the mysteries of the medicine man, the dark incantations of the African Obi, and communion with the devil on aerial broomsticks, by bed-ridden old ladies who could certainly get about in no other way, enjoyed the same kind of toleration, and the same measure of it, around Plymouth Rock, as the silent worship of the true God by Christian men in broad-brimmed hats, or burial in baptism with the Lord Jesus Christ by humble people who sought to obey the Gospel in cold and strange waters. This, however, by the way.

Quaker, Puritan, Baptist, Huguenot, and Catholic; men of diverse and hostile faiths, and men without any faith at all; martyrs fleeing from persecution, and malignants craving a virgin soil on which to set up a gallows and pillory of their own; Dutchman, Englishman, Frenchman, and Swede; bold and thrifty pioneers, fugitive rogues, ragged adventurers, visionary gold-hunters, a few prosperous gentlemen, who might have stayed at home in comfort, and who brought money with them, united by no common bond, but separated by strange languages and dissimilar and, sometimes, conflicting laws and charters—these were the materials for the building of a nation, scattered along a vast coast, stretching pretty nearly from perpetual snow to perpetual sunshine. Who shall lay the foundations of the house? Who shall hew and fit these loose, scattered, many-textured, and many-angled stones into the walls of a State that shall endure?

Of all the mysteries of God that have been made manifest in the development of man, the very strangest to us is, that out of this confusion of bloods, beliefs, motives, fortunes, characters, intelligences, ambitions, laws, and languages—sprawl-

ing over an area of wilderness so vast that savages and wild beasts were partners in it within the memory of living men—there should have been evolved, not in the slow process of ages, but in the lapse of one hundred and fifty years, a government coherent, compact, powerful, enduring; sovereign, within its sphere, over sovereign States, and subordinate to these in all things not expressly given by the people into its keeping; ‘holding only a few great powers, and having relation to only a few large objects,’ but with these powers so nicely limited, these objects so wisely chosen, that the perfect freedom of the individual citizen was reconciled with the potent unity of a nation strong enough to confront the united world, and to exact obedience from every one of the millions who now stretch across the continent. Not from the closets of the learned, dim with musty, midnight oil, but from the cabin of the pioneer, ruddy with the gleam of the back-log; not from the cunning of the Old World, but out of the simplicity of the New, was matured and realized, at last, in the series of man’s works, the grand conception of ‘a church without a bishop, and a state without a king.’

It is not rarely that decent and patriotic men are profoundly disgusted by hearing a blatherskite, whose pockets are stuffed with the plunder of military contracts, or credit mobilier shares, or congressional back-pay, or the proceeds of some other bit of loyal larceny, declare from the stump, with oracular solemnity, as if the rogue had something new to say, or believed what he said, or could violate his instincts so far as to say anything that he *did* believe, ‘My fellow-citizens, we are living under *the best government the world ever saw*.’ Yet no man can lie, forever and always, any more than he can stand on one leg all day and all night. He must rest himself by an occasional recurrence to fact. It is not unlikely that Ananias sometimes told the truth, and even such a varlet as a purveyor of mule-beef for the luckless military, or a congressional bribe-taker, or a back-pay buzzard, will stumble, in spite of himself, now and then on a great verity. When he does we should not be ashamed to admit what is true because the truth is uttered by an unclean tongue. It is none the less

truth for all that. The Koh-i-noor sparkles as fair and peerless among diamonds when it shone out of the socket of a hideous East Indian idol's eye as it does among the crown jewels of a Christian Queen. And although 'dear Schuyler Colfax' (as they call him at the Young Men's Christian Association) has many hundreds of times, backed up by precious William D. Kelley, and echoed by priceless James W. Patterson, and still further supported by the beloved Cobbler of Natick, declared that this is the best, the *very best*, beyond all comparison, *the best government the world ever saw*; that, gazing backward along the tide of time, and observing the fall of empires, the wreck of nations, the overthrow of states, the decay of kingdoms, and the general debility of republics (*Schuyler will gush*), he has never seen anything like it; yet I believe it *for all that*. All these dear, blessed, pious, purchased, perjured fellows are as powerless to hurt the truth by telling it as they are to help themselves by telling lies.

It is, indeed, the best government the world ever saw. Its foundations were laid in justice, peace, wisdom, mutual forbearance. It was a compact in which each and all of the high contracting parties gave up much that selfish interest and inherited prejudice endeared to them as citizens of States, to subserve the general good, and to make a powerful and united nation. Just so long as the compact was kept in good faith we grew and prospered as no people on earth ever did since Adam, reduced in circumstances, as many of his children have been since, by reason of over-intimacy with the devil, was driven to work for his bread and struck his hoe into the unbroken sod of Eden. We were strong enough, within thirty years after Great Britain reluctantly acknowledged our independence, to whip the forces of that miserable step-mother on land and sea. Our territory grew from the narrow limits of a seaboard belt to the proportions of a vast continental empire, but our Constitution and laws were big enough and strong enough to cover it all, to hold its remotest acre secure, and to secure and assure its remotest frontiersman protection and liberty. New States, planted in the wilderness, took their place among the old, on equal terms, and there was no step-child in our

I. C. S.  
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family of commonwealths. The arts and sciences, manufactures, commerce, agriculture, every employment that tests the capacity and develops the powers of man, and brings reward to his toil, flourished as they must always flourish in a land where nobody needs to fear the laws save the rogue that seeks to prey upon his neighbor. We were only reminded of the existence of a general government by the security and peace it brought us. A national tax-gatherer was as strange to our soil as an African gorilla, and we knew as little about that oppressive reality of to-day, and feared him as little as we did the belly-beating monster of the Guinea forest. Our immense territory, with its varied climate, enabled us to produce pretty nearly everything that grows on the globe; and the free domestic exchange of our productions, without the embarrassment of custom-houses and the oppression of tariffs, cultivated intercourse and bred mutual good-will between the remotest sections of the land. We had reserved to ourselves the right of local self-government, and, complex as seemed a system in which this right was reconciled with the sovereignty of a nation that embraced all the States, that sovereignty was so firmly limited and sharply defined, by the Supreme Law, that the delicate machinery worked on and on, and year by year, noiseless and potent. It is a marvel, perhaps, unparalleled in history, that a written Constitution, framed for a feeble people, by men who could see but darkly the scope and importance that a single half century would give to their work, and who could get but little refreshment or instruction from precedents, there being no case precisely like the one they had in hand, should have fitted itself to exigencies beyond any ken save a prophet's; should have proved strong enough to bear the strain of war, and sound enough to endure 'the canker of a calm world and a long peace,' which has eaten up a good many more empires than ever fell before the sword. Atilla, Tamerlane, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon Bonaparte, all together, thundering with their armies at our gates, were a sight not half so terrible and threatening to a people that value liberty and character, as that Congressional husbandman, Oakes Ames, peacefully

and in silence planting his shares ‘where they would do the most good,’ in the pockets of our lawmakers; casting his stolen bread on the Colfaxian waters, in the blessed assurance that it would return to him ‘after many days.’

Our fathers foresaw the likelihood of foreign war, and provided against that. Sadly enough, but still dimly, they fore-saw the possibility of domestic dissension, and provided, as best they could, against *that*. But there were some things that the farthest-sighted of those austere and incorruptible sages could not foresee, even with the spectacles of prophecy. They caught no glimpse, in the far horizon of the future, of ‘*dear Schuyler Colfax*.’ Kelly was not revealed to their straining gaze. They were spared the phantom of Oakes Ames. General Grant, Simon Cameron, Ben Butler, and the Hon. Henry Wilson, Zack Chandler, Brother James Patterson, Casey, the Dents, and all the rest of the godly fellowship of statesmen, warriors, philanthropists, poor relations, thieves, and office-brokers who have us in their godly keeping, were so far below the horizon that no faint flush, no solitary brazen streak painting the fringes of the East heralded to the peering eyes of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Hamilton, and their fellow-patriots, the rising of the glorious orb of ‘God and Morality.’ ‘Christian statesmanship’ was a business quite unknown to them. It is an art that has come in, in our day, along with photography, steam-printing, and patent chewing-gum. These hapless, obsolete gentlemen set our Government going, and managed it for us, for many long years, without any kind of official recognition from Dorcas Societies, Infant Sunday Schools, or Young Men’s Christian Associations. No rapturous divines ever forgot their utter incapacity to ‘do the most good’ with a bribe, or, indeed, to submit to the operation of ‘share-placing’ at all, so far as to call them ‘*Dear George*,’ or ‘*Dear Thomas*,’ or ‘*Dear John*,’ or ‘*Dear Alexander*.’ They were never asked to speak at religious anniversaries. They never carried the penny-box round in meeting, and were not ‘gifted in prayer.’ Indeed, the best that can be said of them is, that they humbly feared God and faithfully and modestly served him, *in office and out of it*.

'Christian statesmen' of our day do a good deal more than that. Ah! don't they?

The inherent vitality of our institutions has been tested by assaults from without and from within; in war and in peace; by the fleets of Great Britain; by the armies of a vast rebellion; and by a still sorer trial, the devouring greed and rascality of the 'loyal' statesmen who made a job of putting the vast rebellion down. That it has survived all these varied shocks and strains is proof enough, if there were no other, that Providence, for some reason, has it in special keeping. No other system of State was ever subjected to trials such as these. A common Republic, with a loose-jointed and improvident Constitution, might, perhaps, have weathered a rebellion, or come out winner in a foreign war. But only *the best Government the world ever saw* could have escaped going to pieces in a decade of 'Christian statesmanship.'

We have shown out of what a multitude, and what a diversity of minds the wondrous Constitution of these States took its birth and became a substantial fact, within a good deal less than two hundred years after the landing of the first pioneer on our shores; and we have held this up as a conclusive proof that the people who made it had an inborn, heaven-sent capacity for self-government. But, although these people were not a homogeneous mass, and were strangely, and, as it seemed, at random, drawn hither from the ends of the earth, there was one thing—only one, but still *one*—in which they were all alike. They were all *white* people. We now come to speak of another race, which, albeit they were here, had no part in the labors that made us a nation, but whose transmitted aptitude for affairs of State, and for all other affairs, it is quite easy to study, inasmuch as they have had, since the beginning of time, a country all their own to govern and develop.

The continent of Africa belongs to the elder world. Its history has no first page that has come down to us. The same beasts and serpents that infest its jungles to-day disported themselves there ages before the pyramids were thought of, only they are plentier now than they were then. The same black, glossy, low-browed, woolly-headed, mighty-lipped, long-

heeled natives who now possess its fertile plains, resemble their forefathers who sat down by the Nile and the Niger thousands of years ago, in their morals, social customs, laws, and business habits, as precisely as they resemble them in penetrating fragrance and personal comeliness. Their country was an old country when England was a bleak waste, as far from the world that called itself civilized, and as hard to find as Kane's Polar Sea. But, through the centuries that have made England the mother and mistress of innumerable realms, peopled with the highest type of man; while all the rest of the world has moved steadily and onward, 'unhasting, unresting,' Africa has stood stock-still. With a soil the richest in the world, and a climate, on the interior plains and highlands, the balmiest under the sky; with boundless mineral wealth; with great rivers on every hand ready to bear the products of the soil to the sea, the sun rises and sets to-day on a landscape as wild as when creation dawned, and on square miles of heads as thick and empty as those which tangled his rays in their wool in the years of Ham. It is, indeed, the land of all others,

'Where every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile.'

Art, science, literature, the commonest and rudest invention to lighten labor, have never been evolved out of those impenetrable and hermetically-sealed pates, *and never will be*. If we were all, as is averred, originally monkeys, the African lost his ambition to rise in the world above his ancestors as soon as he had rubbed his tail off, and he probably accomplished that feat, without premeditation, by mere intemperance in sitting down. There are, in fact, in this country monkeys (not yet enfranchised, owing to a lingering prejudice which time must remove,) identified with the hand-organ interest, and acting as collectors for the wandering minstrels of Italy, whose capacity for business is far beyond that of most African kings. The employments of these royal black persons and their subjects are not even the innocent employments which we associate with a pastoral and primitive state of life. They are not mere lazy brutes, common cumberers of the ground. They are cowardly, treacherous, mendacious, blood-

thirsty wretches. They are divided into thousands of tribes, which are perpetually at war with one another. They eat the flesh of their captured enemies, and drink their blood. The King of Dahomey has some hundreds of wives, and when the beast dies these hapless ladies are butchered summarily and sent after him. They enslave one another, and sell one another to the white man, but the slavery of negro to negro is the most intolerable yoke of bondage that was ever fastened on the neck of man. The same Providence that predestined our race to advancement, power, riches, civilization, self-government, and implanted in our remotest ancestors the faculties fitted and assured, in time, to work out these results, withheld from the African the capacities and aspirations that conduct men from darkness to day, and he moves on, to the end of all things, under a cloud that has never lifted, and in which no man can see a rift. Yet the fate of this race, for some purpose of God too mysterious for us to decipher, has been linked, and, as it would seem, indissolubly, with ours. We are chained fast to the negro. We cannot run away from him, and we cannot drive him away from us. He is here, four millions strong, and he is going to stay. But how did he get here?

It is needless to say that the inhabitants of the Guinea coast did not emigrate to America of their own free will. They were not navigators or restless fellows, hungry for a change of scene and climate. If the world had waited for an African Columbus to seek out a new continent for them, Captain Jack would, as likely as not, to-day be hunting bears on Manhattan Island, instead of murdering United States brigadier-generals in the lava-beds. Sambo would have been quite contented to live and die in blessed ignorance that the world extended a rood beyond the particular woods in which he did his sleeping, eating, and loafing. It was only upon an invitation that he could not refuse, at the point of the blunderbuss, and under the constraint of chains and handcuffs, that he turned up in the character of an emigrant to foreign parts.

But he came, and for more than a century and a half the slave-ships plied as frequently, if not as regularly, between our coasts and the shores of Africa as the mail packets did a

few years ago between New York and Liverpool. These ships, after the business had got fairly established, and had proved itself lucrative, were nearly all fitted out in the ports of New England. The blessed old 'Pilgrim Fathers,' and their pleasant posterity, had a natural aptitude and appetite for man-stealing. They were ordained kidnappers, and took as much joy in the sight of a stout pair of handcuffs, a particularly embarrassing ball and chain, or a white-hot branding iron, as they did in singing through their noses one of those refreshing psalms in which David prayed for his enemies, literally, 'with a vengeance.' Indeed, such was their fine religious enthusiasm in the new business that, when they went slave-catching, like their descendants of to-day, in the 'Christian Statesman' and '*Credit Mobilier*' line, they were disposed to ignore all distinctions of race and color, and to put everybody—white, black, and red—on precisely the same footing.

And just here we will throw a little historic light on a dark corner of the history of slavery, into which no Puritan lantern has ever cast a ray, or, for that matter, ever *will* cast one. We have all been sufficiently illuminated by the philanthropists of the East upon the barbarism of Southern slavery. Every schoolboy knows just when the first cargo of negroes was landed in Virginia, and we are accustomed to associate the horrors of the lash and the chain-gang altogether with the cotton-fields and rice-swamps of the South. But the Mayflower people were not mere carriers and traders in human flesh. They held it, owned it, scourged it, and, as we have already intimated, were not particular whether it was white skin or black that peeled off under the terrible nine-tailed cat.

Their earliest operations in this line were among the unhappy Indians that peopled New England when they dumped their Bibles and psalm-books on its shores. The Peacoats (or Pequods), a harmless and hospitable tribe of savages, were the first to engage their attention. As early as 1637 Governor Winslow wrote to Winthrop: 'The Peacoats follow their fishing and planting *as if they had no enemies*. Their women of esteem and children are gone to Long Island with a strong

gard at Pecoat. They professe you shall finde them, and, *as they were there borne and bred, there their bones shall be buried and rott in despight of the English.* But if the Lord be on our side their braggs will soon fall.' Whenever these greedy old rascals planned some piece of wickedness especially enormous, they always rounded off the prospectus with a delicate appeal to 'the Lord.'

It is needless to say that the Pecoats soon had their hands full of something more exciting than 'fishing and planting, as if they had no enemies,' and that their barbarous desire to 'be buried where they were borne and bred and rott in despight of the English,' was not gratified. They were hunted down like wild beasts, and those who escaped slaughter were made slaves without any delay. The only man to lift up a voice for them was Roger Williams, who, in November, 1637, wrote Winthrop a letter, begging that their masters might somehow be induced to treat them better. Said that good man, who had already tasted something himself of Puritan mercy, and had, the year before, been driven into Rhode Island for not worshipping God according to the dictates of the Mayflower conscience: 'My humble desire is, that all that have these poor wretches might be exhorted as to walk wisely and justly towards them, so to make mercy eminent, for in that attribute the Father of Mercy most shines to Adam's miserable offspring.'

But the Pecoatian family of 'Adam's miserable offspring' had fallen into hands that were strangers to mercy. Not content with enslaving all they could use at home (they had slain and captured seven hundred), they shipped two women and fifteen boys to Bermuda, and doubtless made a good thing out of the venture. Of course, when the job was fairly done, Winthrop turned up with a bit of snuffling praise. He wrote to Governor Bradford of Plymouth, after the Barbadoes lot had been converted into cash, and when those kept for home use had got cleverly broken to the whip, an account of the success of this reputable business, and wound up by declaring that he could not be thankful enough for 'ye Lord's greate mercies toward us in our prevailing against his and our enemies.'

Just think of that canting old blasphemer laying the flattering unction to his avaricious soul, that 'the Lord' had anything to do with this dirty kidnapping job of his; and affecting to believe that he had stolen these poor savages and sold them because they were 'the Lord's enemies!' By a strange coincidence, 'the Lord's enemies' somehow always proved to be marketable chaps, or' were sure to be landholders, and His Puritan allies in the regions of Cod were graciously tolerant of all heathens who had nothing worth stealing, or who were not immediately available in the onion-patch, or readily convertible into money. *Exeunt Pocoats.*

We have not space to follow Brother Winthrop and his associates through all the little man-stealing expeditions that they organized against the red men, in conjunction with 'the Lord,' and in which they were commonly successful. But there is one case that illustrates the humanity and the theology of these people, and the peculiar way in which the grace of God got hold of them, so happily, that it will stand for a hundred others like it. In view of the inordinate praise that has been lavished on them by their grateful descendants, in school-books and histories of larger pretensions, it really makes novel and instructive reading.

The Puritans, in August, 1676, had beaten King Philip, and, barely escaping out of battle with his life, he was a fugitive, without food or followers, lurking in caves and hollow trees to keep out of the way of Christian bullets. But his wife and little son were taken prisoners. Cotton Mather, when he received the blessed tidings, absolutely renounced witch-hanging (which was Cotton's favorite sport) for a few days, and wrote to a brother-saint (also expert in demonology, and something of a devil himself): 'Thus hath God brought that grand enemy into great misery before he quite destroy him. It must needs be bitter as death to him to lose his wife and only son (for the Indians are marvellous fond and affectionate toward their children), besides other relations, and almost all his subjects and country also.'

Philip was certainly in bad case, but the worst was yet to come. The family of saints fell to quarrelling among them-

selves about what they should do with his wife and child. Some of the more bloodthirsty gave their voices for putting them to death, but others, more prudent in disposing of ‘the Lord’s enemies,’ proposed to sell them at a round price to the West Indies. In this quandary the case was referred to two learned divines, the Rev. Mr. Cotton of Plymouth, and the Rev. Mr. Arnold of Marshfield, and those godly and merciful men made reply in these words: ‘The question being propounded to us by our honoured rulers whether Philip’s son be a child of death! Our answer hereunto is that we do acknowledge that rule Dent: 24: 16: to be morall and therefore perpetually binding, viz: that in a particular act of wickedness, though capitall, the crime of the parent does not render his child a subject to punishment by the civil magistrate: yet, upon serious consideration, we humbly conceive that the children of notorious traitors, rebels, and murtherers, especially of such as have bin principal leaders and actors in such horrid villianies, and that against a whole nation, *yea, the whole Israel of God*, may be involved in the guilt of their parents and may, *salva republica*, be adjudged to death, as to us seems evident by the Scripture instances of Saul, Achan, Haman, the children of whom were cut off by the sword of justice for the transgressions of their parents, although concerning some of those children it be manifest that they were not capable of being co-actors therein.’

One would almost fancy that the spirits of those two amiable clergymen had, somehow, during the late rebellion, got possession of the corporeal frame of the Hon. William Whiting, and dictated those luminous and benign opinions which he used to furnish Stanton, when that monster wanted a pretext or an apology for a fresh outrage on liberty, decency, and law.

The Rev. Increase Mather (father of Cotton, who seems to have inherited all of his progenitor’s tenderness of nature) had quite as good an appetite for little Philip’s blood as his brethren of Plymouth and Marshfield, and hit upon a happy Scriptural precedent for butchering that innocent which had escaped their notice. Writing on the 30th October, 1676, to a country minister on the absorbing topic, he said: ‘If it had not been out

of my mind when I was writing I should have said something about Philip's son. It is necessary that some effectual course be taken about him. *He makes me think of Hadad, who was a little child when his father (the Chief Sachem of the Edomites) was killed by Joab: and, had not others fled away with him, I am apt to think that David would have taken a course that Hadad should never have proved a scourge to the next generation.*

How pat these sanguinary saints were in precedents for killing and enslaving their enemies! Little Philip at once set old Increase to 'thinking,' and 'made him think of Hadad,' and then, by way of making Hadad's case fit exactly, he calls his father 'Chief Sachem of the Edomites.' True, Hadad was not killed by David, for the excellent reason that he was not caught, but the Rev. Increase had strong reason for believing that that lad would have fared badly in David's hands, and that it was the fashion, in Old Testament times, to put the sons of deceased and fugitive 'sachems' to death. Unhappily, this sound Scriptural reasoning did not prevail. Greed got the better of the thirst for blood, and the upshot of the matter was, that Philip's wife and child were sold as slaves to the West Indies, where, it is some comfort to think, they were a long way removed from 'the Israel of God.' So much for the red men. Now for the whites.

In 1658 two Quaker children, Daniel and Provided Southwick, son and daughter of Lawrence Southwick, were heavily fined by the County Court of Salem for attending the worship of their people. They were utterly unable to pay, and the case was referred to the General Court to decide what course should be taken for the satisfaction of the fines. Says the historian: 'This they did, after due deliberation, by a resolution empowering the County Treasurer to sell the said persons to any of the English nations at Virginia or Barbadoes, in accordance with their law for the sale of poor and delinquent debtors. To accomplish this they wrested their own law from its just application, for the special law concerning fines did not permit them to go beyond imprisonment for non-payment. The father and mother of these children, who had before suf-

fered in their estate and persons, were at the same time banished on pain of death, and took refuge in Shelter Island, where they shortly afterward died. The Treasurer, on attempting to find passage for the children to Barbadoes, in execution of the order of sale, found none willing to take or carry them. Thus the entire design failed only through the reluctance of those ship-masters to aid in its consummation.'

It is evident that the idea of 'placing shares where they would do the most good' was not original with the late Oakes Ames, but was simply a novel adaptation of the method in which his ancestors 'placed' Quakers, Indians, and other heretics whom they got in their clutches.

Happy is it for Pennsylvania, 'poor, old, dumb, Dutch Pennsylvania'—as our commonwealth is pleasantly termed by the living representatives of the kidnappers, witch-hangers, and Quaker merchants of the past—happy is it, we say, for us, that the ship Fortune, that bore William Penn to his possessions in America, was not cast away on the inhospitable shores of Cod. Such a prize as Penn and his followers would have driven the Mathers and all their brethren mad outright with joy. It would have made old Increase 'think of Hadad,' and of all the other 'dads,' from the beginning of the Old Testament to the end of it. How that reverend man would have piled up the precedents! How his dear boy, Cotton, would have swelled the pile! What a respite the wall-eyed and bed-ridden old ladies of Cotton's neighborhood would have had from persecution until Penn had been fairly hanged, or traded off to the Barbadoes for rum and sugar! There would have been such high doings in 'the Israel of God' over that cargo of Broadbrims, and such jolly discussions about hangings and sellings, and the market price of Quakers in the West Indies, and whether there was Scripture for putting the little Broadbrims to death, or only Old Testament enough to justify their being sold into perpetual slavery, and so much instructive talk about Saul and Achan and Hadad and Joab, and the rest of the Hebrew Sachems, that it really seems a pity that history should have missed such a peppery chapter! But Penn was not destined to hang upon a Puritan gallows, or to

hoe sugar beneath a tropical sun under the lash of a Yankee overseer. The business God had appointed for him was to found a great commonwealth with such wisdom, mercy, piety, toleration, and tenderness for the rights and feelings of everything of woman born that was brought face to face with him, or whose fate was to be influenced by his laws, that we ought to thank Providence, on our knees, that we have such a heritage as his fame and deeds, and that we were born clean outside of the bloody ‘*Israel of God*.’

But these versatile man-stealers of Plymouth Rock had not overlooked, when marketing for human flesh, the claims of the black man to attention. The part they bore in the carrying trade between Africa and the Southern Colonies, for a century and half, was too conspicuous to be ignored even by their own historians. Their posterity are shameless enough to admit that they made fortunes by selling slaves to other people, but they assert, at the same time, that they were far too righteous to hold property in man themselves. We have seen how true this is already. But the following letter from Emanuel Downing, who married Governor Winthrop’s sister Lucy, addressed to his brother-in-law, in 1645, presents such a clear picture of the expanded views of a ‘Christian statesmen’ of that epoch upon the relations of ‘*Israel*’ to ‘the man and brother,’ that we shall content ourselves with quoting it, and make haste to get on to the end of our chapter. Says provident Mr. Downing (possibly writing with the fair Lucy peeping over his shoulder): ‘*A warr with the Narragansett is verie considerable to this plantation, for I doubt whither y’t be not synne in us, having power in our hands, to suffer them to mayntayne the worship of the devill, which their powwows often doe:*

*lie, if, upon a just warre, the Lord should deliver them into our hands, we might easily have men, women and children enough to exchange for Moores, which will be more gayneful piddage for us than wee conceive, for I doe not see how wee can thrive until wee gett into a stock of slaves sufficient to do all our busines, for our children’s children will hardly see this great continent filled with people, soe that our servants will still desire freedom to plant for themselves, and not stay but*

for verie great wages. And I suppose you know verie well how we shall maynteyne 20 Moores cheaper than one English servant. *The ships that shall bring Moores may come home laden with salt, which may beare most of the charge if not all of y't.*

What a precious jumbling is here of piety and pelf! Putting down ‘the worship of the devill’ by stealing Narragansett Indians, trading these for blackamoors, and paying the whole expenses of the pretty little scheme by a venture in salt. Result—getting more ‘gayneful pilladge’ than Emanuel could conceive, with plenty of negro slaves, and, of course, much incidental damage to ‘the devill.’ As usual, ‘the Lord’ was expected to forward the job by delivering a lot of inoffensive and hapless creatures into the hands of ‘Israel.’

But it is useless to multiply instances of this kind. The proof is overwhelming that the ‘pilgrims’ and their immediate descendants were slave-catchers, slave-dealers, and slave-holders, and that, in all of these relations, they were distinguished only by harshness, cruelty, and utter lack of respect for the rights and sympathy with the sufferings of every human creature whom they had the power to oppress. The marvellous appearance of the posterity of these worthies in the character of lovers of the black man, constrained by ‘the higher law of God,’ to set him on to murder the people to whom their fathers sold him, will be noticed presently.

When the Revolutionary war was forced upon us, a century and a half after the landing of the first cargo of negroes in this country, slavery was still as clearly recognized by law in the colony of Massachusetts as it was in the colony of Virginia. Indeed, so lately as March, 1, 1781, when the war was nearly over, the Boston *Continental Journal* abounded in advertisements, of which the following is a very fair specimen:

‘TO BE SOLD.

‘An extraordinary likely negro wench, 17 years old. She can be warranted to be strong, healthy, and good-natured; *has no notion of Freedom*; has been always used to a Farmer’s kitchen and dairy, and is not known to have any failing, *but being with child*, which is the cause of her being sold.’

Remembering the fact that the people of Massachusetts, in

our day, have claimed persistently that the slaves of the South were, of right, free, by virtue of the preamble to the Declaration of Independence, it is instructive to note that their offer to sell 'an extraordinary likely negro wench,' with the items of health, strength, good nature, ignorance of freedom, and an unborn child thrown into the bargain, was published six months after the new Constitution of the State had been adopted with *this* for its first article: 'Art I.—All men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential, and inalienable rights, among which may be reckoned the right of enjoying and defending their lives and liberties, that of acquiring, possessing, and protecting property—in fine, that of seeking and obtaining their safety and happiness.'

It is pretty plain from this what contemporary interpretation the sages of Massachusetts gave to the preamble to the Declaration. 'Negro wenches,' even if 'extraordinary likely,' were not apt to study Constitutions, and, having no notion of freedom, it is certain that it entered their heads as little as it did those of their masters, that the fine sentiment of this first article was meant to apply to any but the dominant race of whites. The simple fact is, that the Revolution was fought through by slave-holding colonies, united temporarily for a common purpose; was a war of white men to secure liberty and independence for themselves and their posterity—each colony its own liberty and its own independence at the outcome of the battle of all—and that the blacks were absent from the minds of the statesmen of that day, when they set forth abstract propositions about the rights of man, as utterly as the horses and the pigs. The great Chief-Judge Taney never spoke a truer word out of his pure lips than when he declared, as a historic fact, that the negroes of that period 'had no rights that white men were bound to respect.' But they had many rights which all honorable and just white men did respect, nevertheless. 'Extraordinary likely negro wenches' in the way of becoming mothers had, it is true, a rough time in Massachusetts, and changed masters and cowskins frequently; yet, even in Massachusetts, the black man had rights which

he could not assert at law, but which individual justice recognized for all that.

The Revolution left the blacks just where it found them. It left the colonies loosely strung together by a bond intended only to endure through the exigencies of war, and far too slender to hold them coherently as a single nation in time of peace. It was clearly to the advantage of each and all of them that they should create a common government, vested with a few specific powers which it would be cumbersome and costly for each of them, or for any one of them, to exercise separately on its own behalf. Besides, they wanted to present a united front to the world across the sea. And so came the Constitution of the United States.

The great obstacle in the way of the 'more perfect Union' thus created was Sambo. Not that anybody except a few Pennsylvania Quakers (who had developed by this time a strong taste for minding other people's business, in which Penn was miserably lacking) was distressed about Sambo, or mindful of his rights, or thought that he had any rights. Even the most solicitous Shadbelly who pestered Congress with petitions for his emancipation, had not dreamed of anything so wild as making a citizen of him. The barren joy of hailing him as a 'man and a brother' was quite enough for the simple sect, without piling on him the additional distinction of being a voter.

But the Quakers were few, and the people who were not Quakers were many, and the many did not trouble themselves to discuss the question of emancipation at all. The foreign slave-trade was still at high-tide, and the 'barracoon' and 'middle-passage' philanthropists of New England were not disposed to give up that profitable calling as long as it was possible to make money out of it. On the other hand, slavery had died a natural death in their own territory, and so had most of the slaves. Theirs was too cold and poor a country for that kind of labor, and, whether owing to a codfish diet or to some other cause not discernible, the Puritans multiplied so fast that they quite shouldered Sambo out of existence. He went the way of the Pocoats, who had been under ground for

a hundred years, 'rotting,' at last, 'in despight of the English.' What little was left of him, and which refused to give up the ghost, was loaded on coasters and sold South at a neat price. And so it was that Massachusetts at last became free.

At the same time it was apparent that slavery could not long be profitable, and therefore could not last long anywhere north of the Virginia line. It was clearly necessary that if the Southern people meant to come into the Union, some guarantee should be given them that if their negroes ran away into the Free States they should be delivered back to them; for it was quite impossible that they could guard the long imaginary line that made their Northern border, stretching for the better part of the way through a wilderness. On no other terms could they, or would they, have parted with the powers which they gave to the General Government. But this guarantee was given them, and they came in. At the same time the Massachusetts and Rhode Island purveyors of human flesh were appeased by an extension of the slave-trade for twenty years, although a good many Southern gentlemen fought stoutly to have the hateful traffic crushed at once. And that is the way that Sambo and his master started together, under the Supreme Law, eighty-five years ago.

We are not going to recite the weary and familiar story of the alienations, and bickerings, and mutual recriminations between North and South, running through a period of three-quarters of a century, which culminated in the late war. That war is now boldly assumed by the leaders of the dominant party to have been undertaken in behalf of the down-trodden slave, with the purpose of making him free as its supreme object. But this is simply, and in plain English, a monstrous lie. For thirty years the original Abolitionists pleaded in the ears of the Northern people the wrongs and outrages, the beatings, killings, skinnings, and the like, endured by the slaves of the South, without getting a tear out of anybody's eyes or a penny out of anybody's pockets. Respectable and substantial people regarded them with utter contempt. The reverend clergy, pretty nearly to a man, turned their backs on them. There were not a dozen pulpits in the North in

which they could get a hearing; which, considering that they had a way of speaking of Almighty God, in terms, as 'a very great scoundrel,' is not overly surprising. Their growth was not much faster than the natural increase of their families, and after the passage of the compromise measures of 1850, their vote dwindled to a sorrier figure than it had displayed for many years. Even their appeals to Sambo himself were made in vain; and black, and ignorant, and enslaved as that hapless fellow was, he vindicated his moral superiority to tract societies, colporteurs, wandering philanthropists, and John Brown Christians of the white race, by steadily refusing to listen to their bloody counsels. He was so much better than the Pilleburys, Garrisons, Wendell Phillipses, and Abbey Kellys of the Boston Lyceum—had, despite his thick skull, so much clearer a perception than they of his duty to God and of his obligations to man, that even in time of war, under all the stimulus that craft could apply to him, and with women and children left under his care and at his mercy, he could not be brought, *in a solitary instance*, to betray his trust. If he had tarried in Africa, or learned in Boston to read 'the higher law,' what a butcher of innocents he would have made! But, happily, he could not read any law at all, and slavery, if it had ground him in other ways, had, at any rate, ground the murder out of his heart.

The Abolitionists, as a separate party, *never* got any emphatic standing in politics. They only got strong enough, at last, to be courted by the great rival political organizations in States where the vote was close, and where they were in sufficient numbers to assure success to the party that won them over, by eking out its own ballots. As lately as 1856, when the Republican party first manifested its strength, although it swallowed up the ancient fanatics in its ranks, it did not dare to avow their doctrines. It was ashamed of the alliance, and its leaders were kept black in the face, lying and apologizing for the overheated zeal of orators of the Phillips and Pillebury breed, whom it was not convenient to cast out. Even in 1860, Mr. Lincoln asserted the absolute right of the Southern people to hold their slaves as emphatically as he knew how,

and he reiterated this declaration in the plainest and strongest words in his inaugural address. After hostilities had actually commenced, and when the contending armies were face to face, Congress, by a solemn resolution, declared the object of the war to be simply and solely the restoration of the Union and of the supremacy of the laws, and, of these last, the Fugitive Slave Law was as valid and as binding as any on the statute-book. So that, if we believe the Black Republican leaders to-day, when they assert that the overthrow of human slavery and zeal for the rights of man were the motives that swayed them in 1861, we must believe that in that year they were guilty of the most shameless, mendacious, and monstrous imposition ever practiced upon any people.

But the truth is, that philanthropy had nothing to do with the beginning of the war. No nation ever went into such a bloody and costly business from motives of mere sentimental humanity. It is rank folly to suppose that the descendants of those Pequot-stealers and Quaker-sellers, who had debated about killing a little Indian boy because his father had fought against them for his kingdom, had so lost the flavor and quality of their ancestral blood as to be unable to rest easy because black people, a thousand miles away from them, were held as property by white people. The fact that a good many of them were living at ease on the inherited profits of the slave-trade would, we should fancy, have kept them quiet out of shame, even granting that the Puritan heart had thawed a little in two hundred years. Their dread of 'the slave power,' as they used to call it, was, of course, the merest affectation, for 'the slave power' was so 'cribbed, cabined, and confined,' that it was impossible that it should wax any stronger, while the Free States were multiplying and growing in population so rapidly that their preponderance in the government was assured forever.

Slavery was the pretext for the war, but not its cause. Other considerations of the most grossly selfish and practical character lay behind the one which it was the most convenient to parade. The Yankees liked to interpret the Constitution as their fathers did the Gospel, entirely for the benefit of the

'Israel of God,' themselves, of course, being the Israel. They wanted money to be spent freely out of the Federal treasury among 'the Lord's people,' and coveted a fat appropriation with as keen a longing as that which their grand-daddies felt for a raw-boned young Pecoset, or 'an extraordinary likely negro wench,' 'with no notion of freedom.' They even asked a bounty for catching fish, and got it, possibly because it was thought worth a national subsidy to induce them, in one single instance at least, to mind their own business. But the business was quite profitable enough without any such help, and the subsidy was all wrong. They wanted a high tariff—a prohibitory tariff—to protect their manufactures against foreign competition, and that would enable them to monopolize Southern cotton and sell it back in piece-goods to the planters for double the price at which those planters could have brought British fabrics of better quality into free ports. In short, they wanted everything, and were disposed to give away nothing.

The Southern people did not assent quietly to this modest policy. They contended that half the people of a Union, founded to promote the general welfare, ought not to be plundered that the other half might get rich. They resisted these schemes for the aggrandizement of the New England States at the expense of the others, and by this steady and righteous resistance, maintained in Congress for fifty years, they made mortal enemies of the spoilers of the East. And then, besides, the representatives they sent to Washington were so far above the reach of bribes—they had such a haughty, austere, rebuking kind of honor and honesty about them—that the tin-peddlers, Natick-cobblers, shovel-makers, and other 'Christian statesmen,' with an eye to jobs, hated them as cordially and naturally as mice hate cats.

It was not of a piece with the Mayflower character to delay revenge, and so, as Massachusetts and her Northern allies could do no better, they began to strike at slavery, not because they cared a rap for the slave, but because they craved the ruin of his master. Thence came the 'personal liberty bills' of the Northern Legislatures, by which it was under-

taken to repeal the provision of the Constitution relating to the rendition of fugitive slaves. Every man who voted for one of these bills, or who, knowing what he did, voted for a law-maker who inclined to them, did all that was within his compass to dissolve the Union. Every Senator or Representative who gave his voice in their favor, or helped their passage by word or deed, or countenanced the people who passed them, violated his oath of office, and was a confessed perjurer; for the oath to support the Constitution of the United States was not an eclectic pledge, covering only such of its provisions as the swearer liked, but it was a comprehensive vow to God that embraced them all. ‘A bargain broken on one side is broken on all sides,’ and, when the South received authentic notice that the Commonwealths of the North absolutely refused to recognize or obey the stipulation on which alone her people had agreed to become a part of the Union, patience and hope might have constrained her to wait for better days, but, in strict law, she was absolved from all obligations to the States that had openly repudiated their obligations to her. She seceded from us, long after we had, by acts quite as notorious, dissolved our constitutional bond with her.

It is no part of our present purpose to review the history of the war, or the steps that led to negro emancipation, or the mighty fraud by which that measure and the enfranchisement of the blacks were thrust into the Constitution. It is amazing, however, when we look back, to remember, at the time when the Southern people were fairly at our mercy, and emancipation had come to be a popular cry, how many sealed fountains of philanthropy, the very existence of which had not been suspected by the old Abolitionists in the days when suits of tar and feathers were familiar costumes to them, and transportation by fence-rail was one of their commonest ways of getting about—how many sealed fountains of philanthropy, we say, broke their barriers and gushed out, in the pulpit and on the stump. There never was, in all the tide of time, such a sudden revelation of sensitive consciences that had endured the cheating and stealing of their possessors for a long lifetime without a quiver, and of tender hearts that, it appeared, had

been bleeding inwardly over the horrors of slavery for forty years, without springing any outward leak visible to the general eye. Philanthropy spread faster than the measles or the small-pox, and in much the same way. People took it without the trouble of thinking, and in spite of themselves. Besides, like the measles and small-pox, it cost nothing to get it. It took hold of rich and poor alike. Almshouse paupers were profoundly affected by the degraded condition of 'the mean whites of the South,' and were, as a rule, intensely loyal. Haggard, overworked, underpaid Yankee factory girls sat up into the small hours knitting socks for the negro troops. But the reverend clergy outstripped all other people in their zeal. Unhappily for these blessed men, they had utterly refused to speak a word for the slave when it cost a sacrifice to do so, and only waked up to the enormity of his wrongs when it became a prudent and profitable thing not to sleep on them any longer. But their fervor was only the hotter for having been so long shouldering in the oven. Ah! how they did blather about the 'Slave Power,' and 'the lords of the whip, the chain, and the branding-iron,' and 'the Southern Oligarchy!' How fervently did they exhort people to enlist, and with what sweet unanimity *they didn't enlist themselves!* And then, those prayers! What gems of supplication they were! How nicely an appeal to the Almighty was directed so as to rebound from the throne of grace and bowl over any stray 'Copperhead' who chanced to be in meeting! And then, too, those charming, veracious anecdotes, about how Brother Barabbas Kodball had detected Mr. Lincoln on his knees, at five o'clock in the morning, praying for the Union, the Constitution (it needed praying for about that time), and the slave! And how Brother Judas Perkins had found that same great man reading the Old Testament ('a well-worn copy' it was, Judas declared, "'pon 'onor') on the sly, on a steamboat in the Chesapeake, when the rest of the passengers were busy dancing and drinking champagne! It is sad to think that those halcyon days of ecclesiastical ferocity and sanctified fiction in the pulpit are over, and that, except at Thanksgivings and election times, we have come back to the poor, monotonous old Gospel of Peace!

Yes, it is all over now. Sambo is free. He is not only free, but he is a citizen and a voter. He helps to govern you and me, and in some of the States of the South he governs everybody absolutely. In those hapless States, which are, of course, bankrupt and far on the way to ruin, it is literally true that white men have no rights that black men are bound to respect. And this spectacle is what we have got to show for four thousand millions of dollars and a million of white men's lives. Before we have reached the centennial anniversary of our national independence we have acknowledged our inability, as a race, to govern ourselves. That work had grown too big for us, and we must needs have help, and, of all places in the world to look for it, we sought it among the statesmen of Africa. There is something so admirable in the way that the ancestors and collateral relatives of these woolly publicists have managed matters at home, they have got along at governing themselves so beautifully, and have made their particular continent such a nice, orderly, prosperous, peaceable, united country, that it really was too lucky that we happened to have a good lot of them on the spot to help us out in our law-making and at elections! It would have been costly to send over to Guinea and import an invoice of selected statesmen; although, perhaps, a few fresh from the jungle might have brought us something new in statecraft, or given us an improving hint in diplomacy, borrowed from some sagacious gorilla.

Our New England brethren brought Sambo to us originally to pick cotton and hoe tobacco. He was backward about coming, but the invitation was too pressing to be resisted. For more than two hundred years he did nothing but pick cotton and hoe tobacco, when these same New England gentlemen insisted on getting his chains off, and were just as forcible about it as their ancestors had been about getting them on. Then they thrust a ballot into his fingers—he didn't even reach for it—and said to him: 'Dear Sambo, help to govern us; give us the benefit of your profound reflections upon the mutations of empires and on things of State generally; hurl your giant intellect into the body politic; make laws for us;

should be. The acolyte won his knightly sword by watchings, fastings, and renunciation. Shall the honors in the noble republic of letters be won at less cost? Or shall they be degraded to matters of mere barter and exchange, favoritism and patronage? Shall they come to be a mere husk, wanting the kernel—an outward and visible sign answering to no inward and spiritual grace? The insignia of honor may be bestowed, it may even be bought and sold, but true honore, those which live while the centuries are born, grow old and die, are the blossoming and fruitage of earnest lives, attained only by patient waiting and constant reaching sunward.

The life of Mary Somerville stands, in many respects, solitary and alone. Had she been a man, her whole manhood would have been committed to the struggle; but being a woman, her very womanhood wove about her the silken meshes which held her captive through twenty years of eager longing. Peculiar difficulties encompassed her intellectual life, but a steady, persistent, inflexible purpose finally prevailed over them all. A century ago the prejudices which existed in England against female education were very strong, but in Scotland they were even more intense. A bloomer costume and cigarette are hardly more repugnant to our notions of true womanhood than was then and there the pursuit of the abstract and physical sciences. Before her was placed an invisible but impassable barrier; around her were cast the subtle bonds of a conventionality which she could only break at the risk of losing the approbation of her family, of her friends, of society. It is hardly possible to conceive the courage required by a delicate, refined, shrinking nature like that of Mary Somerville, to enable her to ostracize herself in answer to the crying demands of her intellectual life.

She has been called a dull child, because her attainments in the mechanical studies, which were the order of that day, were but slight; and yet the mind which could not be satisfied with 'a page of *Johnson's Dictionary*' was wide awake to the mysterious lessons written on the open book of Nature; the brain, which 'was never expert at addition,' worked out the magnificent problems written by the hand of the Creator upon

the scroll of the heavens. The powers which, as she herself confesses, were apt to fail in the lower mechanical processes of arithmetic, comprehended, without aid, the most difficult branches of applied mathematics, not even excepting the application of the transcendental analysis to the great problems of physical astronomy.

The first eight years of her life were spent in healthful, childish play; no daily task or lengthened confinement hindered the physical development of the child. Wandering about, unheeded, in the sunshine, or breathing in the moist but invigorating air of the Scottish Lowlands, her physical constitution was built up, and a broad and sure foundation laid for the work of her future life. 'My mother taught me to read my Bible and say my prayers morning and evening,' says she, 'otherwise she allowed me to grow up a wild creature.' The vivid recollection, which she retained after a lapse of eighty-four years, of the incidents of her early life, as well as the scenery and local characteristics of her childhood's home, shows how eagerly wide awake was the mind of the little girl.

The reputation for dullness, which she seems to have had, undoubtedly rested upon some evidence. 'My mother set me in due time,' she says, 'to learn the Catechism of the Kirk of Scotland, and to attend the public examination in the Kirk. This was a severe task for me, for, besides being timid and shy, I had a bad memory, and did not understand one word of the Catechism.' (p. 19.) The wearisome stretches of the 'Shorter Catechism' brought only fatigue and disgust, while the lessons she drank in as her childish feet wandered over the 'Links of Burntisland,' or the shingly beach of the Harbour, never palled, and was never forgotten. One cannot help believing that this early, unrestrained communion with Nature had something to do with keeping her, through the long years of her life, so pure, so fresh, and so inartificial. Such influences do not necessarily elevate or purify; many natures are too dense and coarse to be moved by them, but around a soul which is capable of thrilling under the power of beauty, they gather sweet and refining influences. The most perfect

orchestral music would fail to awake, in the stalwart forest trees, the response which Orpheus' fabled lyre aroused, and yet this is not quite all a fable. Under the thrill of the passing train the fibrous iron changes its texture and becomes granular; under the wailing melody of the violin strings the carefully selected wood more and more exquisitely adjusts itself in obedience to the mandate of the trembling strings, and sounds out its response in a harmony which grows more perfect with its age. A fresh and plastic mind, instinct with the love of beauty, must form its tastes and habits of thought in accordance with the influences brought to bear upon it while it is growing. Here and there, in the midst of dry detail, or ordinary chit-chat, in the most abstruse books, or in her charming *Recollections*, this enthusiastic love of Nature bursts forth, rising above the severe simplicity of her style into a majestic eloquence.

It would be difficult to imagine any training which would be more utterly unsuited to her peculiar mind than that which she received. There is one very excellent feature of it, for which posterity cannot be too grateful—that is, its extremely small amount. In her own words: ‘When I was between eight and nine years old my father came home from sea, and was shocked to find me such a savage. I had not yet been taught to write, and though I amused myself by reading the *Arabian Nights*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Pilgrim’s Progress*, I read very badly, and with a strong Scotch accent; so, besides a chapter of the Bible, he made me read a paper of the *Spectator* aloud every morning after breakfast, the consequence of which discipline is, that I have never since opened that book. . . . My father at last said to my mother, “This kind of life will never do; Mary must at least know how to write and keep accounts.” So at ten years old I was sent to a boarding-school, kept by a Miss Primrose, at Musselburgh, where I was utterly wretched. The change from perfect liberty to perpetual restraint was itself a great trial. . . . A few days after my arrival, although perfectly straight and well made, I was enclosed in stiff stays, with a steel busk in front, while, above my frock, bands drew my shoulders

back till the shoulder-blades met. Then a steel rod, with a semi-circle, which went under the chin, was clasped to the steel busk in my stays. In this constrained state I, and most of the younger girls, had to prepare our lessons. The chief thing I had to do was to learn by heart a page of *Johnson's Dictionary*—not only to spell the words, give their parts of speech and meaning, but, as an exercise of memory, to remember their order of succession. Besides, I had to learn the first principles of writing, and the rudiments of French and English grammar. The method of teaching was extremely tedious and inefficient.' (p. 22.) After a year of torture and *Johnson's Dictionary*, the child was released; her education 'finished, in the young-lady parlance of our day. She subsequently learned the use of the globes, attended a writing-class, and took lessons in painting and music.

Mary's mother, Lady Fairfax, does not seem to have cherished any very lofty ambition for her daughter; and yet the year at school had failed to bring the child up to her very moderate standard. After her return home, Mary one day found herself obliged to answer a note, written by a lady in the neighborhood. 'This note greatly distressed me,' she says, 'for my half-text writing was as bad as possible, and I could neither compose an answer nor spell the words. . . . The school at Musselburgh was expensive, and I was reproached with having cost so much money in vain. My mother said she would have been contented if I had only learned to write well and keep accounts, which was all that a woman was expected to know.'

'This passed over, and I was like a wild animal escaped out of a cage. I was no longer amused in the gardens, but wandered about the country. When the tide was out I spent hours upon the sands, looking at the star-fish and sea-urchins, or watching the children digging for sand-eels, cockles, and the spouting razor-fish. I made a collection of shells, such as were cast ashore, some so small that they appeared like white specks in patches of black sand. There was a small pier on the sands, for shipping limestone brought from the coal mines inland. I was astonished to see the surface of these blocks of

stone covered with beautiful impressions of what seemed to be leaves; how they got there I could not imagine, but I picked up the broken bits, and even large pieces, and brought them home to my repository.' (p. 25.)

During the long, dreary, northern winter, when the child was debarred from her out-door rambles, she spent what time she could spare from her domestic duties in reading Shakespeare. 'My mother did not prevent me from reading,' she says, 'but my aunt Janet, who came to live at Burntisland after her father's death, greatly disapproved of my conduct, . . . . and said to my mother, "I wonder you let Mary waste her time in reading; she never shews (sews) more than if she were a man." Whereupon I was sent to the village school to learn sewing.' (p. 28.) The triumphant completion of a fine linen shirt set her free from this thraldom, and introduced her into a more honorable, if no less laborious, position—that of maker and mender of all the household linen.

After learning the use of the celestial and terrestrial globes, she found great pleasure in tracing out the constellations. All through the solemn stillness of the night, when the household was wrapped in slumber, the eager child of twelve sat studying the heavens by the aid of her celestial globe. Her constitutional timidity was, for the time, forgotten in the overmastering desire to learn the alphabet of that science which, at some future day, was to make her reputation world-wide. At thirteen she finally 'finished her education' by attending a writing-school, where she learned to write a good hand, and was taught the first rules of arithmetic. This, with lessons in music and in oil-painting, comprised all the instruction she ever received. Only the first slight impulse had been given to that wonderful mind, which carried her far beyond any woman in England, and placed her abreast of the wisest of its men.

The secret of her attainments lay in the possession of two mental characteristics, without which no great effective work was ever accomplished. She possessed an unquenchable thirst after knowledge, and a persistency which could hold fast to its purpose, calmly and quietly, through long years of difficulty

and discouragement. There must have been a wonderful soundness and sweetness in the nature which could retain, unchilled, its enthusiastic longing for information, and which yet did not become soured or embittered at being constantly thwarted in the effort to attain it. Her healthy, vigorous intellect fed itself upon whatever food it could obtain, and grew and strengthened, though it had not yet found the pabulum it needed. She says: ‘On returning to Burntisland I spent four or five hours daily at the piano ; and, for the sake of having something to do, I taught myself Latin enough, from such books as we had, to read *Cæsar’s Commentaries*. I went that summer on a visit to my aunt at Jedburgh, and, for the first time in my life, I met, in my uncle, Dr. Somerville, with a friend who approved of my thirst for knowledge. During long walks with him in the early mornings, he was so kind that I had the courage to tell him I had been trying to learn Latin, but I feared it was in vain ; for my brother and other boys, superior to me in talent, and with every assistance, spent years in learning it. He assured me, on the contrary, that in ancient times many women—some of them of the highest rank in England—had been very elegant scholars, and that he would read Virgil with me if I would come to his study for an hour or two every morning before breakfast, which I gladly did.

‘I never was happier in my life than during the months I spent at Jedburgh. My aunt was a charming companion—witty, full of anecdote, and had read more than most women of her day, especially Shakespeare, who was her favorite author. My cousins had little turn for reading, but they were better educated than most girls. They were taught to write by David Brewster, son of the village schoolmaster, afterward Sir David, who became one of the most distinguished philosophers and discoverers of the age, member of all the scientific societies at home and abroad, and at last President of the University of Edinburgh.’ (pp. 36–38.)

Though she studied Latin and Shakespeare and whatever else she could lay her eager hands upon, practised her piano four or five hours a day, did with her might whatever her

hand found to do, she had not yet discovered where h strength lay, nor what it was that should still the intellect craving within her. The instinct was so keen, that what less imperative and defined need would have let slip by, u heeded, gave her the clue she required. In a book of fashion which she was looking over with a friend, she saw, among riddles and charades, what seemed to her an arithmetic question. ‘But upon turning the page,’ she says, ‘I was surprised to see strange-looking lines mixed with letters, chied X’s and Y’s, and asked, “What is that?” “Oh,” said M Ogilvie, “it is a kind of arithmetic; they call it algebra; b I can tell you nothing about it.” And we talked about oth things; but on going home I thought I would look if any our books could tell me what was meant by algebra.

‘In Robertson’s *Navigation* I flattered myself that I h got precisely what I wanted, but I soon found I was mistake (p. 47.) She persevered in studying the book for some tin and ‘certainly got a dim view of several subjects which we useful afterward.’ ‘As a young pointer stops by instinct the first partridge it has ever beheld, so did Mary Fairf who was ostensibly come to examine some of her friend fancy-work, make a dead set at these X’s and Y’s.’ ‘Unf tunately,’ she goes on to say, in pathetic hopelessness, ‘not o of our acquaintances and relatives knew anything of scienc or natural history, nor, had they done so, should I have ha courage to ask any of them a question, for I should have be laughed at. I was often very sad and forlorn; not a hand he out to help me.’ The craving still held possession of h but the means of its gratification lay as far beyond her as ev A chance word of her painting-master, addressed to a fellow pupil, gave her the hint she needed as to books. Mr. N myth, who was not only an artist, but a man of intelligence and information, gave lessons in painting to herself and t Ladies Douglass. One day, while painting in his studio, s heard him recommend to them the study of *Euclid’s Elements of Geometry*, as being “the foundation not only of persp tive, but of astronomy and all mechanical science.”’

All her desire was now for Euclid, but the proprieties f

bade the idea of a young lady's going to a bookseller's shop and asking for a book so eminently improper as Euclid. So the project was laid upon the shelf, as many another had been—never abandoned, never forgotten, only laid aside till the time for its execution had arrived. She says: 'As to going to a bookseller and asking for Euclid, the thing was impossible! Besides, I did not yet know anything definite about algebra, so no more could be done at that time; but I never lost sight of an object which had interested me from the first.' (p. 50.) The story of her girlhood goes on, containing a curious mixture of ordinary girlish amusements, into which she entered with the gusto of healthy, vigorous youth, and of a study which was neither ordinary nor girlish. She at last obtained the books she needed, both algebra and geometry. After demonstrating two or three problems to her brother's tutor, she began to study them with ardor.

Her hours during the day were all devoted to her domestic duties and accomplishments, but many, which should have been given to sleep, were now devoted to mathematics. A prohibition soon put a stop to these nocturnal studies—not because the tax upon the youthful frame was too heavy, but *to save the candles*. However, it was too late to hinder the onward progress which was already begun; the fresh, healthy, young mind had tasted its natural food, and refused to be satisfied with the wishy-washy stuff upon which the feminine intellect is supposed to thrive. The very difficulties in her way suggested a plan which gave clearness and grasp to those geometrical conceptions that present such peculiar difficulties to an untrained mind. She had already gone through six books of Euclid before the decree for the banishment of light went forth, and from that time she lay awake every night demonstrating a certain number of problems, till she could nearly master the whole. 'My father came home for a short time,' says she, 'and, somehow or other, finding out what I was about, said to my mother, "Peg, we shall have to put a stop to this, or we shall have Mary in a strait-jacket one of these days. There was X, who went raving mad about the longitude!"' (p. 54.)

Mary Fairfax had now reached the years of womanhood. The picture given of her by her daughter, which was gathered from contemporary accounts, could hardly have been more unlike the typical *bas bleu* if it had been drawn as the model of domestic femininity. Miss Somerville says, ‘By this time my mother was grown up and extremely pretty. All who knew her speak of her rare and delicate beauty, both of face and figure. They called her the “Rose of Jedwood.”’ Some of her contemporaries mention the admiration she commanded and the popularity she won in Edinburgh society. She had graceful, *petite* figure, a small head, well set on her shoulders, a profusion of soft, brown hair, a lovely complexion, and bright speaking eyes, which, without being especially large or remarkably beautiful, gave an inexpressible charm to her face. ‘Miss Somerville’s head,’ says one who knew her well in after years, ‘was rather smaller than those of other women of her moderate height, and the impression which its form conveyed was that of extreme delicacy of feeling, and elevation of character rather than of power. Head, countenance, figure, manner were all in perfect harmony with the gentle, intelligent, well-bred lady, who talked so well in society, painted such pretty pictures, touched the piano with such taste, and worked such lovely embroidery. They all seemed, from first to last, unequalled as the outward *signalement* of the mind which, at its prime, wrought the *Mechanism of the Heavens*, and, at ninety-two, toyed with *Quaternions* for recreation, as other old women are wont to knit anti-macassars and play at patience.’ The youthfulness which she retained in extreme age ‘was not due,’ her daughter says, ‘to a youthful style of dress, for she had perfect taste in such matters, as well as in other things; and although no one spent less thought and money on it than she, my mother was at all times both neatly and becomingly dressed. She never was careless, and her room, her papers, and all that belonged to her, were invariably in the most beautiful order.’ (p. 62.)

The mild dissipations of Edinburgh society were not able to crowd from her busy life her beloved studies. She says: ‘I gladly took part in any gaiety that was going on, and spent t

day after the ball in idleness, and gossiping with my friends; but these were rare occasions, for the balls were not numerous, and I never lost sight of the main object of my life, which was to prosecute my studies.' (p. 64.) The painting and music and needlework went on as the main occupation of her life; but every morning the tardy, northern sun found her up before him, wrapped in a blanket from her bed, studying algebra or the classics. With a wisdom which generally comes only as the fruit of bitter experience, and often never comes at all, she says: 'I had, and still have, determined perseverance, but I soon found that it was in vain to occupy my mind beyond a certain time. I grew tired, and did more harm than good; so if I met a difficult point, for instance, in algebra, instead of pouring over it till I was bewildered, I left it, took my work, or some amusing book, and resumed it when my mind was fresh.' (p. 66.) For some years she pursued her studies under increased difficulties. She says: 'I continued my diversified pursuits as usual; had they been more concentrated it would have been better; but there was no choice, for I had not the means of pursuing any one as far as I could wish, nor had I any friend to whom I could apply for direction or information. I was often deeply depressed at spending so much time to so little purpose.' (p. 72.)

At the age of twenty-four she married a distant cousin of her mother, Mr. Samuel Greig. A circumstance is mentioned in connection with the all-important matter of her *trousseau*, which is characteristic of Mary Fairfax rather than of her sex. The straitened circumstances of the family, at that time, made it impossible for her mother to supply a very liberal outfit, except in the matter of household and personal linen, which it was the pride and delight of the thrifty Scotch housewives of the day to spin, weave, and accumulate. Twenty pounds were given Mary to buy some warm wrapping for the winter. A picture of her father, which had been painted by Sir Arthur Shee, was on exhibition; the temptation was too great, the wrapping was resigned in favor of the picture, which she purchased, instead of any feminine vanities.

There seems to be a persistent determination upon the part

of the public to bestow upon Mr. Samuel Greig the honor of having discovered, trained, and developed the wonderful powers which lay dormant and unsuspected in the mind of his pretty young wife. Not a month ago, in a short notice of the volume under review, this 'fact' was again announced—the critic, doubtless, having profited by Sydney Smith's sagacious advice, 'Never read a book before reviewing it; it is sure to create prejudice.' Mrs. Somerville's own words are: 'My husband had taken me to his bachelor's house in London which was exceedingly small and ill-ventilated. I had a key of the neighboring square, where I used to walk. I was alone the whole of the day, so I continued my mathematical and other pursuits, but under great disadvantages; for although my husband did not prevent me from studying, I met with no sympathy whatever from him, as he had a very low opinion of the capacity of my sex, and had neither knowledge of nor interest in science of any kind.' (p. 75.) In these few words is comprised all that she has to say of her first husband.

After three years in London she returned to her father's house, a widow with two little boys. Now, for the first time in her life, she was free to grow. Her children were always her first consideration; but entire seclusion, early hours, and a comfortable income, made easy to her what had hitherto been so difficult. One of the hindrances which had before lain in her path still remained. Her family and friends still condemned her course as foolish and eccentric; but now she was in a position of independence, which made it possible to disregard the ignorant prejudice which had hitherto laid its restraining hand upon all her high hopes and earnest endeavors. She bought a small and well-selected mathematical library comprising both the pure and applied science. 'I was thirty-three years of age,' she says, 'when I bought this excellent little library. I could hardly believe that I possessed such a treasure when I looked back on the day when I first saw the mysterious word "Algebra," and the long course of years in which I had persevered, almost without hope.' (p. 80.) A word of suggestion, or kindly encouragement, which she heard there met in her struggle toward the goal, is gratefully

mentioned, being the only impulse from without which she ever received. After reading through her mathematical course, which included La Place's *Mécanique Céleste*, and his *Analytical Theory of Probabilities*, she doubted, with characteristic modesty, whether she had fully mastered all their difficulties. She therefore engaged a brother of Prof. Wallace to read the *Mécanique Céleste* with her. 'Mr. John Wallace,' she says, 'was a good mathematician, but I soon found that I understood the subject as well as he did. I was glad, however, to have taken this resolution, as it gave me confidence in myself, and, consequently, courage to persevere.' (p. 82.) It is rather a curious experience, especially for a woman, to have received her first lesson in mathematics after she had mastered its profoundest difficulties.

Her second marriage, to William Somerville, in 1812, put a stop to her studies for a time. He was the son of her uncle, Dr. Somerville, who, as she before says, was the *only friend* who had ever given her any encouragement to study. In every aspect this marriage was eminently happy. Dr. Somerville was delighted with the match, the more so because it had been the secret wish of his wife. The sun had at last obtained the mastery over the clouds, and shone full and warm upon the intellectual life, which had so long and so hopelessly struggled upward in the shadow. With a rare sweetness and magnanimity, William Somerville, who was, from all accounts, a man far beyond Samuel Greig in ability and scientific attainment, saw the marvellous gifts of his wife, and rejoiced in them. He did not have 'a low opinion of the capacity of the sex,' because, though he never reached her intellectual stature, yet he possessed a unit of measure by which he could estimate her. He was a fine classical scholar, uncommonly well-informed in Natural History, a good botanist and mineralogist, and an excellent critic of style. This last, it is more than probable, he received from his father. It was to this same Dr. Somerville, it may be remembered, that David Brewster owed his facility in composition. The old man had, for many years, delighted in training to an intelligent use of their own language the boys and young men about the manse at Jed-

burgh. To the kindly criticism and patient exposition of the Scottish pastor we owe much. To him, probably, both Brewster and Mary Somerville owe the peculiar lucidity of style, without which scientific writing is, to the mass of mankind, utterly useless. Though Dr. Somerville is hardly known by his histories of Queen Anne and of William and Mary, he will be held in grateful remembrance for the aid he gave, consciously or unconsciously, in the development of two minds, the records of whose work may be found wherever the English tongue is spoken.

Fifteen years after, when Mrs. Somerville began to write, her husband revised and corrected her work; he searched the libraries for the books she needed; he copied and re-copied her manuscript, to save her time, and to insure its correctness. The terms of respectful and cordial friendship in which he is addressed by such men as Herschel and Brougham, Lafayette and Whewell, show that, although he chose to merge the work of his life in hers, and to swell her title to the admiration of the world by all he had to bestow, he has never sunk to the position of being merely Mrs. Somerville's husband, the only position occupied by Mr. Samuel Greig, and *which* he did not fill with any very distinguished honor.

The cordial approbation of husband and father-in-law did not avail to dispel the prejudice still so strong against her unwomanly habits of study; 'for,' says Mrs. S., 'as soon as our engagement was known I received a most impudent letter from one of his sisters, who was unmarried, and younger than I, saying, she "hoped I would give up my foolish manner of life and studies, and make a respectable and useful wife to her brother." (p. 88.) Success proved the magic spell which finally conjured away the evil demon. After she became a great woman, possessing the 'open sesame' to the world of science, we hear no more of unwomanliness. It was, in those days, only unfeminine to *try*; it was eminently feminine to succeed.

Every opportunity which offered itself for improvement was seized with eagerness. From one tutor of her son, Woronzow Greig, she learned Greek; from another botany. When-

ever a chance occurred she took lessons in mineralogy, in French, in Italian. During a social visit to Lady Bunbury she learned the scientific names and method of classifying shells, of which she had already made a collection. With her marriage to William Somerville began, in its fullest sense, her intellectual career. She was no longer checked and thwarted in her desire for self-development; she found the sympathy she had longed for in her husband, and the stimulus she had required in the scientific and literary circles into which he introduced her. He encouraged her in every way, suggesting subjects, and providing instruction for her. Meetings with Playfair and Leslie, Scott and the Herschels, Arago and Biot, are mentioned within a dozen pages after the record of her marriage. During a subsequent visit to Paris she became acquainted with the brilliant circle of scientists and mathematicians who were collected in the capital—Arago, Biot, La Place, Bouvard, Poisson, Humboldt, and Cuvier, as well as many others among the most illustrious names of the eighteenth century.

The trip was extended to Geneva, and, finally, when they spent the winter in Rome, many more distinguished names were added to the list of her acquaintance—De Candolle, Prevost, Sismondi, De la Rive, Thorwaldsen, Canova, Mezzofanti, and Sir Roderick and Lady Murchison. There is scarcely a name, English, French, or Italian, which shines out above those of her contemporaries, that we do not find mentioned in her *Recollections*; and one fact is certainly worth noting, as a commentary upon the personal qualities of both Dr. Somerville and his wife—the large number of those acquaintances who afterward became their warm and fast friends.

Her first book did not appear till seventeen years after her second marriage, when she had reached her fiftieth year. In March, 1827, Dr. Somerville received a letter from Lord Brougham, which gave a new color to her life. He says: 'I fear you will think me very daring for the design I have formed against Mrs. Somerville, and still more for making you my advocate with her, through whom I have every hope of prevailing. There will be sent to you a prospectus, rules, and a prelim-

inary treatise of our Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and I assure you I speak without any flattery when say that of the two subjects which I find it the most difficult to see the chance of executing, there is one which, unless Mr Somerville will undertake, none else can, and it must be left undone, though about the most interesting of the whole ; mean an account of the *Mecanique Celeste* ; the other is a account of the *Principia*, which I have some hopes of at Cambridge. . . . In England there are not twenty people who know this great work except by name, and not a hundred who know it even by name. My firm belief is that Mrs. Somerville could add at least two cyphers to each of those figures. Will you be my counsel to this suit ?' (p. 162.) 'This letter surprised me beyond expression,' says Mrs. Somerville. 'I thought Lord Brougham must have been mistaken with regard to my acquirements, and naturally concluded that my self acquired knowledge was so far inferior to that of the men who had been educated in our universities that it would be the height of presumption to attempt to write on such a subject or indeed on any other.' Upon being convinced that both Lord Brougham and her husband desired her to make the attempt, and upon conditions of secrecy, and a promise that her manuscript should be put into the fire if it came short of the necessary qualities of accuracy, lucidity, and simplicity, she went to work in earnest. 'I rose early,' she says, 'and made such arrangements with regard to my children and family affairs that I had time to write afterward, not, however, without many interruptions.' (p. 168.)

The training, the lack of which her eulogist, Proctor, so feelingly laments, she must have attained somehow. The discipline of daily life must have given her that control over her powers which her own words record. No one could have written such a book as the *Mechanism of the Heavens* without severe mental training ; but it is less wonderful that she should write a book which Poisson afterward declared 'no twenty men in France could read,' than that she should have written it under the difficulties which surrounded her. 'A man,' she feelingly says, 'can always command his time unde-

the plea of business ; a woman is not allowed any such excuse. At Chelsea I was always supposed to be at home, and as my friends and acquaintances came so far out of their way on purpose to see me, it would have been unkind and ungenerous not to receive them. Nevertheless, I was sometimes annoyed when, in the midst of a difficult problem, some one would enter and say, "I have come to spend a few hours with you." However, I learned by habit to leave a subject and resume it again at once, like putting a mark into a book I might be reading ; this was the more necessary as there was no fireplace in my little room, and I had to write in the drawing-room in winter. Frequently I hid my papers as soon as the bell announced a visitor, lest any one should discover my secret.' (p. 164.)

This power of concentration stood her in good stead in the work she had undertaken ; without it writing would have been impossible to her under the circumstances of her life. When her children were very young she taught them herself for several hours a day ; and, when the daily recitations were over, the children remained in the room studying while she pursued her work. Miss Somerville says : 'Any one who has plunged into the mazes of the higher branches of mathematics or other abstruse science, would probably feel no slight degree of irritation on being interrupted at a critical moment, when the solution was almost within his grasp, by some childish question about tense or gender, or how much seven times seven made. My mother was never impatient, but explained our little difficulties quickly and kindly, and returned calmly to her own profound thoughts. Yet, on occasion, she could show both irritation and impatience when we were stupid or inattentive, neither of which she could stand. With her clear mind she darted at the solution, sometimes forgetting that we had to toil after her laboriously step by step. I well remember her slender, white hand pointing impatiently to the book or slate—"Don't you see it ? There is no difficulty in it ; it is quite clear." Things were so clear to her.' (p. 166.)

A curious instance of her power of abstraction is given by her daughter. A large party had been assembled, during one

of their visits to Rome, for the purpose of listening to a celebrated improvisatrice. ‘My mother,’ says Miss Somerville, ‘was placed in the front row, close to the poetess, who, for several stanzas, adhered strictly to the subject which had been given to her. What it was I do not recollect, except that it had no connection with what followed. All at once, as if by a sudden inspiration, the lady turned her eyes full upon my mother, and, with true Italian vehemence, and in the full musical accents of Rome, poured forth stanza after stanza of the most eloquent panegyric upon her talents and virtues, extolling them and her to the skies. Throughout the whole of this scene, which lasted a considerable time, my mother remained calm and unmoved, never changing countenance, which surprised not only the persons present, but ourselves, as we well knew how much she disliked any display, or being brought forward in public. The truth was, that after listening for a while to the improvising, a thought struck her connected with some subject she was engaged in writing upon at the time, and so entirely absorbed her that she heard not a word of all that had been declaimed in her praise, and was not a little surprised and confused when she was complimented on it.’ (p. 165.)

She did not complete her book, *The Mechanism of the Heavens*, until 1830. ‘As soon as my work was finished,’ she says, ‘I sent the manuscript to Lord Brougham, requesting that it might be thoroughly examined, criticized, and destroyed, according to promise, if a failure. I was very nervous while it was under examination, and was equally surprised and gratified that Sir John Herschel, our greatest astronomer, and perfectly versed in the Calculus, should have found so few errors. The letter he wrote on this occasion made me so happy and proud that I have preserved it.’ (p. 167.)

The cordial respect and admiration which Sir John Herschel expresses for Mrs. Somerville, both in his private letters and in his published critiques, is, indeed, something over which any woman might well be proud and happy. There is something in the tone of his letters; in their honest, unflinch-

ing criticism ; in their kindly, heartfelt praise ; in their refined, delicate courtesy, which sets them apart, even from the other charming letters found in her *Recollections*, as something better and higher than them. The publication of her book brought down showers of letters, congratulatory and adulatory, from the great mathematicians of England and France. Honors poured in upon her from all sides. She was elected an honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society at the same time with Miss Caroline Herschel, and soon afterward honorary memberships of the Royal Academy at Dublin, of the Bristol Philosophical Institution, and of the Société de Physique et d' Histoire Naturelle of Geneva, were bestowed upon her. By the advice of Sir Robert Peel a pension of £200 a year was granted, which was afterward raised to £300 by the kindness of Lord John Russell.

The next work, *The Connexion of the Physical Sciences*, was published in 1835. After the first edition was issued, at the suggestion of Poisson (one of the greatest mathematicians of his age), she wrote a volume upon the form and rotation of the earth and the planets, and a work of 246 pages on curves and surfaces of the second and higher orders. These two works were never published. She says, in reference to them, ‘Had these two manuscripts been published at that time they might have been of use; I do not remember why they were laid aside, and forgotten, till I found them years afterward among my papers.’ (p. 202.) In 1849 her *Physical Geography* was published, and in 1869, when she was in her eighty-ninth year, her last book was given to the public—*Molecular and Microscopic Science*.

In a review of her first work, the *Mechanism of the Heavens*, by Sir John Herschel, after alluding to some experiments upon the magnetizing influence of the violet rays of the solar spectrum, which she had communicated to him in a private letter, and which he had sent, on his own responsibility, to the Royal Society, he says: ‘The same simplicity of character and conduct, the same entire absence of anything like vanity or affectation, pervades the present work. In the pursuit of her object, and in the commendable wish to embody her acquired knowl-

edge in a useful and instructive form for others, she seems entirely to have lost sight of herself; and although in the perfect consciousness of the possession of powers fully adequate to meet every exigency of her arduous undertaking, it never appears to have suggested itself to her mind that the possession of such powers by a person of her sex is in itself extraordinary or remarkable. We find, accordingly, nothing in the present work, beyond the name in the title-page, to remind us of its coming from a female hand. . . . . We are neither called on to make allowances, nor do we find any to make. On the contrary, we know not the geometer in this country who might not congratulate himself on the execution of such a work.'<sup>1</sup>

Whewell sent her a sonnet of his own composition, enclosed in a letter to Dr. Somerville, which contained the following expression : 'When Mrs. Somerville shows herself in the field in which we mathematicians have been laboring all our lives, and puts us to shame, she ought not to be surprised if we move off to other ground and betake ourselves to poetry. . . . I hope she and you will not think it quite extravagant to send a single sonnet on the occasion.' (p. 171.)

Each successive book, as it was given to the public, received the same cordial and kindly greeting. It is rather remarkable, that the only two reviews of her works to which she makes specific reference are by Sir David Brewster, the one upon her *Connexion of the Physical Sciences*, and the other on *Physical Geography*. Though neither of them are especially complimentary, they both express the respect which she always commanded from scientific men of the highest attainments.

It is not, however, with Mrs. Somerville as a mathematician and a scientist that we have especially to do ; it is with her as a woman. Nowhere do her sweet, womanly qualities shine out more clearly than in her friendships ; there is no part of these *Recollections* which are more fascinating than the slight glimpses we, now and then, obtain into the beautiful home-life of the Herschels. No one can read the writings of Sir John Herschel, even those which are purely upon scientific

subjects, without recognizing the spirit of the man ; there is always the well-poised, thoughtful, earnest mind, supremely bent upon finding the truth, but touching all the works of God with loving, reverent hand. There is something quite as attractive in the unconscious revelation he makes of himself as there is in the little gleanings gathered, here and there, from the biographies of his contemporaries. What we feel in him we find corroborated by the testimony of Mrs. Somerville. In a letter from Collingwood, written in 1844, she says : 'I think now, as I have always done, that Sir John is by much the highest and finest character I have ever met with ; the most gentlemanly and polished mind, combined with the most exalted morality, and the utmost of human attainment. His view of everything is philosophic, and at the same time highly poetic ; in short, he combines every quality that is admirable and excellent with the most charming modesty, and Lady Herschel is quite worthy of such a husband, which is the greatest praise I can give her. Their kindness and affection for me has been unbounded.' (p. 271.) Years afterward she writes : 'I am deeply grieved and shaken by the death of Sir John Herschel, who, though ten years younger than I am, has gone before me. In him I have lost a dear and affectionate friend, whose advice was invaluable, and his society a charm. None but those who have lived in his home can imagine the brightness and happiness of his domestic life. He never presumed upon that superiority of intellect, or the great discoveries which made him one of the most illustrious men of the age ; but conversed cheerfully, and even playfully, on any subject, though ever ready to give information on any of the various branches of science to which he so largely contributed, and which to him were a source of constant happiness.' (p. 361.)

We must pass over, without an allusion, the touches of nature, the picturesque detail, the traits of character, the amusing anecdotes of distinguished men, of which her *Recollections* are full, and even the incidents of the later years of Mrs. Somerville's life. It is with her character, and the circumstances under which it was developed, that we are chiefly concerned.

She has triumphantly proved the falsity of the prejudice against learned women. She is tender, sympathetic, womanly, from first to last. The little girl who 'did not like to kill' the fresh water mussels to obtain the pearls they often contained, and who 'never robbed a bird's nest' to add to her collection of eggs, developed into the woman who delighted in the companionship of pets, and always had her house filled with them. Her tenderness, especially for birds, was strong enough to permit her to say in her *Recollections*, among other grave matters: 'On coming home from this journey I was quite broken-hearted to find my beautiful goldfinch, which used to draw its water so prettily with an ivory cup and little chain, dead in its cage. The odious wretches of servants, to whose care I trusted it, let it die of hunger. My heart is deeply pained as I write this seventy years after.' (p. 67.) In her ninetieth year she writes: 'I have still the habit of studying in bed, from eight in the morning till twelve or one o'clock, but I am left solitary, for I have lost my little bird, who was my constant companion for eight years. It had both memory and intelligence, and such confidence in me as to sleep upon my arm while I was writing.' (p. 362.) What prettier picture of her could we have than this? 'Birds were her unfailing pets, and on the pretty Parisian caps, which surmounted the wise and venerable head, her guests often smiled to see her mountain sparrow perched in his glory.' This love for the dumb creation, but especially for birds, breaks out again and again through the soberer talk of her *Recollections*, lighting them up with a glow of tender, feminine graciousness, which is very charming. In speaking of the Hon. Mount-Stuart Elphinstone, whom she met in Italy, the remembrance which she records with most evident pleasure is, not his courtesy and kindness to herself, though she gratefully acknowledges both, but his tenderness for her pets. 'He quite won my heart,' she says, 'one day at table, when they were talking of the number of singing birds that were eaten in Italy—nightingales, goldfinches, and robins—he called out, "What! robins! our household birds! I would as soon eat a child!"' (p. 28) This was not a mere sentimental weakness, which effervesced

in words ; it was a strong, abiding feeling, which colored her personal likes and dislikes, and more than once prompted energetic action. Dr. Majendie, an anatominist who had made some barbarous experiments in vivisection, excited her abhorrence to such a degree that she could hardly bring herself to accept an invitation to meet him at the house of her friend, the Marquise De la Place. Even in her extreme old age she threw herself with ardor into a project for insuring the legal protection of animals in Italy, where no such provision was in existence.

During her whole life her intellectual pursuits were made subservient to her domestic duties. The universal testimony, which we find, to the peculiarly close and tender relations existing between the members of their happy home circle would conclusively prove this, if it were not again and again stated in distinct terms. The ordering of her household, the appointments of her table, the thrift and comfort everywhere to be seen, were quite worthy of the most notable and least astronomical of women. The mere method and execution might have been the result of early training in all the details of thrifly Scotch housekeeping, but the love of graceful and beautiful environments, the pride and pleasure which she shows in her own skill in the art of cookery, and in the feminine accomplishments of embroidery and delicate needle-work, are essentially womanly.

The life-long devotion which existed between Dr. Somerville and his wife shows how fully she was the woman. After nearly fifty years of unclouded sympathy and affection, she writes to a friend of her husband's death : ' My heart warmed more than ever to you on receiving your affectionately consoling letter. The blow has, indeed, been very great, and deeply felt by us all, for we were a happy and united family ; and although my dearest husband was so aged that we did not dare to look far into the future, yet he was so well that we were fearing no immediate evil. He suffered no pain, but sank quietly to rest. . . . We have the most perfect conviction that we are to meet again, and that the ties of love and affection which made our mortal life happy are to be renewed in

a more perfect state of being.' A solitary year had passed, and the chasm is not closed. In a letter to the same friend, written a twelvemonth later, she says: 'Since we came back to Florence the sad blank weighs upon my heart, for "one is not;" but the affectionate devotion of my children is beyond expression, and cheers me, and makes me thankful for what is left.' There is nothing more truly womanly in her *Recollections* than the extreme reticence manifested in regard to the sorrows of her life; no word of comment is made upon her bereavements or deep sorrows; the only indications of feeling are to be found in her private correspondence, which is very scantily represented in these *Recollections*, in obedience to her own feelings. A letter from Frances Power Cobbe shows the sweet friendship between herself and her husband, which had stood the strain of fifty years of married life. 'I cannot express to you,' she says, 'how it has grieved me to think that such a sorrow has fallen upon you, and that the dear, kind old man, whose welcome so often touched and gratified me, should have passed away so soon after I had seen you both, as I often thought, the most beautiful instance of united old age. His love and pride in you, breaking out as it did at every instant when you happened to be absent, gives me the measure of what his loss must be to your warm heart.' (p. 327.)

Every picture we have of her is full of exquisite womanliness; in the freshness and purity of her eager youth; in the generous thrift and earnest study of her middle life; in the serene and beautiful activity of her old age—all alike 'is pure and womanly.' There is a wonderful unity in her life; her affections, tastes, ambitions, never changed; they only grew with her growth and strengthened with her strength. In the bud was folded all the possibilities of her after life; the little stream of life which flowed so obscurely between its narrow banks, in rustic Burntisland, possessed all the characteristics which marked the calm and noble river that bore upon its bosom blessing and enlightenment to so many human lives.

We have dwelt much upon the early education (in the widest sense of that word) of Mary Somerville, because it is full of meaning in the lesson it teaches. It is a cordial to the

fainting heart to look upon a delicate woman conquering, by the might of her patience, difficulties before which many a powerful man would have succumbed. Her hands were tied by conventionality, her action hampered by poverty, her progress hindered by the lack of sympathy, guidance, and advice. The object of her hopes lay safe in an impregnable citadel, guarded by wall and battlement: there was one thing to do, and that she did. She quietly invested the 'city of her hopes,' and there entrenched herself, 'in the confidence of a certain faith,' and there she waited, and watched, and worked. She had no horn of Gideon before which the walls of her Jericho would fall; she had only the divine gift of patience. With a vigilance that never flagged, and a courage that never fainted, she watched for twenty years, till her opportunity came, and then she entered into glad possession of her conquered right—the right to grow into 'the full measure of the stature' of her womanhood. That she was a woman crowned makes her no less a woman. She is only lifted from the lowly walks, which she had before made bright and warm with her presence, to a plane from which her light could shine farther and clearer; she has not lost by her elevation one sweet, feminine grace, nor been shorn of one feminine reserve, which belongs to our thought of true womanhood.

Though it is to be deeply regretted that she did not receive the early training so essential to a thorough mastery of the processes of original investigation, still it is not the only loss which we have to record. Mr. Proctor, in the memorial published in the *Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society* for February, 1873, says: 'We shall never certainly know, though it may be that hereafter we shall be able to guess, what science lost, through the all but utter neglect of the unusual powers of Mary Fairfax's mind.' Again: 'There is scarcely a line of her writings which does not, while showing what she was, suggest thoughts of what she might have been. . . . It is certain that no department of mathematical research was beyond her powers, and that in any she could have done original work. In mere mental grasp few men have probably surpassed her; but the thorough training, the

scholarly discipline, which can alone give to the mind the power of advancing beyond the point up to which it has followed the guidance of others, had unfortunately been denied to her. Accordingly, while her writings show her power and her thorough mastery of the instruments of mathematical research, they are remarkable less for their actual value—though that value is great—than as indicating what, under happier circumstances, she might have accomplished.'

Science, undoubtedly, lost much, but humanity gained infinitely more than would compensate that loss. All the original work she could have done, in the years of her protracted life, would not have been worthy to be named beside the courage which her brave struggles, and final conquest, will give to the drooping hearts of thousands of men and women struggling like her, and like her without hope. The work of her life cannot be found between the covers of any book ; it is a living seed which has been cast into the ground, and which shall spring up, bearing its harvest of fruit, only preparatory to a new and wider sowing. Such lives can never die. They are for all ages and all nations, a boon for the race. Her life is, to those of her own sex, who are looking eagerly for the light, like the feeble, struggling *Picciola*, forcing its way between the great stones of the prison-yard, bringing interest, hope, and finally deliverance, to the heart-sick, lonely captive who watched it. A thousand such plants, outside the hopeless prison-walls, might have lived out their little day, and died, unnoticed. Its very struggle against difficulty and obstruction is that which anointed it to be the messenger of hope.

But this is not the only lesson which the record of her life should teach : the power by which she finally reached the goal is one which is within the grasp of all. The eager desire for knowledge lay as the motive power beneath all her efforts ; and the steady, quiet persistency with which she held her end in view, gave her finally the victory. No opportunity to obtain knowledge was allowed to slip by unimproved ; if it did not chance to be what she most wanted, she still took it thankfully. Where another woman would have rested satisfied in ignorance, or considered herself eminently virtuous in com-

plaining of her lack of opportunity, Mary Somerville created hers. She wrung out of the hard conditions of her life the nutriment necessary to her mental growth, and grew apparently in spite of fate. She would not be denied; through all her girlhood, through those three and thirty years, when her mind was hungering and thirsting for its own peculiar food, she was never idle; she eagerly studied all that came in her way, pursuing each branch till the want of books put a stop to that especial study, and then turned to another. This desire sprung up like a perennial fount in her heart, demanding an outlet for its energy, making a channel where it could not find one, and freshening and brightening all her life. And yet this slow and painful growth possessed certain advantages of its own. It insured a hardness of fibre, a strength and vigor of mental constitution, which carried her intellectual prime into the years when most women are aged and broken; and made her, at ninety, a woman whose powers were still fresh and vigorous; who was full of the sweet playfulness which we see throughout her *Recollections*; who was warm with ardor for the progress of truth; who still felt an enthusiastic interest in all the social and political questions of the day.

The interest which she felt in science is shown in her last work, *Microscopic and Molecular Science*. The new theories and new facts of science are as clear in her mind as in that of any of the rising generation of physicists; and yet with her they had never crowded out her belief in a personal God. In the faith which she had learned at her mother's knees ninety years before she lived and died. Her nature was undoubtedly full of strong religious instincts; each new science seems but a new temple for her reverent worship. Through whatever portal of Nature she enters, it leads her to the same Presence. In the higher mathematics, in the purely abstract conceptions of numerical and mathematical science, she sees the order and unity of the Divine Mind. And so is it in all her studies. We see in her *Mechanism of the Heavens* repeated recognition of that Infinite Intelligence and Power which works by physical laws. The glory of Physical Astronomy is to her 'the glory

of the Lord.' Her eyes were open to see the ineffable name inscribed upon the broad heavens; her ears were unsealed to hear the melody of the morning stars as they sang together. 'As Newton, when he had finished his sublime exposition of the Theory of Gravitation in the *Principia*, "burst into the Infinite and knelt," so, in her humble walk, in his, and in La Place's footsteps, Mrs. Somerville allowed no treatise on natural science to pass from her hands without some such reverent sign as men pay when they enter a church. Telescope and microscope each admitted her into a new temple, and from the *Preliminary Dissertation* to her *Mechanism of the Heavens*, . . . . as well as from the motto she chose for her *Molecular and Microscopic Science—Deus magnus in magnis, maximus in minimis*, it is evident that she entered and quitted it with bowed head and humble steps.' The closing paragraph of her *Recollections* shows, in spite of an hereditary fear of death, the calm confidence of her hope. 'The blue Peter,' says she, 'has been long flying at my foremast, and now that I am in my ninety-second year I must soon expect the signal for sailing. It is a solemn voyage, but it does not disturb my tranquility. Deeply sensible of my utter unworthiness, and profoundly grateful for the innumerable blessings I have received, I trust in the infinite mercy of my Almighty Creator. I have every reason to be thankful that my intellect is still unimpaired, and although my strength is weakness, my daughters support my tottering steps, and, by incessant care and help, make the infirmities of life so bright to me that I am perfectly happy.' (p. 374.) The barque that lay so calmly on the waters was at last gently loosed from its moorings, and floated quietly out from the mystery of sleep into the profounder mystery of death. Without a pang, without a struggle, the quiet of slumber deepened, as we devoutly trust, into the eternal calm of life.

ART. VIII.—*Primitive Episcopacy: a Return to the 'Old Paths' of Scripture and the Early Church.* A Sermon preached in Chicago, December 14, 1873, at the Consecration of the Rev. Charles Edward Cheney, D. D., as a Bishop in the Reformed Episcopal Church. By the Rt. Rev. George David Cummins, D. D. New York: Edward O. Jenkins. 1874.

The bold dash of Bishop Cummins took the world by surprise. Though we had been expecting, for more than thirty years, a split in the Protestant Episcopal Church, yet the quarter from which, at last, it did come, and the manner of its coming, were so different from anything anticipated by us that we were no less surprised than the rest of the world.

This movement, and the incidents connected with it, have caused more than one violent fluctuation in our feelings. When we first heard that Bishop Cummins had resigned we were filled with astonishment. ‘What!’ we involuntarily exclaimed, ‘can it be possible? Has a Bishop really thrown aside his lawn, and cast his mitre from him? What! actually sacrificed his Episcopal dignity on the altar of principle!’ In the transport of the moment we wrote to Bishop Cummins, expressing our admiration of his ‘heroic conduct,’ and bidding him ‘God speed.’ It was the first time, in all our life, we had ever written such a letter to any man, whether great or small. But we soon found it was all a mistake; Bishop Cummins had not laid aside his Episcopal dignity; he had only resigned his connection with the Diocese of Kentucky, as the assistant of the Rt. Rev. B. B. Smith, D. D. He still wore the mitre and the lawn. He may, therefore, well exclaim with Kepler, ‘I have stolen the golden vase of the Egyptians, to build up for my God a sanctuary far away from the confines of Egypt.’ Our admiration cooled down very considerably, and we sighed within ourselves, ‘Oh! if the good Bishop only had not *stolen the golden vase.*’

We became very cool, as all judges should be, and we be-

gan to consider, calmly and dispassionately, every phase of the new movement. Some of them we like, and some we do not like. Hence, as we have been often asked what we 'think of the Cummins movement,' we shall here give our opinions—the result of our calm, patient, and deliberate reflections. Our opinions! Why, the truth is, no man is more profoundly convinced than we ourselves are that our opinions are worth nothing—just exactly nothing at all—apart from the reasons on which they are founded. We mean, therefore, in this paper, not to deliver oracles, as if we were entitled to speak as one having authority, but only to give *the reasons* by which our opinions have been determined, or formed in our mind. And, in the discharge of this duty, we shall first dwell on those features of the movement in question which we do most particularly like and applaud.

We do, then, most particularly like 'the consecration of Bishop Cheney.' This good man, this devoted servant of Christ, this faithful preacher of the Gospel, had been tried, condemned, and expelled from the synagogue of the saints. For what? Because, forsooth, he omitted one word in the office of infant baptism. Because, in other words, his conscience would not permit him to get on his knees and thank God that it hath pleased him to *regenerate this infant* with [his] Holy Spirit, when he did not believe any such thing. That is to say, because he could not lie to his own soul, while on his knees before God, by the use of the words, 'We yield thee hearty thanks, most merciful Father, that it hath pleased thee to *regenerate* this infant with thy Holy Spirit,'<sup>1</sup> when he neither knew nor believed that the child was regenerated by his baptism. Or because he could not say, 'Seeing now, beloved brethren, that this child is *regenerate*,' when he did not see any such thing. The question now is, not whether Dr. Cheney had any right to omit this word *regenerate*, but whether this was a sufficient ground for his trial, condemnation, and expulsion from *the Church*. No more impolitic, no more foolish act has, in our humble opinion, been committed

<sup>1</sup> Office of the Public Baptism of Infants, in the Prayer Book.

in this nineteenth century of our Lord and Master, than this high-handed proceeding of the lordly Bishop of Illinois. The consecration of Dr. Cheney as a bishop is, therefore, in our estimation, a beautiful instance of retributive justice, the more so, especially, as it took place in the Diocese of Illinois, right under the nose of Bishop Whitehouse, in the great city of Chicago. Every just soul must, it seems to us, rejoice in such a beautiful instance of retributive justice.

It will be said, we are aware, that, by his consecration vow, Bishop Whitehouse was bound to discharge this solemn obligation—‘I am ready, the Lord being my helper,’ ‘with all faithful diligence, to banish and drive away from the Church all erroneous and strange doctrine contrary to God’s Word; and both privately and openly call upon and encourage others to do the same.’<sup>1</sup> Very well. All this is granted. But here the question arises, Is there no such thing, even at this late day, in the Church of Christ, as a self-righteous Pharisee, who ‘strains out a gnat, and swallows a camel’? Is there, in other words, no ‘erroneous and strange doctrine’ in the Church, in comparison with which the heresy of Dr. Cheney, whether real or imaginary, is as a grain of sand to a mountain? Let us see how this is, and then see if Bishop Whitehouse has not displayed infinitely greater zeal in regard to questions respecting ‘mint, anise, and cummin,’ than in regard to ‘the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith.’ This is the question.

In the *so-called Protestant* Episcopal Church we now find, both in Illinois and elsewhere, we are more than sorry to say, the very grossest superstitions and abuses, which, during the darkness of the dark ages, attached themselves to the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper. One of these is mentioned by Martin Luther in connection with his ‘consecration to the priesthood.’ ‘Jerome, Bishop of Brandenburg, officiated at his consecration. At the moment in which he conferred upon Luther the power of celebrating the mass, he put the cup into his hand, and addressed him in these solemn words: “Receive the power of offering sacrifice for the living and the dead.”

1 Prayer-Book: the Form of Consecrating a Bishop.

Luther at that moment listened calmly to these words, which granted him power to do *the work of the Son of God himself*; but at a later period they made him shudder. "That the earth did not then swallow us both up," says he, "was an instance of the patience and long-suffering of the Lord."<sup>1</sup>

Now, as every student of church history is perfectly aware, it was precisely by their opposition to this 'power of the priest' to 'offer sacrifice' for the sins of men, that Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and all the other founders of the Protestant Episcopal Church of England incurred the implacable and remorseless hatred of the reigning hierarchy of Rome. It was precisely in their attempt 'to banish and drive away from the Church,' this 'erroneous and strange doctrine contrary to God's Word' that they encountered the flames of persecution, and were reduced to ashes. It was for this, especially, that they laid down their lives, and joined 'the noble army of martyrs.' But yet, great God! what do we see at this day? Why, in the very Church founded by their labors, watered with their tears, and sprinkled with their blood, we see, not a 'noble army of martyrs,' but an ignoble army of sacrificing priests, who assume and arrogate to themselves 'the power to do the work of the Son of God himself!' Who gave them 'the power of offering sacrifice'? Was it Cranmer, or Ridley, or Latimer? Nay, it was just because they refused to 'offer sacrifice,' or to countenance the horrid rite and superstition, that they tasted the tender mercies of 'Bloody Mary.' Is not the astounding fact, then, that such an army of sacrificing priests is tolerated in the Church, not of Bloody Mary, but of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, 'an instance of the patience and long-suffering of the Lord'?

But where is Bishop Whitehouse all this time? and where are all the Bishops? Why, in spite of their solemn consecration vow, they are just sleeping over this blasphemous assumption of priestly power, not only to create, but to sacrifice afresh for the sins of the world, the Son of God. Instead of striving 'to banish and drive away from the Church' these fear-

<sup>1</sup> Quaint Sayings and Doings Concerning Luther. By John D. Morris, D. D., p. 42.

fully ‘erroneous and strange doctrines,’ they seem to bear them as patiently as do the very ashes of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer in their graves. They may cause them—some of them at least—a few unpleasant dreams, but that is all. They *do* nothing. They try no one of all this army of sacrificing priests. Here, within two hundred yards of where we are now sitting, one of those priests has, in a *Protestant* Church, assumed the awful power and prerogative ‘to do the work of the Son of God.’ He has ‘offered the Sacrifice of the Mass;’ he has ‘elevated the Host;’ and then, spreading himself prone on all fours, he has worshipped the elements!—the elements which, only a few moments before, had been, in the exercise of his priestly functions, miraculously changed into the body and blood of Christ!! But yet he was not tried. On the contrary, he was quietly permitted to hold on in ‘the even tenor of his way,’ until that way led him into the Church of Rome. Other officiating priests are, in the same Church edifice, now treading in his footsteps ; all, apparently, bound for the same goal—the high altar of Rome. The contagion is everywhere, and continues to spread. In the city of New York, it is said, that out of its eighty Protestant Episcopal Churches, so-called, there are seventy-five altars and sacrificing priests! Yet no one objects ; no one cries aloud. In spite of his consecration vow, no Bishop, in all the land, puts forth the hand of discipline ‘to banish and drive away from *the Church*’ these ‘erroneous and strange doctrines,’ which are as contrary to her own standard as they are to God’s word. But only let a poor, hard-working, evangelical *minister* of the Gospel, like Dr. Cheney, leave out one little word in the office for infant baptism, and forthwith the Episcopal fangs are busy upon him. He is tried, condemned, and expelled from ‘the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America.’ But as, thank God! no one has the power to burn him, so he turns up again, and, lo! he is a Bishop in the Reformed Episcopal Church. Who caused the schism?

There was a time when the Lutheran Church of Germany and the Protestant Episcopal Church of England were fast friends, and made common cause against the abominations of

the Romish religion. But all this is changed now. Or, if not all, yet is it changed to a most frightful extent. Nothing is more common now-a-days than to hear high-church Episcopalians, both in this country and in England, railing at the great Reformation of the sixteenth century, and heaping abuse on the head of Luther. They will have it, that, besides the Romish communion, there is only one Church in all the world. The sects, as they call all other denominations, are ‘without a Church, and without a ministry.’ Lutherans, Calvinists, Methodists, Baptists, and all, are left to the uncovenanted mercies of God, while *the* Church possesses a monopoly of all the Divine promises, and especially of the promise of the Spirit. This flows down, they say, in one perennial, eternal stream, through the fingers of the consecrated and consecrating high-priest of their profession—the Bishop—and through no other appointed channel whatever. We have some hopes of Bishop Cheney, because, as we shall presently see, he did not get the Spirit in this way. He received the Spirit from Christ, not from Cummins.

This brings us to the second admirable phase of the ‘Reformed Episcopal Church.’ We admire *the manner* of Bishop Cheney’s consecration even more than the consecration itself. In ‘the Form of Consecrating a Bishop,’ says Bishop Cummins, ‘the words, “Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a bishop in the Church of God,” do not appear, but in their stead the words, “Take thou authority to execute the office and work of a bishop in the Church of God.”’ We reject the words, “Receive the Holy Ghost,” etc., “whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted,” etc., because they are not sustained by the teachings of God’s Holy Word. Moreover, Dean Close, of Carlisle Cathedral, in a recent lecture, stated that down to the twelfth century that form of words never existed in any ordination service in the world. He defied all the world to find an instance of a bishop down to that time ordaining any one in those words. Upon this point the Dean quoted the testimony of Morinus, the learned liturgiologist, that those words had no existence in the ordinals of the Greek, Latin, Coptic, or any other ancient Church, till the twelfth

century; and, strange to say, it has no existence in the Greek Church to this day. Bingham, in his *Antiquities*, Sec. XVII, says: "Which things I wrote for the instruction of those who may be apt to think that modern forms of ordination are in every circumstance like the primitive ones; whereas, if Morinus say true, the words which are now most in use—viz., 'Receive the Holy Ghost,' were not in the Roman Pontifical above four hundred years ago, which makes good the observation of a learned person (Bishop Burnet), that the Church Catholic did never agree to the uniform Ritual or Book of Ordination, but that was still left to the freedom of the particular churches, and so the Church of England had as much power to make or alter rituals as any other had."

This is as it should be. We have already expressed, in this number of the *Review*,<sup>1</sup> the horror with which the impious formula, 'Receive the Holy Ghost,' etc., has always filled us. That this formula, invented in the twelfth century, in the very midnight of darkness of the dark ages, and palmed off on the superstition of that superstitious era, should still find a place, in this year of grace, 1874, and in a *Protestant* Church, is surely a matter of infinite grief and astonishment to all reasonable Christian men. Nothing, we may be sure, save the blindness of unthinking custom, has so long tolerated this piece of gross superstition, this blasphemous assumption on the part of a poor, blind, erring mortal, of a divine power and prerogative of the Most High—even the power and prerogative to work the most stupendous of miracles. Most clearly and emphatically is it in keeping with that other blasphemous assumption of power by the priest, who would have us to believe that, in the consecration of the elements in the Lord's Supper, they are miraculously changed into the very body and blood of Christ. Away, then, with such a vile superstition! Away with such an insult to the intelligence of the nineteenth century! Let it perish with the darkness from whence it sprang, and no longer look the pure heavens and the Protestant world so unblushingly in the face. We do not reason against it here. It only requires to be held up, in the full blaze of this

1 'History of Infant Baptism,' Art. IV.

new era of the Church, to incur, as it has always deserved to incur, the derision of mankind. It only requires, indeed, that Episcopalianists should rise above the influence of blind, unthinking custom, *and really consider what it is that their bishops are doing*, in order to fill them with amazement at *this unholy mystery* of the monstrous fable of the Apostolical Succession. If they are not so bewitched by the spirit of sect as to lose all reason out of their minds, and all reverence for God out of their souls, they must needs loathe, abhor, repudiate, and reject this monstrous abortion and blasphemy of the twelfth century. If, therefore, Bishop Cummins had never done anything else besides putting this miracle, this lying wonder, on its trial before the Church and the world, he would have deserved well of all simple-hearted, truth-loving, and devoted followers of Christ. *Its doom is sealed.* One more shadow of the night is, thank God! doomed to the limbo of Romish superstitions and impious falsehoods. How pleasant the dawn!

This is not all. The doctrinal standards of the Episcopal Church—her Articles of Religion and her Homilies—are trampled under foot, with imperial scorn and contempt, by the very men who have taken a solemn vow to preach them. Bishop Coxe, in a letter published while in England, declared that the Episcopal clergy of this country have no respect for the XXXIX Articles; a true statement, it must be admitted, in relation to the clergy of the High Church party. One minister—we beg his pardon—one priest of this party has, in round terms, called the XXXIX Articles '*forty stripes save one.*' This may seem a very strange, a very wonderful, a very *unaccountable* position for the clergy of any Church, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic; but it may be easily explained. 'The Church of England,' as the Earl of Chatham has truly said, 'has Calvinistic Articles, an Arminian Clergy, and a Romish Ritual.' Who can swallow this triangle whole? Who can digest such a conglomeration of heterogeneous materials? *Surely no man who thinks, or is in earnest in his faith.* The multitudes of young men who, on entering the Episcopal ministry, subscribe to the whole Prayer Book (we speak from experience), are governed by the influence of custom and hu-

man authority, more than by any very accurate or profound knowledge of what they are doing. Hence, from various causes, some plant themselves on the Calvinistic Articles, and others on the Romish Ritual; hostile camps are thus formed and perpetuated, and an internecine war is the result. The Low Church party, who attach themselves to the Articles, have labored long and hard, but, as we believe, in vain, to force a Protestant sense on the Ritual. The High Church party, on the other hand, have taken but little, if any, pains to conceal their aversion for the Articles.<sup>1</sup> How, then, can this long-protracted, and most painful controversy be settled, and the discord made to give place to harmony, without a thorough revision of the Prayer Book?—without such a revision, in fact, as shall either Romanize its Articles, or Protestantize its Ritual? How can two hostile and bitterly-opposed sects in the bosom of one and the same Church agree together, and so walk in peace, with no other bond of union than, like the Siamese twins, an external, organic malformation? It will surely take a wise man to make such a revision of the Prayer Book—that is, to preserve all that is great, and good, and glorious in the Calvinism in its Articles, and, at the same time, to exclude all—neither more nor less—that is objectionable in the Romanism of its Ritual? Such is the task which Bishop Cummins, if he means to do his work like a master-builder,

<sup>1</sup> We might, if necessary, furnish a hundred additional proofs of the truth of the above statement. The only one, which we shall here add, is rather amusing than otherwise. A certain doctor of divinity, a great polemic of the High Church party, and a great stickler for 'the Prayer Book as it is in relation to every word of its Baptismal Service,' published a series of papers in which he attacked its Articles. Shortly after this, and shortly after the present writer had resigned the Episcopal ministry, because he had become convinced that the service in question taught the *Romish doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration*, he met the aforesaid learned doctor of divinity. 'I am glad to see you, Mr. B.' said he, 'I respect you, sir; I only wish your brother-in-law, Bishop M'Ilvaine, were half as honest as you are, and would resign, too.' 'If I understand your position, doctor,' said I, 'it is this: no man can remain in the Episcopal ministry and be honest, without believing in Baptismal Regeneration; but he may remain in that ministry, and be perfectly honest, without believing in the Articles which he has taken a vow to preach.' He replied: 'You are too hard for me now, sir, you are too hard for me. Good morning, sir;' and I never saw him more.

has set himself to do. Is he sufficient for these things? Has he the depth, the extent, and the accuracy of learning, the clearness, grasp, and power of intellect, the analytic skill and the constructive genius necessary for even a tolerable approximation toward the solution of so great and complicated a problem? *Time will show.* As yet he has certainly not gone one inch beyond Mr. Wesley in any direction; and, in many respects, he has fallen far behind him. He cannot ignore the labors of Wesley in a revision of the Prayer-Book.

But all this merely by the way. The point here is, the shameless want of even-handed justice in the administration of the discipline of the Protestant Episcopal Church, as it now is. Offences against the Ritual, and offences again the Articles of the Church, seem to be dealt with in a very high-handed, arbitrary, and unsatisfactory manner. The omission of a single word in the use of the Ritual is visited with summary vengeance, while a total rejection of the Articles is not at all noticed. We have now before us a pamphlet entitled, *Decline and Fall of the Low Church Party*, in which 'the doctrine of justification by faith only' is treated as the *ne plus ultra* of absurdity and nonsense. (pp. 54 and 69.) Yet, in the Articles of the Episcopal Church, this doctrine is set forth in the following clear and unequivocal words: 'Art. XI. Of the Justification of Man. We are accounted righteous before God, only for the merit of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ by Faith, and not for our own works or deservings. Wherefore, *that we are justified by Faith only*, is a most wholesome Doctrine, and very full of comfort, as more largely is expressed in the Homily of Justification.'

In the Homily here referred to it is said: 'But this saying, that we be justified by faith only—freely—and without works, is spoken for to take away clearly all merit of our works, as being unable to deserve our justification at God's hands; and thereby most plainly to express the weakness of man and the goodness of God; the great infirmity of ourselves, and the might and power of God; the imperfection of our own works, and the most abundant grace of our Savior Christ; and therefore wholly to ascribe the merit and deserving of our justifica-

tion unto Christ only, and his most precious blood-shedding. This faith the Holy Scripture teacheth us ; this is the strong rock and foundation of the Christian religion ; this doctrine all old and ancient authors of Christ's Church do approve ; this doctrine advanceeth and setteth forth the true glory of Christ, and beateth down the vain-glory of man ; this whosoever denieth is not to be accounted for a Christian man, nor for a setter-forth of Christ's glory ; but for an adversary to Christ and his Gospel, and for a setter-forth of man's vain-glory.'

Now here the question is, not whether the doctrine that we are 'justified by faith only—freely—and without works,' is a true, scriptural doctrine or otherwise, but whether it is a doctrine of the Articles of the Church of England. In relation to this question, there is not, and there cannot be, the shadow of a doubt. The language of the eleventh Article is too clear and explicit to admit of controversy ; and the Homily to which it refers for the true understanding of the Article is too full and overwhelming in its statements to leave the shadow of a doubt on the minds of its readers. Hence it is, that those high-church Episcopal priests, who despise the doctrine of 'justification by faith only—freely—and without works,' do not like the Articles, and have, long ago, consigned the Homilies to oblivion. But yet these, however despised and neglected by the High-Church clergy, are the doctrinal standards of the Church to which they *profess* to belong — nay, the very standards to which, by their ordination vow, they owe the most sacred and solemn allegiance. Witness the following questions and answers : 'The Bishop—Do you think *in your heart* that you are truly called, according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ, *and according to the Canons of this Church*, to the Order and Ministry of the Priesthood ? Answer—I *think it*. . . . The Bishop—Will you then give your faithful diligence always so to minister the *Doctrine* and Sacraments, and the Discipline of Christ, as the Lord hath commanded, *and as this Church hath received the same*, according to the commandments of God ; so that you may teach the people committed to your Cure and Charge with all diligence to keep

and observe the same? Answer—*I will so do by the help of the Lord.*<sup>1</sup>

Such is the solemn obligation which, in the presence of God and man, is voluntarily assumed by every presbyter of the Episcopal Church, to minister ‘the Doctrine’ of God’s Word, ‘as this Church hath received the same.’ But yet, in spite of all this, directly in the face of all this, nay, in profound contempt of all this, do the High-Church presbyters, or ‘priests,’ as they prefer to be called, despise, repudiate, and reject the doctrine that we are ‘justified by faith only—freely—and without works’! They pay no more attention, apparently, to their vow of office than do the members of Congress to the obligations of their oath to support the Constitution. Having taken this vow upon themselves, they just go along, on the contrary, as if they were under no obligation whatever, except to their own ‘sweet will,’ or to the will of the party to which they belong. Is not this amazing? Is not this awful? Were not this, indeed, absolutely incredible, if it were not known to be a fact?

But—great God of truth!—what have we here? A priest of the Christian Religion may, in spite of his oath of office, reject ‘the strong rock and foundation’ of that religion, the very ‘head-stone of the corner!’ He may despise, and ridicule the doctrine, which ‘advanceth and setteth-forth the true glory of Christ, and beateth down the vain-glory of man!’ He may do that which, in other words, shows that he ‘is not to be accounted for a Christian man, nor a setter-forth of Christ’s glory; but for an adversary to Christ and his Gospel, and for a setter-forth of man’s vain-glory!’ Yea, he may do all this, not only with impunity, but with the applause of his party! But woe—woe to the minister of the Church who, from a regard to *his* conscience, ventures to omit one word in the use of its Ritual! Is the Ritual everything, and the Articles nothing? Is ‘the strong rock and foundation’ of the Protestant Articles nothing, and the Romish Ritual the sum and substance of the faith? Is it nothing, or a mere trifle, ‘to be accounted for an adversary of Christ and his Gospel,’ if one is

1 The Prayer-Book: ‘The Form and Manner of Ordaining Priests.’

only true to the office of Infant Baptism, and a diligent settler-forth of the priest's vain-glory! So it would seem, indeed, if we may presume to judge from the Doctrines of his own Church, and from the way in which its Discipline is administered.

We do not intend to justify the course pursued by Dr. Cheney. We have, on the contrary, always held, that if a minister of the Episcopal Church can no longer use, without a violation of his conscience, the Ritual of his Church, he is bound to resign. It was on this principle that we resigned our place in that ministry. But we do complain—and we appeal to the universe if we are not right—that such a want of even-handed justice or equity in the administration of the Discipline of the Church, is not an outrage on the morals of the Christian religion. Is it not evident that the Bishops, the 'Overseers' of the Church, whose duty it is to administer her discipline, strain out a gnat, and yet swallow a whole herd of camels? The best excuse that can be offered for them is, that with them, as with the Pharisees of old, gnats are camels, and camels are gnats.

One thing is certain, that, according to the standards of the Episcopal Church, soundness in *doctrine* is the first 'note of a true Church.'<sup>1</sup> 'As the Church of *Jerusalem*, says Art. XIX., '*Alexandria*, and *Antioch* have erred, so also the Church of *Rome* hath erred, not only in their living and manner of Ceremonies, but also in matters of *Faith*.' Now, as every one knows, it was precisely in regard to the great doctrine of 'justification by faith only—freely—and without works,' that the gulf of separation took place between all the Protestant Churches of the sixteenth century and the Church of Rome. It was against this doctrine that the Council of Trent hurled the thunders of its Romish *anathemas*; and it was in defence of this doctrine that Cranmer, and Ridley, and Latimer laid down their lives. It was on 'the strong rock and foundation' of this doctrine that they erected the Protestant Church of England, as a bulwark and breakwater against the idolatries and superstitions of the Church of Rome. But yet, strange to say,

<sup>1</sup> See Article XIX. of the Church.

wonderful to relate, the high priests of those who claim to be Protestant Episcopalians pour contempt on this great doctrine of the Reformation. In heart, as in doctrine, they are one with Rome and with the Romish Ritual; they are Protestants in *name only*. Why, then, do they not go to Rome? Why do they not follow the honest example of Newman, and Faber, and Manning, and a multitude of others? Why? Because, in the bosom of a Protestant Church, they have a little Rome of their own, whose honors and emoluments they can safely enjoy in profound contempt of the solemn obligations of their oath of office.

No wonder, then, that the leaders of this little Rome are so often heard to denounce the Reformation, and to calumniate its great apostles. No wonder that Martin Luther—the simplest, grandest, and bravest of all those God-inspired apostles—should come in for the principal share of their misrepresentations, vituperation, and abuse. No wonder that they should acknowledge Rome as the only true Church in the world, except their own, while they denounce all other Protestant Churches as so many schismatical sects, '*without a Church and without a ministry.*' But the spirit of 'Brother Martin, the monk,' still lives, and, in the person of Krauth, thus hurls back the thunders of this little Rome: 'The insect-minded sectarian allows the Reformation very little merit, except as it prepared the way for the putting forth, in due time, of the particular twig of Protestantism on which he crawls, and which he imagines bears all the fruit, and gives all the value to the tree. As the little green tenants of the rose-bush might be supposed to argue that the rose was made for the purpose of furnishing them a home and food, so these small speculators find the root of the Reformation in the particular part of Providence which they consent to adopt and patronize. The Reformation, as they take it, originated in the divine plan for furnishing a nursery for sectarian Aphides.'<sup>1</sup>

Is it not God, therefore, who, by the mouth of Bishop Cummins, has said to all his true servants in this little Rome, 'Come out of her!' Time alone can answer this question.

<sup>1</sup> *The Conservative Reformation and its Theology*, p. 5.

But, however it may be answered, we have no doubt that much good will result from the Cummins movement, not only to the Church of God in general, but also to the Episcopal Church in particular. This opinion, we are glad to learn, as we have done from various incontestable sources, was also formed and expressed by that great and good man, the late Rev. William Sparrow, D. D., Professor of Systematic Divinity in the Theological Seminary near Alexandria, Virginia. It was at his feet that we first learned to comprehend clearly, and to cherish with an imperishable love, the great Protestant doctrine of 'justification by faith only,' as 'the strong rock and foundation of the Christian religion.' And it was this faith which, during his whole life, filled his soul with so much anxiety respecting the fate of his own Church; for, no less than Luther and Melancthon themselves, or than Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, he believed that the fall of that doctrine is, in any Church, the fall of the Church itself. He was a true prophet. We have heard him say, more than once, that if the light of that doctrine should continue to grow dim in the Church, her glory would be more and more obscured by the rise of a Romish ritual and worship. He lived to see this hypothetical prediction verified. He saw, in various quarters, the light of that glorious doctrine go out; and he also beheld, in precisely the same quarter, the most appalling superstitions of mediæval Europe gathering, deep and dark, over the Protestant Episcopal Church of the nineteenth century. This filled his great and gentle spirit with a sorrow so deadly that he hailed, as an omen of good for his Church, the very event which has only stirred up the angry passions of small Episcopaliana. While the spirit of the little Rome in New York was sending forth, with exulting strains of joy, its shouts of triumph over the 'Decline and Fall of the Low Church Party,' his profound and comprehensive spirit was mourning in secret over the decline and fall of the Church itself.

It appears quite clear to our minds, that as the great reformation by Luther proved an incalculable blessing to the great Rome of his time, so the little reformation by Bishop Cummins will result in great good to the little Rome of the present

day. But we cannot speak more particularly, at present, of the manner in which it will produce these good results, nor can we give, more fully, the reasons for the opinions already expressed by us. We wish Bishop Cummins all possible success. But yet are we bound, by a regard for truth, to notice what we conceive to be the unfortunate phases of his movement.

In the first place, then, it seems to have been *immature*. Instead of a clearly-conceived, maturely-planned, coherent scheme of reform, it seems to have been, far too much, the misshapen offspring of impulse and passion. He comes before the world without any Articles of Religion whatever—that is to say, without any foundation to his new edifice. We have good reason to believe, nay, we have good reason to know, that he does not see, as yet, any more clearly than does the Rev. I. A. Latané, the real grounds of his own movement, or its moral grandeur.

We have no doubt that the decision of Mr. Latané was right. After announcing to Bishop Johns his ‘purpose to withdraw from the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church,’ Mr. Latané adds: ‘I know that this announcement will cause you both surprise and pain; but I beg you to believe that the decision has not been reached without much reflection and prayer, and that the step is taken with the utmost reluctance, and only from imperative convictions of duty. Every earthly consideration is against it. My relations to you, and to Bishop Whittle, and to many dear brethren in the ministry, in the Diocese of Virginia; my affection for the Church in Staunton, where I commenced my ministry and labored for fourteen years; my many obligations to the people of my present charge; my desire, attested by my whole ministry, to do the Lord’s work in quietness and peace; the natural shrinking, which every manly heart must feel, from entering upon a course which will cause me to be esteemed a fool by many whose good opinion I value; and the uncertainties of the future, both as to the field of my labor and the support of my family, are all against the step, and have all been calmly, deliberately weighed.’

The Bishop complains, of course, that Mr. Latané took this important and decisive step, without first seeking his counsel and advice.<sup>1</sup> But why go to a Bishop with such a question, with such difficulties? If he did not know beforehand what the Bishop would say, he must have been a goose; and if he had thought it worth while to argue such difficulties with a Bishop, he certainly would not have been a Solomon. In our humble opinion, therefore, he acted wisely in keeping out of the reach of the Bishop's 'counsel and advice.' He anticipated the Bishop's complaint; and hence, after making a graceful apology for not coming to him for guidance and direction, he adds: 'But when the matter was not a new one, when all the facts of the case were before me, and *when it was a simple question of duty in view of the facts*, I felt that I could *most safely* decide it, where I have at last sought to decide it, *in my secret chamber and on my knees* before God.' Thus did this humble, pious, and godly man, as Mr. Latané is universally allowed to be, go to Christ for guidance and direction, rather than to Bishop Johns.

As Mr. Latané did not go to his own Bishop for counsel and advice, so he had no communication whatever with Bishop Cummins. In fact, he did not confer with flesh and blood at all; he just decided the great question 'on his knees before God'; and, as time will show, he decided it right. Bishop Cummins could have given him no better reasons than those set forth in his own eloquent and touching letter. Not because there are no better reasons, but because those reasons are, as yet, hid from the eyes of Bishop Cummins, as well as from his own. He seems to have been guided by a wisdom higher than his own, or than the wisdom of Bishops.

We know the counsel and advice Bishop Johns would have given him, for we now have it before us in his Letter to Mr. Latané. It is contained in these words: 'Your just testimony, as to the unchanged Protestant and Scriptural teaching of the Articles and Offices of the Church, is no more than was to have been expected from one of your intelligence and candor, though it is testimony which many persons must find difficult

1 See the Bishop's Letter in reply to Mr. L.

to reconcile with your "withdrawal." All this is very true. If the 'Offices of the Church' are all right, then the fact that they were misinterpreted by the High-Church party, or the Ritualist, was no reason for his 'withdrawal' from the ministry of the Church. He should, on the contrary, have stood to his post like a man, and fought this false construction of the Romanizers, and striven to drive away from the Church their 'erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's Word,' as well as to her 'offices.' But, as we have said, there was a far better reason than any given by him for the self-sacrificing decision of his closet; and, unless we are very greatly mistaken, he will soon discover that he has been 'guided by a wisdom higher than his own.'

We must explain. The Low-Church Episcopal clergy of Virginia are, perhaps, as noble a body of Christian ministers as may be found on the face of the globe. Mr. Latané was one of the noblest specimens of this noble class. Possessing a fine intellect, highly cultivated, and quickened by an humble, ardent zeal for God's truth, he was a bright and shining light. But, while he was eminently a true man, he was in a false position. By that position he was bound in conscience, either to believe that the 'Offices of the Church' did not teach the Romish doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, or else to withdraw from her ministry. He conscientiously embraced the first term of this alternative. The force of education, the influence of those around him, and a devoted attachment to the Episcopal Church, led him to believe that no such doctrine was to be found in the Prayer-Book. The learned, able, and ingenious works of such writers as Dean Goode, Mozley, and other champions of the Low-Church view of the Offices, helped to confirm this more than willing conviction of his mind. But, now that he is released, by the grace of God, from his former position, and emancipated from its powerful influences, we hope and believe that the clear light of truth will soon bless his mind. He will see, in other words, that the Romanizing party were right, and that his own party were wrong, in the interpretation of the Offices of the Church. The sophistries of Goode, Mozley, and others, will no longer becloud his clear

intellect; and, in spite of all the troubles and sorrows his sacrificing decision may bring upon him, he will, under God, rejoice in the consciousness that he is a free man. He has only to study the question, not *logically*, as heretofore, but *historically*, as it should be studied, in order to discover that the Romish doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, the *opus operatum* of the sacrament, is as clearly set forth in the Ritual of the Church, as the doctrine of 'justification by faith only—freely—and without works,' is in the Articles and Homilies. Hence, if we are not mistaken in this, he will rejoice that he no longer occupies a false position, or sails under false colors. He will then contend, not in vain, as heretofore, against what was conceived to be a false construction of a true Ritual, *but against the true construction of a false Ritual*. He will, in other words, cease to fight under 'the Prayer-Book as it is,' and insist that, in order to secure his full allegiance, it must be as thoroughly Protestantized in its Ritual as it is in its Articles of Religion. This is the work to which God has called him; and, as we believe, the sooner he sees this the better.

Neither Bishop Cummins, nor Bishop Johns, nor any other Low-Church Bishop, sees this. But yet is this seen by all the world, except the little party to which they belong. Enough time has been wasted, and enough sophistry perpetrated, in striving to force a Protestant sense on a Romish Ritual. It must be given to the winds, or else reformed. The true issue is, that the Ritual of the Protestant Episcopal Church, *as it is*, is essentially and radically Romish and wrong. Bishop Cummins has not as yet raised this issue. But he must raise this issue, and fight out the battle of his reform on this issue, or we would not risk a penny on its final success. It is creditable to his honesty, his truthfulness, his sincerity, his conscientiousness, that he did not see this while a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church. But it will, in our humble opinion, be infinitely discreditable to the perspicacity of his mind, to the force and independence of his intellect, if, as the head of the 'Reformed Episcopal Church,' he should fail to make so important a discovery. On no other ground, indeed, can he

appeal to the *consciences* of Low-Church Episcopalians, or have the weight of argument on his side. He may continue to argue, as he now does, against the fiction of the Apostolical Succession, and he may wear out all his energies in this argument. But, after all, the sufficient reply will be, that the Apostolical Succession is not a doctrine of the Church from which he has seceded. He might have remained in that Church, and, with a perfectly clear conscience, continued to argue, as thousands have done before him, against the monstrous fable of the Apostolical Succession. This was, in fact, one of the 'erroneous and strange doctrines' which, as a Protestant Episcopal Bishop, it was his duty to strive 'to banish and drive away from the Church.'

No, we repeat, Bishop Cummins has not, as yet, reached the real ground of his own movement, nor comprehended its moral grandeur. The fault of the Prayer Book, which he intends to revise, is this—not that it uses unfortunate language in teaching a truth, but that it uses the most precise and perfect language in setting forth a great and radical error. In other words, that it uses the very language of Rome, which, for more than a thousand years, had been employed to teach the *ex opere operato* of the sacrament of baptism, and which does not admit of a Protestant sense. Let the brave Bishop, then, fall back, not on the 'primitive Episcopacy' of *Ignatius*, but on the great Protestant doctrine of 'justification by faith only,' 'the strong rock and foundation of the Christian religion,' and thus erect the standard of his reform against the great errors of the little Rome, from which, in the providence of God, he has been led to secede. This is, as we take it, the only true and tenable ground for him to assume, and the only one which reveals the moral grandeur of his own movement. 'There is a divinity that shapes our ends.' The doctrine of 'justification by faith only—freely—and without works,' presupposes the doctrine of the atonement, and this, again, presupposes the incarnation of the Son of the living God, thus bringing into full light and glory the central sun of the divine plan of redemption, with all its soul-saving truths. On the other hand, the doctrine of 'justification by baptism,' which

is always part and parcel of the Romish scheme of 'regeneration by baptism,' presupposes the miraculous power of the priest, and plants that grand root of all the magical ceremonies and gross superstitions of the Church of Rome. The difference between the two schemes is, therefore, essential, deep, fundamental, radical. The one exalteth the true glory of Christ, and beateth down the vain-glory of the priest. The other exalteth the vain-glory of the priest, behind whom, with his miraculous powers and magical rites, the true glory of Christ is obscured, if not eclipsed. The one takes its stand on the 'Sun of Righteousness,' as the all-illuminating centre of the Christian system, and thence reveals the freeness, the fullness, and the glory of the Divine plan of redemption. The other, on the contrary, taking its stand on baptism, that is, on one of the planets of the Christian system, sees everything amiss, and hides the glory of Christ behind the Church.

We are sorry that Bishop Cummins has not taken this high and unassailable ground. If, indeed, it had been in our power to do so, we should have been exceedingly glad to have laid our views before him in private. He should have been more than welcome to them. But, as it is, we are under the necessity of suggesting them so him in public, as we now do, with the prayer that he may be directed by a wisdom infinitely higher than ours, or than his own.

We should here, if our duty as reviewers would permit, most willingly lay down our plan, and remain silent. But we must follow and examine his views of 'Primitive Episcopacy.' These two words form the title of his Sermon. In most of his views of Episcopacy we heartily concur, but he has, as it seems to us, committed several capital mistakes. Hence many of his most powerful blows seem to have been badly directed. He labors to prove, for example, both in his Sermon and in Appendix I, by an appeal to the reformers and founders of the Church of England, that there is no difference between the *bishops* and the *presbyters* mentioned in the New Testament. Thus he says: 'Cranmer, with Bishop Cox, and Drs. Redmayn and Robertson, joint compilers of the Ordinal, assert, with Jerome, "that according to the Scriptures bishops

*and priests are also one.”* (p. 22.) All this is true. But what does it signify? What do all his extracts and authorities to establish the same point signify? The point itself is now universally conceded. By Chapin, by Onderdonk, by Haddon, and by all others who, in this age, write on the High Church side of the controversy, it is admitted that there is no difference, except in name, between the *bishops* and *presbyters* of the New Testament. To demolish such a position, then, is merely to demolish a man of straw, and hence the greater the learning and the strength exerted in such a contest, the greater the pity. It is ammunition wasted; it is strength thrown away.

One thing is abundantly clear—namely, that Bishop Cummins lays great stress on ‘Primitive Episcopacy.’ The first line of the inside title-page to his Sermon is in these words: ‘Primitive Episcopacy: a Return to the “Old Paths” of Scripture and the Early Church.’ Are not the ‘old paths,’ in fact, really the *new paths*—the very first marked out in the infancy of the Church? Have we, then, learned so little by the experience of ages, that we must go back to the infancy of the Church for guidance and direction? We heartily wish, therefore, that we had heard less about ‘Primitive Episcopacy,’ ‘the old paths,’ and ‘the early Church,’ and more about the great lessons inculcated by the experience and the wisdom of the ages.

In his Prefatory Note, Bishop Cummins says: ‘The author of the following Discourse gratefully recognizes the guidance of the Blessed Spirit in leading him to acknowledge the Scriptural basis of the truths therein maintained. It is only since he has been permitted to exercise the office of Bishop himself, that more careful study, with earnest prayer for Divine enlightenment, has brought him to the conviction that only upon *this basis* can Episcopacy be defended and retained in the Church of Christ. It is his earnest prayer that others may be led, like himself, to accept the same interpretation of what “the Spirit saith unto the Churches.”’ We inferred from this that Bishop Cummins intended, or hoped, to find a ‘Scriptural basis’ for Episcopacy, and to ‘defend it’ on that

basis. But has he done so? He tells us himself, over and over again, that the Apostles have no successors in office. He assures us, moreover, that the *bishops* and *presbyters* of the New Testament *are one and the same order* exactly—a position now universally conceded. In the Greek or Gentile Churches, the officers of this *one* order were called *bishops*, while in the Churches of the Jewish origin they were called *presbyters*. He is also equally explicit in the assertion, that neither Timothy nor Titus is called a *bishop* in the Scriptures, and he denies that they were *bishops* in fact. Where, then, does he find his ‘Scriptural basis’ for Episcopacy? Echo answers, ‘Where?’ If he has found it only by his prayers, we have nothing more to say; but if he has found it by his interpretations of Scripture, we should like to be informed *how*, and *where*, and *when*.

Indeed, he seems to forget all about his ‘Scriptural basis,’ and, finally, to rest satisfied with having found Episcopacy in ‘the second century.’ For, after giving a short historical sketch of Episcopacy down to the time of Cyprian, A. D. 250, he adds: ‘Against this Episcopacy, the development of a later and a corrupt day, we utter our protest, and return to the true, simple Episcopacy of the second century, the period immediately succeeding the decease of the Apostles of our Lord.’ (p. 22.)

What! the Episcopacy of the second century? Why, the great Latin father of that century was *Irenæus*, the inventor of the Apostolical Succession, who, in order to find a Scriptural basis for his invention, did not think it wrong, as we have shown,<sup>1</sup> to interpolate his own words into the text of the New Testament. Bishop Cummins, however, does not mean to include *Irenæus* among the teachers of Episcopacy in the second century; for he expressly says (p. 37): ‘This is the Episcopacy to which we adhere, not of Divine right or of direct Apostolic institution, but a primitive Episcopacy, the *development* of the practice and custom of the Apostles, the Episcopacy of Polycarp and Ignatius, and not of *Irenæus* and Cyprian, found existing almost universally in the Churches of

<sup>1</sup> See Articles on the Apostolical Succession.

the second century,' etc. This statement is a little confusing. It seems to transfer *Irenaeus* from the second to the third century, placing him in company with Cyprian, the Bishop of Carthage, and to assert that the Episcopacy of Polycarp and Ignatius universally prevailed in 'the second century.' But if this be the meaning, the Episcopacy of Ignatius did not prevail with *Irenaeus*, the great teacher of Episcopacy in the second century; nor with Justin Martyr, nor with Tertullian; both of whom belonged to the same second century. And besides, Ignatius himself lived, and formed his views of Episcopacy, in the first century; though he suffered martyrdom in the beginning of the second, that is, in the year of our Lord 107 or 116.

But, leaving the dates all out of view, what is this Episcopacy of Ignatius, which Bishop Cummins has endorsed? It certainly rests on a very narrow basis; for one father can no more make a century than one swallow can make a summer. Nor is this all. For, according to the Episcopacy of Ignatius, the presbyters stand in the place of the Apostles; the deacons, in the place of Christ; and the Bishop, in place of God the Father!<sup>1</sup> Is this the Episcopacy which the Bishop of the 'Reformed Episcopal Church' intends to adopt? We trust not; we trust, on the contrary, that he is not fully aware of the towering claims of the Episcopacy he has endorsed. He says, it is true, that his 'ministerial character' was 'received from the Lord himself' (p. 36); but we do not suppose for a moment that this high-sounding phrase was used by him in an Ignatian sense. Ignatius, moreover, seems to place obedience to the Bishop on a par with obedience to God; and 'pledges his soul for the man' who shall 'obey his Bishop.' Bishop Cummins is, of course, free from all such high-flying and impious claims as this. In some respects, indeed, it soars above the Episcopacy of *Irenaeus* himself, or of any other writer of the second century.

Bishop Cummins is, also, very greatly mistaken, we believe, in the assertion that the Episcopacy of Ignatius was 'the development (the italics are his) of the practice and custom of

<sup>1</sup> This is shown in our Articles on the Apostolical Succession.

the Apostles.' (p. 37.) It was the *development*, not from any practice, custom, or word of the Apostles, but from the brain of Ignatius himself, who, in the exaltation of his imagination, sets all the bounds of decency most innocently at defiance. Blessed Ignatius! holy martyr! how little didst thou imagine that, in thy glowing rhetoric, thou wast knocking the three orders of the modern world into a cocked hat; throwing the presbyters into the place of the Apostles; the deacons into the place of Christ; and Bishop Cummins into the place of God the Father! Bishop Cummins means, we are sure, to tolerate no such profane nonsense; but will take his seat at the feet of Christ, far below the Apostles, or the deacons, and presbyters of St. Ignatius.

On page 18, Bishop Cummins asks, 'What, then, is the true position of the Episcopate, as it is retained in this Reformed Episcopal Church, following Holy Scripture and the practice of the early Church?' Alas! we cannot tell; we cannot see. We only seem to be floating on the dim sea of 'the early Church,' amid shadows as wild, as vague, and as vacillating as the phantoms of a troubled dream. Oh! if the good Bishop had only followed 'the Holy Scriptures' alone, and said nothing about 'the early Church,' he surely would not have confused us so.

But the most confusing, the most confounding thing of all is, that his 'Primitive Episcopacy is *the* development from the practice and custom of the Apostles.' Is this what he means by a 'Scriptural basis' for his Primitive Episcopacy? If so, we must be permitted to say, that it looks to our mind more like a cobweb than a basis. How *developed*? By logical deduction, or by the workings of human nature? Why, poor human nature, it is well known, *can develop anything from anything*. In Darwin, for instance, it develops this universal world, with all its countless orders of birds, and beasts, and creeping things, and man, from one and the same primordial cell, or egg, and even develops this world-producing egg—we do not exactly know how. In like manner, what form of Church government, what scheme of divinity, what conceit, crotchet, heresy, or hierarchy, has it not developed from 'the

practice and custom of the Apostles,' or from their words? From that simple metaphor, 'this is my body,' which no child, if left to itself, would misunderstand, has it not developed the monstrous dogma of Transubstantiation? And from that other simple metaphor, too, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church,' has it not developed the Romish hierarchy, converting, first, Peter into Christ, as the Rock and Foundation of the Church; then the Pope into the successor of Peter; and, finally, the Pope into the Vicar of Christ and Lord of the world? Has it not developed the simple narrative of Timothy's mission to Ephesus, and Titus' to Crete, into the Apostolical Succession of our modern Kips, and Greens, and Odenheimers, and Smiths, and Whitehouses? From all such *developments*, good Lord deliver us!

We object to the 'Episcopacy of the Second Century,' because it has been repeatedly tried, and found wanting. In the course of fifty years it developed into the arrogant and despotic Episcopacy of Cyprian, and continued to develop, causing the earth to groan for more than twelve centuries. It was thus developed, not by logic, but by the lust of power.

Again, after its power was broken, or weakened, at the Reformation, it was a second time tried by the Church of England, and with a similar result. Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and other English Reformers, stood, in regard to 'Primitive Episcopacy,' precisely where Bishop Cummins stands now. Instead of choosing a way of their own, and providing for the future of the Church, they returned 'to the *old paths* of the Scriptures and the *early Church*.' But, taking no security against the rise of the Apostolical Succession, that dogma once more showed its head, and has since developed into the High Church, Romanizing Episcopacy, which now afflicts the Church, and against which Bishop Cummins so eloquently protests. If the Nag's Head ordination had been a fact, instead of a fable, it would have taken the egg out of the primitive Episcopacy of the Church of England, and its frightful developments would not, at this day, darken, trouble, and confound the counsels of the Episcopal world. For then the missing link, apparent to all eyes, would have prevented in the Anglican Church the

rise of that hideous dogma of the Apostolical Succession. But, unfortunately, as Lingard showed, that celebrated ordination was a fable. Archbishop Parker was really consecrated by apostolical hands, and so a belief in the Apostolical Succession became, however absurd, a possible thing in the Church of England. And, being *possible*, the *developments* of human nature made it *a fact*; and hence the Episcopacy of Laud, and Odenheimer, and Kip, and Whitehouse, and of all the other small Cyprians of the present day.

Once more, the same Episcopacy was tried in this country. Bishop White was no more of an Episcopalian than is Bishop Cummins. Indeed, the latter now proposes to start from the very point at which the former took his departure. All might have been well if Bishop White had failed, as at one time it seemed likely he would do, to get Episcopal ordination from abroad, so that presbyters would have been compelled to elect and *ordain* their own bishops. This would have broken the chain before the eyes of all men, and beyond the hope of a remedy. But he succeeded. The fatal hands were laid on the first bishops of the Episcopal Church in this country. The hierarchy-producing egg was deposited in the nest of American Episcopacy, and, lo! the host of apostolical successors, who, like the locusts of Egypt, now lay waste the Protestant glory of the Episcopal Church, and convert it into a little Rome. To borrow the language of her own Homilies, 'the strong rock and foundation' of her religion is giving way, and ominous, loud-cracking sounds, as of a falling edifice, are occasionally heard. The secession of Cummins first startled the inmates of the Church. Then came the 'withdrawal' of Latané, the most unexpected of events, and which fell like a sudden clap of thunder from a clear sky. Was it not the voice of God?

But yet, in spite of all the solemn teachings of the past, and all the awful warnings of the present, Bishop Cummins seems inclined, if not determined, to repeat the same fatal experiment—that is, to try again the 'Primitive Episcopacy' of the Church, which has so often proved a failure. He may plant the same germ in the same soil—the same Primitive

Episcopacy in the same nature of man—but he need not expect a different result. History will repeat itself; the laws of the world will not change. He may solemnly protest against the developments of Episcopacy in his Reformed Church. We as solemnly predict the rise and spread of those developments. The future will not mind his protests. What do the Episcopalians of the present day care about the teachings, the trials, the sufferings, and the martyrdom of Cranmer and Ridley? Just exactly nothing at all. The men who denounce and calumniate Luther and Calvin, have no respect for the reformers and founders of their own Church, for they were all one in doctrine, in spirit, and in zeal for a common cause. Cranmer and Ridley are already accounted ‘old fogies,’ by the men who, in the language of Bishop Odenheimer, laud and magnify a despicable tyrant as ‘England’s best friend and bishop, *her martyred Laud.*’<sup>1</sup> They exert no more influence to check the frightful developments of ‘Primitive Episcopacy’ in this day than will the protest of Bishop Cummins exert on its future developments. The fatal fact is, that Bishop Cummins brings with him, in his ‘Primitive Episcopacy’ and canonical ordination by a successor of the Apostles, the hierarchy-producing egg, which, unless sooner crushed, the lust of power will, in due time, hatch into life, and endow with the same old development of wings, claws, and beak. Terrible bird of prey!

But what is Bishop Cummins to do? The *divine* stamp of the Episcopate is upon him, and it cannot be effaced. He may throw off the Church by which he was made a bishop, but he cannot, even if he would, lay aside the bishopric itself. Once a bishop always a bishop. His ministerial character, *as such*, was ‘received from the Lord himself,’ and what God has joined together let no man put asunder. Or, as the Romanists say, his ‘orders are indelible.’ Nay, if priests could lose their orders by schism, or deposition, or other human means, then is ‘*the whole Reformed Church of Christendom left without a basis on which to stand.*’ (Sermon, p. 36, and note.)

Now, with all possible respect for Bishop Cummins, we

<sup>1</sup> Origin and Compilation of the Prayer Book, p. 80.

cannot but hold this to be as sheer a rag of popery as was ever appropriated by a Protestant priest. The Rome against which he thus raises his voice can make no reply, for it is her own thunder; but we are sorry that Bishop Cummins, the head of 'the Reformed Episcopal Church,' should stoop to such an *argumentum ad hominem*. It is utterly inconsistent, as might easily be shown, with the great fundamental principles of his own Sermon. But the same old egg, it seems, must still be preserved, either to be crushed, or else hatched into the same old bird with the terrible beak and claws!

After all, however, Bishop Cummins does not fall back on the Episcopacy of Ignatius and Polycarp. It is a delusion and a sham, or else a sorry make-believe. Each of those Bishops, in fact, presided over a single Church or congregation only. Hence Ignatius, in his letter to Polycarp, exhorts his brother Bishop to make himself personally acquainted with every member of his charge, his *παροχία* or *parish*, even down to the manservants and the maid-servants.<sup>1</sup> Now, does Bishop Cummins really intend to follow this model of 'Primitive Episcopacy'? Does he really intend to confine his Episcopate to a single parish, or congregation, all 'meeting in a single place of worship'?<sup>2</sup> Neither Ignatius, nor Polycarp, presiding over such a congregation alone, had any more idea of a modern 'diocesan Bishop' than they had of a great modern 'steam-ship,' or a mighty 'man-of-war.' We fear, indeed, that, instead of imitating or copying the Episcopacy of Polycarp and Ignatius, he will, after all, follow his own wishes, and copy the full-blown Episcopacy of the present day.

In returning to the Episcopacy of 'the second century,' Bishop Cummins adopted and patronized, with suitable modifications, that style of the Primitive Episcopacy which is most agreeable to his own taste. There was, in that century, a very different and a very celebrated style of Episcopacy, which he seems not at all disposed to adopt or patronize. We refer, of course, to the Episcopacy of the great Church of Alexandria. The Primitive Episcopacy of that Church has been well de-

<sup>1</sup> Lord King's 'Enquiry into the Constitution of the Primitive Church.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

scribed by Archbishop Usher, Lord King, afterward the Lord High Chancellor of England, and many other celebrated Episcopilians. Bishop Cummins has noticed, and cited various authorities to prove, the well-known fact that presbyterial ordination was practiced in the 'early Church' at Alexandria. He says (page 27,) 'While non-Episcopal writers universally describe this custom of the Church of Alexandria, as narrated by Jerome, standard Episcopal divines, like Stanley, Litton, Goode, and Lightfoot, *acknowledge the fact, that whatever consecrations occurred in Alexandria for two centuries after St. Mark, were performed by Presbyters alone.*'

If, then, Bishop Cummins had only been pleased with this style of Primitive Episcopacy, and had had his Bishops consecrated 'by Presbyters alone,' there could, in after times, have been no plea and no pretext for the 'Apostolical Succession' in the Reformed Episcopal Church. The hierarchy-producing egg would have been crushed by him, and no whisper of the Apostolical Succession could have ever been heard in his Reformed Church. *This is precisely what John Wesley did.* His first Bishops, or Presidents, were consecrated, or rather ordained, 'by Presbyters alone,' and hence, thank God! we have no sign or symptom of the Apostolical Succession in our midst. Why did not Bishop Cummins imitate the wise example? Bishop White, the *Magnus Apollo* of Bishop Cummins, intended, as we learn from his own declaration, to have Episcopal Bishops consecrated 'by Presbyters alone,' in case he could not have them consecrated by Bishops. Great, indeed, is the pity that he obtained Apostolical aid from Europe, instead of adopting, as did John Wesley, the Primitive Episcopacy of the great Church of Alexandria. For then, instead of being denounced, as he now is, by all the little Cyprians and the little Lauds of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and driven forth to seek or to make a new resting-place, he would, at this moment, find himself at home in a truly Reformed Episcopal Church, 'not made with hands' impiously pretending to impart the Holy Ghost.

In conclusion, we only have to say, that we are sick and tired of all this nonsensical noise about orders, as if they were

peculiarly sacred, divine, and holy. This absurd prelatical notion has filled the Church with controversies 'full of sound and fury, signifying nothing,' except that 'Man, proud man, drest in a little brief authority, . . . . plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep!' What better proof of this, we ask, than this everlasting squabble about orders, which has filled the world with infinite disorders, and disgraced the Church?

With the above exceptions, we agree with the Sermon of Bishop Cummins, especially with these golden sentences: 'Our blessed Lord Himself, the Divine Founder of His Church, *prescribed no form of polity under which it should exist, and left no rules for its government or mode of public worship.* That "The Church," as comprehending the whole company of believers, is a Divine institution, founded by Christ Himself, is admitted by all Christian people. . . . It is to *this* Church [the whole company of believers] the promise is made: Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' Matt. xxviii. 20. (p. 10.) Again, he says of the Apostles, 'These divinely-guided men, upon whose foundation the Church is built, Jesus Christ being the chief corner-stone, (Ephes. ii. 20) *have left on record no fixed rules, have handed down to all ages no inflexible order for the government and preservation of the Church.*' (p. 11.) Finally, he says: 'The Ministry is not of the *essence* of the Gospel: it is not essential to the *being* of the Church of Christ.' (p. 12.)

Then may the Church of Christ exist without ministers of any sort, whether in orders or out of orders; even without 'a basis on which to stand,' which, on page 87, seems to be deemed so *essential*, so indispensably necessary, by Bishop Cummins. For the Church, that is, 'the whole company of believers,' has the promise of Christ that he will be with her alway, 'even to the end of the world.' Thus is the Church, like the great round world we live in, not sustained from below, but suspended from above. No elephants are needed for her support. The Sun of Righteousness itself is the point of her support, the source of her life, her light, her hope, her joy, and the controlling power of her movements. Why, then,

should she go back, and pin her faith to the sleeve of Ignatius, or Polycarp, just as if, under the guidance of Christ, she had learned nothing from the wisdom and experience of all the intervening ages? Why, after so much hard and long teaching, under the Great Teacher himself, should she return to the school of her infancy, to re-learn those lessons which it has cost her so many trials, sufferings, and sorrows to unlearn? We cannot say, therefore, ‘return to the old paths,’ evidently mistaking the new for the old, only to repeat the folly which history has, over and over, and over again, exploded. No; on the contrary, with ‘the Master of Wisdom,’ we say, ‘As the Scripture saith, “That we make a stand on the ancient way (the way now under our feet), and then look about us and discover what is *the right way*, and so to walk in it.”’<sup>1</sup> But the man who would discover ‘the right way’ must needs give diligent, earnest, and prayerful heed to the teachings of history, especially to the great beacon-lights which God has kindled for the warning of his Church as to *the wrong way*, as well as hold close and constant communion with the Father of Light himself.

The narrow-minded bigot, however, has no need of any such laborious searching after the truth. He knows ‘the right way’ by instinct. Hence he insists that all churches, in all times and places, shall adopt one and the same form of government, namely, that of his own sect. This one form he easily finds, of course, in the Holy Scriptures, or in the early Church. He is absolutely certain that his own Church is in ‘the right way’ exactly; and is, therefore, inevitably destined, sooner or later, to swallow up all the other churches, just as Aaron’s rod swallowed up all the rods of the magicians. But this notion, however weak, is not the least weakness of the human mind. There is a still lower stage in the progress of bigotry. The ‘insect-minded sectarian’ leaves him far behind. He insists, for example, that there is no possibility, or at least no promise, of salvation out of his own little enclosure or sect. Yet he calls this little sect or enclosure ‘the Catholic Church,’ and is, at

1 Bacon’s Essays. XXIV. Of Innovation. Bacon, in his writings, repeatedly alludes to the absurdity of calling the first ways the ‘old’ ones.

the same time, not in the least degree aware or conscious of the exquisite, infinite irony of the name. This true 'Catholic Church' has a monopoly of the Spirit, or at least of all the promises of the Spirit. The promise of Christ to his Church, to 'the whole company of believers,' to the blessed family of the faithful, in all ages and nations, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world,' he appropriates exclusively to his own little sect. By these words, by this glorious promise, the ever-blessed and eternal Spirit was vouchsafed to the Apostles alone, and by them it has been handed down, through a long line of successors, exclusively to the Kips, Odenheimers, and so forth, of the present day, who now go about, like so many Leyden jars charged with electricity, dispensing the Holy Ghost with their fingers. With these good 'Catholics' the favorite of all the Fathers is *Ignatius*; partly because he lived so near the time of the Apostles, and because he first started that glorious dogma of 'the Catholic Church,' that 'if any poor soul would come to God, or Christ, *he must come to the Bishop.*' He must avoid 'all the sects.' He must shun them as he would the plague. Hence, if a *Bishop* should so far forget the exclusive dignity and glory of his position in 'the Holy Catholic Church' as to commune with a Dorner, one of the brightest ornaments of the Protestant world, he must be dealt with. Aye, he must be tried for the insufferable offence, and deposed, or else made to know his place. Is it any wonder, then, that he bolted, that he shot like a blazing star from the firmament of 'the Catholic Church,' and determined to set up a 'Reformed Episcopal Church'? The only wonder is, that, having thus bolted, he should have adopted, as his own, the Patron Saint of that very 'Holy Catholic Church.'

It is needless to say, that Christ and his Apostles were infinitely above all such littleness. He did not prescribe any form of government for his Church, much less did he seek to bind her forever with the swaddling bands of her infancy. He had more respect for the rich variety of her life, and for the natural laws of her growth and expansion. Hence, if he did not give her any form of polity, he gave her something infin-

itely better. He gave an *organizing soul*, by which she might construct such form of government as would be best suited to her wants, her wishes, her condition, and ever-varying circumstances. This is her freedom and her glory. She makes, under Christ, her divine head, her own government, and what she makes she changes or modifies in conformity with the dictates of her own wisdom. She moves onward, not in the leading-strings of her doctors, but under the influence of Him who has said, ‘Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.’ She inscribes on her banner the golden words of Augustine: ‘In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity.’ But the ‘Catholic’ charity which invades the liberty of Christian men, by erecting non-essentials into the conditions of salvation, and by throwing essentials to the dogs, or rejecting the ‘strong rock and foundation of the Christian religion,’ she neither allows nor tolerates. She claims, on the contrary, the right to grow freely, and to expand according to the law of the universe, which everywhere, and in all places, reveals a ‘diversity in unity, and a unity in diversity.’ Provided all build on the true foundation, she looks with equal eye on the various structures reared by all, desiring in the ‘City of God,’ no more than in any other city, to see all its dwellings built according to the same pattern, plan, or form. Hence, if one prefers the Presbyterial form here, another the Episcopal form there, or a third any diverse form anywhere, she has no quarrel and no *anathemas* to disturb their peace. Are they not all her children—members of the mystical body of Christ—‘of whom the whole family of heaven and earth is named’? (Eph. iii. 15.)

What, then, is the true *ideal* of the Christian Church? Is it the ‘Catholic Church,’ so-called, dealing out contempt instead of charity to all who dissent from their *syntagma*? Is it ‘the little Rome,’ whose large-minded and liberal souls claim a monopoly, not of the light and air of heaven, but of the infinitely higher blessings of the Word and Spirit—the eternal realities of which light and air are but the fleeting symbols! No, no; that close corporation of *Protestant priests*, that nest and nursery of Pharisaical pride, is not exactly the

Church of the great Father of the universe. It may have been the Church of the past ; it is not the Church of the future. The signs of the times, if we mistake them not, are giving this little Catholic Rome leave to learn its own requiem. We behold a far more goodly Church rising on our ravished vision, and gilding the future with hopes of the world's conversion. We behold, in boundless array, under the Prince of Peace, the sacramental host of God's elect, emancipated from all the bitterness and bigotry of sect, and glowing, like the sun in his strength, with a holy zeal for the glory of Christ, as if the very cohorts of heaven had descended to earth. All internecine Christian wars have ceased. Ignatius and Polycarp are forgotten, or remembered as blessed martyrs only, not as teachers. All the companies of Christian men, though still diverse in name, are one in mind, heart, and soul. Like the wheels in Ezekiel's vision, one spirit in them rules. All diverse, and yet all one, keeping 'the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.' (Eph. iv. 3.) How these Christians love one another ! and, oh ! how beautifully they reflect the light and glory of Christ on a fallen world ! But what is it which stands between us and this vision of the future ? Nothing, we answer ; nothing, save the pride and passion of men and of half-converted sects, still going about here, in this awful crisis of the world and agony of the Church, seeking who may be first in the kingdom of Christ.

'Grave and lamentable errors and mischiefs,' says Dr. Jacob, 'have arisen, and must arise, from men's confounding together, sometimes unconsciously, what is *divine* and what is *human*, in their conception of a Church—a confession which tends most effectually to aggravate abuses, and to prevent their removal.

'It may be well maintained that "the Church" is a divine institution, in accordance with the will and command of Christ, and upheld by his power and promises ; but each particular Church, whether national or otherwise—however it may embrace a portion of this divine element, so far as it is faithful to Christ and Christian truth—is, nevertheless, *in its special form, and in all the individualities of its regulations and*

*observances, a work of men.* "All the Church's constitutions," it is well observed by Hooker, "are of the nature of a *human law*" (Eccl. Pol. iii. 9), saevring, therefore, of man's imperfection; his wisdom or folly; his perception of truth or entanglement in error; his *passion, pride, and perversity*, it may be, as well as his *sound judgment, piety, and discretion*.' From all passion, pride, and perversity, good Lord deliver us, and let sound judgment, piety, and discretion forevermore reign in thy Church supreme.

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#### ART. IX.—NOTICES OF BOOKS.

1. **HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY, FROM THALES TO THE PRESENT TIME.** By Dr. Frederick Ueberweg, late Professor of Philosophy in the University of Königsberg. Translated from the Fourth German Edition, by George S. Morris, A. M., Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Michigan. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1873.

This is a great work—one of those works, indeed, which only a German prodigy of learning, critical acumen, and philosophic insight, at once comprehensive and profound, knows how to produce. Rich with the spoils of philosophy, and resplendent with the illuminations of genius, we have revelled in its pages with inexpressible delight, and one reading has only whetted our appetite for a second and more careful perusal. Neither *Ritter*, nor *Tenneman*, nor *Stewart*, nor *Maurice*, nor *Morell*, nor *Leycester*, can render superfluous the great work of Ueberweg. They only enhance, they do not diminish, the value of his *History of Philosophy*. Every student of philosophy, especially every one who has read the above-named histories of philosophy, is under great obligation to Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. for bringing the one before us within his reach. We shall, for our part, always keep it before us, not only for our most delectable reading, but also as a book of reference to all the learning and literature on the subject of philosophy. In this respect alone, to say nothing of its own rich mines of thought, it is an invalu-

able chart and guide for every navigator in the great ocean of human speculation.

The first volume contains the ‘History of the Ancient and Mediæval Philosophy’; and the second, the ‘History of ‘Modern Philosophy’: ‘with additions by the translator, an Appendix on English and American Philosophy, by Noah Porter, D. D., LL. D., President of Yale College, and an Appendix on Italian Philosophy, by Vincenzo Botta, Ph. D., late Professor of Philosophy in the University of Turin.’ The two volumes contain, in all, one thousand and forty-four large octavo pages; each page contains forty-nine lines, and is broad in proportion. The amount of reading-matter, therefore, in the two volumes is equal to that of Ritter’s four large, and far more expensive volumes on the *History of Ancient Philosophy*. In point of style, too, they appear to us superior to the translation of Ritter; for, instead of the haze which seems to veil the latter, the clearly-defined and sharply-cut thoughts of the former shine through a perfectly transparent medium. This is a very great beauty of the book, for which, as we suppose, we are indebted to the translation of Professor Morris.

The two very learned editors of the American edition, ‘Henry B. Smith and Philip Schaff,’ have, perhaps, given in their Preface as good an idea of the work as could be comprised in so few words. The Preface says: ‘Dr. Ueberweg’s *Grundriss der Geschichte der Philosophie*, in three parts, was first published at Berlin, 1862 to 1866. It met with such approval, notwithstanding the competition with other able compends, that the first part has already reached a fourth edition (1871). Since Tennemann’s *Manual* (1812, fifth edition by Wend, 1829),<sup>1</sup> no work has appeared so well adapted to meet the wants of students. Indeed, no work on the subject contains such a careful collection of authorities and citations, or so full of bibliographical apparatus. The opinions of the various schools and their contrasted principles, as well as the views of individual philosophers, are presented with clearness and

<sup>1</sup> Translated by Rev. A. Johnson, revised and enlarged by T. R. Morell, London, 1852.

precision. This is the great value of the work. It is not written, like some histories of philosophy, to propound or fortify the special theories of the author. It shows a full mastery of the whole course of philosophic thought, with independent investigations and criticisms. The various systems are given, so far as possible, in the phraseology of their authors, and this imparts variety to the style. It is eminently impartial.

'The undersigned selected it as the best work with which to begin the philosophical division of their proposed Library, after a full comparison of it with other works of its class, and upon consultation with those best qualified to judge about its merits. It is more concise than Ritter's *General History*, and more full and authentic than Schwegler's *Outline*, which was first prepared for an Encyclopædia. The works of Fries, and Rixmer, and Reinhold have been supplanted by more recent investigations. Ritter's *History of Christian Philosophy* (1858-'59), though very valuable, covers only a part of the ground, and presupposes some acquaintance with the sources which Ueberweg so fully cites. The well-known history of Morell is restricted to the later European systems. The able critical histories of modern philosophy by Erdmann and Kuno Fischer are limited in their range, yet too extended for our object. The work with which we most carefully compared Ueberweg's Treatise, was Professor Erdmann's *Compend of the Whole History of Philosophy*, in two volumes (Berlin, 1866). This is the product of a master of philosophic systems, and it is elaborate in method, and finished in style. But it is, perhaps, better fitted to complete than to begin the study of the History of Philosophy. Its refined criticisms, and its subtle transitions from one system to another, presuppose considerable acquaintance with recent German speculations. And Professor Erdmann himself generously expresses to Dr. Schaff his appreciation of the special value of Ueberweg's Manual, saying that he always kept it before him, and considered it indispensable on account of its full literature of the subject.

'This translation of Ueberweg appears under the sanction,

and with the aid of the author himself. He has carefully revised the proofs, and given to our edition the benefit of his latest emendations. He did not survive to see the completion of this work ; he died, after a painful illness of seven weeks, June 7, 1871, at Königsberg, while yet in the prime of his career. In repeated letters to Dr. Schaff, who conducted the correspondence with him, he has expressed his great satisfaction with this translation, in comparison, too, with that of his *System of Logic* (third edition, Bonn, 1868), recently issued in England. His friend, Dr. Czolbe, wrote in behalf of his widow, that, "on the day of his death, he carefully corrected some of the proof-sheets of this translation, and was delighted with its excellency."

In no way, however, can any one obtain an adequate idea of the history before us, except by reading it for himself. But there is one feature of the work which, in conclusion, we feel constrained to notice, because it has afforded our minds so much satisfaction and delight. It is replete with the pithy sayings, the profound aphorisms, and the sublime intuitions of the best minds in all ages of the civilized world. A very treasury of these precious things, of these golden words, of these imperishable gleams of truth, as from the inner sanctuary of the world, is the history of Dr. Ueberweg. In spite of all the clouds and darkness of human speculation, do these stars in the firmament of thought, do these magnificent sunbursts of the central Love and Light of the universe, cheer the path of the devout student of philosophy, and gladden his heart. He needs all this, and much more; for if the Sun of Righteousness, also, shine not on his path, he is doomed to wander in the wilderness of human speculation, and lose *the* Life and *the* Light out of his soul. Better is it, therefore, ten thousand times better, that not one word of philosophy should ever visit his mind, than that it should thus distract, bewilder, and lead him astray by its cross lights, or its perplexing difficulties. Better, ten thousand times better, give all philosophy to the winds, than to suffer it to darken or disturb, for his practical life, a simple, child-like faith in Christ Jesus. 'Behold, his soul *which* is lifted up is not upright in him ; but the

just shall live by faith.' (Hab. ii. 4.) Yet, if he really, and truly, and humbly 'lives by faith,' then may he safely, nay, most profitably, feast on the glorious banquet set before him by the philosophers. For then he will, by the principle of life that is in him, assimilate all that is good for food therein, and reject the poison. (Mark. xvi. 18.) It is, indeed, the high office of philosophy, that while it renders the wise more truly wise, it only makes the foolish the more incurably foolish. Next to the words of Jesus, we prefer the words of the philosophers; just as next to the sun's, we prefer the borrowed lights of the planetary stars.

2. **THE ATMOSPHERE.** Translated from the French of Camille Flammarion. Edited by James Glaisher, F. R. S., Superintendent of the Magnetical and Meteorological Department of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pp. 453.

This royal octavo, illustrated, as it is, by 'ten chromo-lithographs and eighty-six wood-cuts,' is one of the most magnificent and beautiful works ever issued by the Harpers. Its chief value consists in this, that, while it is reliable in its details, it brings the science of Meteorology (of which it treats) down to the very latest researches and discoveries of the scientific world. The older works on the subject are, indeed, all but obsolete, in consequence of the very recent renovation of the science, and the rapid development of its principles.

The author says, in his Preface, 'The study of the atmosphere, of its physical condition, of its movements, of its functions, and of the laws which regulate its phenomena, forms a special branch of human research. This science, which, since the days of Aristotle, has been designated *Meteorology*, belongs in part to Astronomy, which shows the movements of our planet around the sun—movements to which we owe day and night, season, climates, solar action, or, in a word, the basis of the subject. On the other hand, it appertains to Natural Philosophy and Mechanics, which explain and measure the forces brought into play. As it exists in the present day, Meteorology is a new science, of recent establishment, scarcely as yet fixed in all its elementary principles.'

'We are assisting at its elaboration, at its struggling into

life. The present generation has seen the establishment of meteorological societies throughout the different nations of Europe, and of special observatories for the exclusive study of the problems relating to the atmosphere. The analysis of climates, seasons, currents, and periodical phenomena is scarcely terminated. The examination of atmospheric disturbances, of tempestuous movements, and of storms, has been made, so to speak, before our own eyes. The science of the Atmosphere is the question of the day. We are just now, in regard to this study, in an analogous situation to that of modern astronomy in the days of Kepler. Astronomy was founded in the seventeenth century. Meteorology will be the work of the nineteenth.'

The volume before us is divided into six books, containing, in all, no less than thirty-six chapters. A glance at these chapters, or even at their headings, is sufficient to show the rich variety of splendid topics discussed by Hammarion—nay, some little idea, however limited and feeble, may be obtained by the several headings of its six books. They are as follows: Book First, 'Our Planet and its Vital Fluids'; Second, 'Light and the Optical Phenomena of the Air'; Third, 'Temperature'; Fourth, 'The Winds'; Fifth, 'Water-Clouds—Rain'; and Sixth, 'Electricity, Thunder-Storms, and Lightning.' Under these six several heads, or 'Books,' which are again subdivided into thirty-six chapters, the new science of Meteorology is discussed, and the discussion is full of the most important and useful information. It gives us, in grand outline at least, the half-formed features of the magnificent science, with all its established facts and principles, as well as with all its hypotheses, conjectures, dreams, and so forth. The style of the book is popular, as well as its substance, and requires, for its full comprehension, only a little plain, good common sense. The man, therefore, who chooses to remain ignorant of this important branch of human knowledge, must resign all pretensions to the possession of a 'liberal education.'

The motto at the head of the author's Preface is in these words: '*In eâ vivimus, movemur et sumus.*' This, as to our

animal life, is no doubt true; and as to our spiritual life, it is equally true, that 'we live, and move, and have our being' in the Spirit. The wind, or air in motion, is, indeed, the Scriptural, inspired symbol of the operations of the Spirit. (John iii. 8.) How grand, how striking, how magnificent, how beautiful the symbol! Indeed, in the original Greek, the symbol and the thing symbolized have one and the same name—*πνεῦμα*. So true is the saying of the son of Sirach, that 'God hath made all things double, one over against the other, and hath left nothing imperfect.' There is the air—the vitalizing breath—for the life of the body; and there is, also, the Spirit—the life-giving breath of the soul. In every breath we breathe the blood is vitalized, and the *animal frame becomes stronger, and can achieve more, than at the instant which precedes or which follows the inspiration of the air.*<sup>1</sup> So is it, in like manner, with every one who draws his spiritual life from the inspiration of the Spirit.

1 This all-important fact is, so far as we know, stated in no work on physiology; but it was, many years ago, conclusively established by a series of experiments made by the writer of the above notice. The occasion was this: In a correspondence between Sir Walter Scott and Sir David Brewster, quoted in the *Demonology* of the former, the fact is noticed, that if a man be laid upon a table four others may be unable to raise him by means of their forefingers; and yet, after all four breathe upon him, the effort, which failed before, will cause him 'to go up like a feather.' One of the parties, either Sir Walter or Sir David (we now forget which), concludes from this experiment that the breathing has made the man on the table lighter, or the four other men stronger. This is evident. But is it not wonderful that Sir David, who made so many discoveries in physical science, instituted no experiment to determine which term of this alternative is the true one? So it seemed to us, and hence, by a series of experiments, we established the fact, that the breathing made no one lighter, but that, by the deep inspiration which followed the expulsion of the breath, the four men were made much stronger. The final experiment, made by us, may be easily repeated. Let a man lift at a weight, which is a little too much for him to raise from the ground, and then let him inhale a full breath, or inflate his lungs with air, and he can raise the weight with ease. It is the air, then, which continually renews our continually declining strength, and repairs, from moment to moment, the machinery of our vital organs. It is the strength of our strength, and the life of our life. There is no medicine like the pure air of heaven. We have known lungs, perfectly wasted by the inroads of consumption, to be entirely restored by simply living and exercising in the open air.

8. **MEMOIR AND LETTERS OF SARA COLEBRIDGE.** Edited by her daughter.  
New York: Harper & Brothers. 1874.

From youth to age! What a wonderful panorama is crowded between that sunrising and sunsetting! Although no two of us does it chance that the path in life is precisely the same, yet there are few who have not experienced aching fears as well as bright hopes; few to whom the sun has not at times grown dark, and the smooth places become rough; so that a fresh biography of one whose name is familiar is always welcome, partly because it contains a lesson based on a common humanity, and partly because it comes to us as a voice 'out from the calm land beyond the sea' whither our feet are also tending.

The memoir and letters of Sara Coleridge give us another striking picture of the light which shines calmly and serenely out of a literary, but a quiet and domestic life. We are greeted, in the beginning, with a fragment of autobiography, written during her last illness, and the style is so simple and earnest, that we are disappointed to find it end so abruptly, in these words: 'On reviewing my earlier childhood, I find the predominant reflection—' The remainder of the memoir is written by her daughter, but the larger part of the volume is devoted to her correspondence. Her letters give us a clearer idea of her mode of life, her occupations, thoughts, and friendships than could be obtained in any other way. Many of them are devoted to criticisms on art and poetry, which betoken accurate thought and careful analysis.

Sara Coleridge's early associations were such as fostered her literary tastes and developed the poetic element in her nature. Her father, with his gentle, loving, wayward genius, and his friends, Lamb, Wordsworth, and Southey, were closely united with her.

Of her babyhood, her father thus writes: 'My meek little Sara is a remarkably interesting baby, with the finest possible skin, and large blue eyes; and she smiles as if she were basking in a sunshine, as mild as moonlight, of her own quiet happiness.'

When she grew larger, and when her father was domesticated with the Wordsworths, he sent for her to spend a month with him. She says: 'He insisted upon it that I became rosier and hardier during my absence from mamma. She did not like much to part with me, and I think my father's motive, at bottom, must have been to fasten my affections on him. I slept with him, and he would tell me fairy stories when he came to bed at twelve and one o'clock. I remember his telling me a wild tale, too, in his study, and my trying to repeat it to the maids afterward.'

It was during this visit to Allan Bank that she used to watch her father, De Quincey, Wordsworth, and Southey, as they would pace up and down the room, discussing political matters.

When she was fifteen years old, the painter William Collins mentions her as 'Coleridge's elegant daughter, Sara, a most interesting creature.' Five years later, Henry Taylor, gives a most charming description of her in a letter to her daughter. 'I first saw your mother,' he says, 'when, in 1823, I paid my first visit to Mr. Southey, at Greta Hall, where she and her mother were staying. I suppose she was then about twenty years of age. I saw but little of her, for I think she was occupied in translating some mediæval book from the Latin, and she was seen only at meals, or for a very short time in the evening; and, as she was almost invariably silent, I saw nothing and knew nothing of her mind till I renewed my acquaintance with her many years after. But I have always been glad that I did see her in her girlhood, because I then saw her beauty untouched by time, and it was a beauty which could not but remain in one's memory for life, and which is now distinctly before me as I write. The features were perfectly shaped, and almost minutely delicate, and the complexion delicate also, but not wanting in color, and the general effect was that of gentleness, indeed I may say of composure, even to stillness. Her eyes were large, and they had the sort of serene lustre which I remember in her father's.'

Years passed on, and when, in middle life, he again met her, he goes on to say: 'I only know that the admirable strength and subtlety of her reasoning faculty, shown in her writings and conversation, were less to me than the beauty and simplicity and feminine tenderness of her face; and that one or two casual and transitory expressions of her nature in her countenance, delightful in their poetic power, have come back to me from time to time, and that they are present with me now, when much of what was most to be admired in her intellectual achievements or discourse have passed into somewhat of a dim distance.'

Her first literary production was a work in three octavo volumes, entitled, '*An Account of the Abipones, an Equestrian People of Paraguay*. From the Latin of Martin Dobrizhoffer, eighteen years a Missionary in that Country.' Coleridge spoke of this work with great pride. He said: 'My dear daughter's translation of this book is, in my judgment, unsurpassed for pure mother-English by anything I have read for a long time.'

'I rejoice to hear,' writes Mr. De Vere to her daughter, 'that a portion of your mother's letters will be published so soon. To those who knew her she remains an image of grace and intellectual beauty that time can never tarnish. A larger circle will now know, in part at least, what she was. Her correspondence will, to thoughtful readers, convey a clearer impression than aught besides could convey of one who, of course, could only be fully understood by those who had known her personally and known her long.'

'In their memories she will ever possess a place apart from all others. With all her high literary powers she was utterly unlike the mass of those who are called "literary persons." Few have possessed such learning; and when one calls to mind the arduous character of those studies, which seemed but a refreshment to her clear intellect, like a walk in the mountain air, it seems a marvel how a woman's faculties could have grappled with those Greek philosophers and Greek Fathers, just as, no doubt, it seemed a marvel when her father, at the age of fourteen, awoke the echoes of that famous old

cloister with declamations from Plato and Plotinus. But in the daughter, as in the father, the real marvel was neither the accumulated knowledge nor the literary power. It was the spiritual mind.

"The rapt one of the God-like forehead,  
The heaven-eyed creature,"

was Wordsworth's description of Coleridge, the most spiritual, perhaps, of England's poets, certainly of her modern poets. Of her some one said, "Her father had looked down into her eyes, and left in them the light of his own." Her great characteristic was the radiant superiority of her intellectual and imaginative being. This it was that looked forth from her countenance.'

The letters of Sara Coleridge resemble learned essays, and savor much more of critical acumen than of the graceful sparkle which is the usual characteristic of a woman's correspondence. There is one revelation which, it seems to us, Sara unwittingly makes in these letters—one delightful little piece of justice to the memory of her father, 'the inspired charity boy,' who wove the wondrous mystery of *The Ancient Mariner*, and *Christabel*. We confess we have, heretofore, always sympathized with Mrs. Coleridge, Sara's mother, left alone with her little children, to struggle against poverty, while her poet-husband was domiciled with the Wordsworths, or enjoying with them charming mountain excursions.

Nature had endowed Coleridge with a temperament exquisitely sensitive to harmony and beauty. His undisciplined will allowed this artistic taste to become a morbid possession, so that the least incongruity in dress, or awkwardness of manner, had the same effect on the hapless poet as wickedness or harshness would produce upon another. 'My father,' says Sara, 'had particular feelings and fancies about dress, as had my Uncle Southeby, and Mr. Wordsworth also. He could not abide the scarlet socks which Edith and I wore at one time. I remember going to him when mamma had just dressed me in a new stuff frock. He took me up and set me down again without a caree. I thought he disliked the dress; perhaps he

was in an uneasy mood. He much liked everything feminine and domestic pretty and becoming, but not fine-ladyish.'

Listen now to a description of the personal appearance of the fastidious poet's household companion, voluntarily made frightful by malignant spite, one would think. 'I remember mamma,' Sara says, 'at my age (47), put on quite the old woman, and the Keswick people called her "auld Mrs. Cauldrige,"' though her complexion was a hundred times clearer and rosier than mine is now, and her cheeks rounder. As for her hair, she cut it all off, and wore a wig when she was quite a young woman, and her every-day front (a sort of semi-wig to wear with a cap), for she was too economical to wear the glossy one in common, was as dry and rough as a piece of stubble, and as short and stumpy.'

No wonder the ill-starred poet betook himself to the Wordsworth cottage; no wonder he admired the fine, long, light-brown hair of Sarah Hutchinson, Mrs. Wordsworth's sister, more than he might have done. One can but welcome this little gleam of light thrown on the picture of Coleridge's domestic life, which shows that the poet may not have been alone worthy of blame for some of the faults of his later days.

Sara Coleridge married her cousin, Henry Nelson Coleridge, on the 3d of September, 1829. 'Her married life,' says Professor Reed, 'was rich in the best elements of conjugal happiness; wedded to a gentleman of high moral worth, and of fine mind and scholarship, one who blended literature with his professional pursuits, she was not exposed to the perils of intellectual superiority.'

Her constitution was always delicate, and her health frail; her decaying strength served constantly to remind her of the home which her feet were nearing. 'Then came preparations for the "great change, the long farewell," to which she had learned to look forward when on the eve of bridal joys and earthly blessedness. She who had once called marriage the type of death, now heard the summons to the heavenly Marriage Feast with no startled or reluctant ear. Solemn, indeed

is the darkness of the Death Valley, and awful are the forms that guard its entrance—

“Fear, and trembling Hope,  
Silence, and Foresight;”

but beyond all these, and revealed to the heart (though not to the eye) of the humble and believing Christian, are the blissful realities of Light and Love.

‘After a lingering and painful illness of about a year and a half, Sara Coleridge was released from much suffering, borne with unfailing patience, on the 3d of May, 1852, in the forty-ninth year of her age. In the old church-yard of Highgate (now inclosed in a crypt under the school chapel) her remains lie, beside those of her parents, her husband, and her son.’

This volume, the *Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge*, is, from beginning to end, a delightful book, and gives one many glimpses into the home-life of England, as well as into the character of some of its most celebrated literati—such as Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Lamb, and others. It is more delightful reading than a novel.

4. THE BEST METHODS OF COUNTERACTING MODERN INFIDELITY. A paper read before the General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance. By Theodor Chriestlieb, Ph. D., D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1874. Pp. 89.

This is a small book, but it treats of a great subject, and one which, as the title shows, relates to the conflicts, trials, interests, struggles, and so forth, of the present crisis of the Church. We have read the book, from end to end, with much pleasure, and no little profit. In reading the book we marked, as usual, those passages which pleased us most; but in turning over its pages, with a view of transcribing those passages, we find that we have no room for even the best class of them. They make up, in fact, a considerable portion of the whole work. We must, therefore, rest satisfied with the first passage thus marked by us, hoping that the reader will procure the work and read it for himself. ‘The following treatment,’ says Dr. Chriestlieb, ‘seems to me the wisest: First, we must endeavor to obtain for ourselves (and mostly for the individuals

in question, too,) a clear idea of the *special causes from which their unbelief has originated*. These may be of very varied character. They may consist in received tradition, in discoveries of modern science, in political or social phenomena. Often unbelief results almost as a natural necessity from the whole spiritual and moral atmosphere of a man's surroundings. Let us put ourselves in the place of such individuals, and not forget (as is, alas, too often done) the *share of blame which frequently attaches to the Church herself*, by reason of her neglect to care for souls, her inward nakedness, her fruitless bickerings about trifles, her narrow-minded party-spirit, all of which constantly do an infinity of mischief by alienating from her the hearts of thousands. Such thoughts will produce in us true humility and hearty sympathy with the inward misery of those who are far from God—feelings without which we shall never be able to gain their confidence, nor to lead them to see the innermost causes of their unbelief in certain moral failings.'

5. A TREATISE CONCERNING THE PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE. By George Berkeley, D. D., formerly Bishop of Cloyne. With Prolegomena, and with Annotations, Select, Translated, and Original. By Charles P. Krauth, D. D., Norton Professor of Systematic Theology and Church Polity in the Evangelical Lutheran Theological Seminary in Philadelphia; Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, and Vice-Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1874.

It would require a long article, for which we have, at present neither the time nor the space to do justice to this most valuable contribution to the philosophical literature of America. It has been many years, in fact, since we read the celebrated work of Bishop Berkeley, entitled, *The Principles of Human Knowledge*. But we have just read, from beginning to end, the chief portion of the volume before us, which is from the pen of the learned editor, Dr. Krauth. The 'Prolegomena, with Annotations, Select, Translated, and Original,' constitute more than three-fourths of the whole book; and they have all been supplied by the learned and loving diligence of the editor. The 'Prolegomena' alone contains one hundred and fifty pages; which illustrate the life, the character, and the writings of the Bishop of Cloyne, and, at the same time,

show the high place occupied by him in the history of philosophy. A most fitting introduction, surely, to one of the most valuable works of the great and good Bishop.

The sixteen sections of which this introduction consists are as follows: 'Berkeley's Life and Writings' (12 pages); 'The Precursors of Berkeley' (7); 'Summaries of Berkeley's System' (10); 'Berkeleyanism, its Friends, Affinities, and Influence' (7); 'Opponents and Objections' (15); 'Estimates of Berkeley, his Character, Writings, and Influence' (9); 'Idealism defined' (4); 'Skeptical Idealism in the Development of Idealism from Berkeley to the Present: Hume' (2); 'Critical Idealism: Kant' (14); 'Subjective Idealism: Fichte' (6); 'Objective Idealism: Schelling' (8); 'Jacobi' (1); 'Absolute Idealism: Hegel' (4); 'Theoretical Idealism: Schopenhauer' (17); 'The Strength and Weakness of Idealism' (20); 'Characteristics of the Present Edition' (2); 'Its Objects and Uses' (3).

The question naturally arises, Why should we have a new edition of Berkeley? This question is answered in the *Prolegomena*; so completely and satisfactorily answered, too, as to leave nothing more to be desired on the subject. In the age of Berkeley, that is, from 1685 to 1753, the minds of men were, under the influence of such writers as Hobbes, Locke, and others, fast losing sight of the distinctions between *mind* and *matter*, *thought* and *motion*, and so sinking into the slough of materialism. This downward tendency produced, in the age following, the grossest and most revolting schemes of materialism—such as those of Priestley, the elder Darwin, Baron D' Holbach, Helvetius, Condillac, and others—which exiled all mind, and consequently all religion, from the universe of God. Now, it was against this *identification of mind with matter*, and *thought with motion*, or, in other words, against this inexhaustible fountain of infidelity and atheism in all ages, that the tremendous polemic of Berkeley's philosophy was directed. If he did not establish the position, that matter has no real existence, that it is a mere phantom of the imagination, he at least succeeded in proving the doctrine of Plato, of Pascal, of Descartes, and of all the very greatest thinkers

